MARVEL MASTERWORKS
DAREDEVIL
VOLUME 18

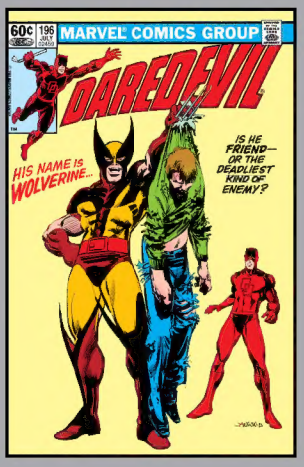
DAREDEVIL Nos. 192-203 & MARVEL FANFARE Nos. 10-13
DENNIS O'NEIL, KLAUS JANSON, WILLIAM JOHNSON,
RALPH MACCHIO & GEORGE PÉREZ

60c 192 MAR
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
DAREDEVIL

MARVEL COMICS GROUP
60c 193 APR
HERE COMES...
DAREDEVIL

60c 194 MAY
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
DAREDEVIL

MARVEL COMICS GROUP
60c 195 JUNE
DAREDEVIL


60c 196 JULY
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
DAREDEVIL
HIS NAME IS WOLVERINE...
IS HE FRIEND— OR THE DEADLIEST KIND OF ENEMY?

60c 197 AUG
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
DAREDEVIL

60c 198 SEPT
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
DAREDEVIL

MARVEL
DAREDEVIL
60c 201 DEC
DD'S OUT OF ACTION...
...BUT THE WIDOW IS BACK!

MARVEL COMICS GROUP
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MARVEL FANFARE

MARVEL MASTERWORKS

PRESENTS

VOLUME 18

COLLECTING

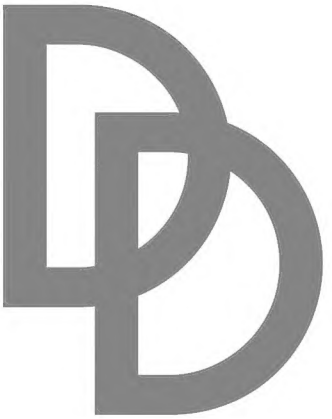
DAREDEVIL Nos. 192-203

& MARVEL FANFARE Nos. 10-13

DENNIS O'NEIL

KLAUS JANSON • WILLIAM JOHNSON

RALPH MACCHIO • GEORGE PÉREZ



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MARVEL MASTERWORKS
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NOS. 192-203 & MARVEL FANFARE NOS. 10-13

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INTRODUCTION
BY RALPH MACCHIO

The much-lauded Frank Miller era on *Daredevil* was over. Although he was to return to the series several years later for two spectacular final bows—the "Born Again" storyline and the *Man Without Fear* limited series—for the time being he was gone after issue #191 in late 1982. It's unusually difficult for any creative team to follow such an incredible performance, but life and comic books go on. Thus, this scintillating edition of our best-selling *Marvel Masterworks* focuses on the life after Miller.

Those who expected a sudden drop in quality were in for a rude awakening. Editor Denny O'Neil was not about to let that happen. I had the privilege of working with the amazing Mr. O'Neil as assistant editor during his time editing Miller. When I was assigned to Denny's office as his assistant, following in the footsteps of my friend and coworker Mark Gruenwald, I was aware I was going to be working with a superstar. Denny's work on DC's *Batman* and the *Green Lantern/ Green Arrow* series was the stuff of legend. Then-editor-in-chief Jim Shooter made a wise choice in bringing O'Neil aboard. Denny shepherded the young and hugely enthusiastic Frank Miller on *DD*, carefully channeling and refining his immense raw talent.

Frank had an additional creative collaborator who remained on the series after he left—inker, finisher and colorist extraordinaire Klaus Janson! Because Klaus had so much to do with the look of *Daredevil* during the entirety of Frank's run, he gave an important visual continuity to the series following Frank's departure. Klaus' tenure on the title preceded his historic partnership with Frank. It was Klaus who lent his awesome inks to veteran pencilers Bob Brown, Gil Kane, Carmine Infantino and Gene Colan, adding just the right touch of dark menace. I became good friends with Klaus during my decades as a Marvel editor and we still occasionally have a marathon phone call or two discussing the state of the comics industry. Needless to say, his insights are priceless. Klaus was making his mark in our business in the early 1970s while I was still a fan ogling his outstanding work. He retains a youthful spirit and vigor that shows up on every panel he labors over.

And that, True Believers, brings us to the current crop of titanic tales contained in this timeless tome. Editor Denny O'Neil spoke to Klaus about remaining on *DD*, though now as the penciler. So the gritty, urban atmosphere that was so much a part of the strip remained in a fairly seamless transition from penciler Miller to Janson. You'll see Klaus' potent penciling on the first five-and-a-quarter issues collected here. Klaus was now totally responsible for the look of *Daredevil*, no mean feat. Visual storytelling is an art in and of itself. The panel-by-panel narrative progression is at the core of the comics medium and a very challenging task, but Klaus handled it like the master of the medium he is. Having inked over so many superb storytellers through the decades no doubt contributed to his ability to handle his new role. And Klaus wouldn't "just" pencil the title, he'd ink *and* color it too. Talk about a triple threat talent! There are only a handful of people in comics possessing that breadth of ability. And you'll see it on full display in the pulsating pages ahead.

Daredevil #192 saw Denny remaining as editor and assigning novelist and television writer Alan Brennert to script Klaus' first solo issue. The story is a wonderful exploration of a couple in crisis, grappling with the all-too-common woes of money—or lack thereof. The couple in the spotlight is *Daily Bugle* reporter Ben Urich and his wife Doris. Back in issue #164, Ben had the distinction of discovering Daredevil's secret identity and keeping it under wraps, thus missing out on the scoop of the decade. Urich came off as a man of morality and that stance is once again challenged in "Promises." Ben learns that the businessman he hopes to purchase a home from has mob connections and is tied to the Kingpin. Brennert sets it all up beautifully as he lets you feel the elation that the couple experiences around finally being able to leave their roach infested apartment in the city for the allure of the sparkly suburbs…only to have it all come crashing down. Urich has quite the moral dilemma on his hands as he can play dumb and buy their dream house or take the high ground and refuse. Believe me, the resolution does not come easily.

Longtime Marvel editor and writer Larry Hama takes a crack at ol' Hornhead in #193, which sports a suitable-for-framing cover of an ax wielding DD, worth the price of admission alone. Hama is every inch the pro, with a heralded tenure on both *Wolverine* and *G.I. Joe*, in addition to his many editorial credits. "Bitsy's Revenge" is a superb story with sleight-of-hand at its swirling center. No one is who they're supposed to be and everyone is deceiving everyone, including Matt Murdock himself on occasion. There's a final bit of eye-popping prestidigitation involving a pistol that you'd never expect. And, of course, our visual magician, Klaus Janson, expertly tells the tale with his signature moody art. It's the icing on a very tasty cake.

The following issue, #194 is the first scripted by Denny O'Neil, who remains as writer through issue #226, spare a tiny smattering of fill-ins. Before I get into the nuts and bolts of the story, I wanted to mention how fortunate I was as Denny's assistant to have been privy to the numerous conversations he had with *Daredevil*'s writers and artists. These talks covered everything from the nature of the protagonist and his cast to the types of super villains best suited to DD's world. O'Neil's concerns are revealed in #194 and the issues that follow. He always preached to the conflict inherent in Matt Murdock, between the by-the-book lawyer and the costumed vigilante. Denny saw Matt as someone who hates the sin and not the sinner, which places him at odds with another Marvel vigilante, Frank Castle, the Punisher. Matt knows the courts and the police can be flawed, and so there's a place for a colorfully clad figure such as Daredevil to balance the scales. O'Neil also felt that Matt's physical blindness was symbolic of blind justice. With Denny at the scripting helm, you'll see these ideas played out brilliantly.

Issue #194 is a perfect example of Denny's moral musings as we're introduced to an old man Jeremiah Jenk, who feels he has much to atone for in a life that has brought about much misery and suffering to others. His sins go back over seventy years. But there's far more afoot than appears on the surface. Strangely enough, even the Kingpin rears his ugly head in a shocking way. Through Denny's deft, sensitive prose and Janson's poignant penciling and inking, the deep suffering and regret of a feeble old man is keenly felt in a story so aptly titled "Judgement."

Issue #195 offers up another moral dilemma as Denny examines the conflict often facing defense attorneys who take on unsavory clients for the simple reason that all men are innocent until proven guilty and everyone deserves their day in court. This is a many layered, complex fable that I believe is a standout even among those in this magnificent *Masterworks* collection. There's a minor mistake made by an arresting officer which allows Nelson and Murdock to get their client off on a technicality. However, this legal team doesn't pop any champagne corks about their courtroom victory. They're in turmoil because they know what their client, Bruno, is all about. His crime was unspeakable and it puts Foggy Nelson in the crosshairs of a rogue police unit that intends to take down both Nelson for his defense of Bruno, and Bruno himself for his hideous crimes. And who happens to be the vigilante out to put a stop to this—our very own Man Without Fear! Wheels within wheels, well worth your attention, Believer.

Wolverine guest stars in #196, as O'Neil uses the opportunity to play up the stark differences between the manner in which the X-Man and Daredevil handle their adversaries. When Wolverine saves Daredevil's life by fatally wounding the man who was going to murder DD, things get very

interesting. This is a crucial issue because it begins a stunning five-issue saga that leads to the return of Bullseye!

The first six pages of #197 were penciled and inked by Klaus Janson, with an assist from the multitalented Larry Hama. And then, after his many years' association with *Daredevil*, Janson departs, leaving the art duties in the hands of William Johnson, who cut his artistic eyeteeth on the final issues of *Shang-Chi, Master of Kung Fu*. Johnson is a native New Yorker who not only has an intense interest in martial arts, but Japanese culture, as well, coinciding nicely with those of Denny O'Neil. The story really heats up in the search for the missing Bullseye. Denny moves the narrative at a rapid pace. Newcomer Johnson's inaugural outing as penciler is an auspicious one, aided and abetted by the fine inks of future *Hellboy* creator Mike Mignola. William Johnson is a good storyteller who shines on the action sequences.

In #198, DD's pursuit of the brutal Bullseye leads him further into Japan's heartland with companion Yuriko (who years later Chris Claremont and Barry Windsor-Smith would transform into Lady Deathstrike). This issue is highly action intensive, giving our spanking new penciler a chance to put his martial arts knowledge to use in the vibrant visuals. Denny establishes a bizarre mind link between DD and Bullseye that transcends spatial distance, emphasizing how great the hatred is between the two men.

#199 continues Daredevil's pursuit of his quarry in Japan. Although the two antagonists do not actually encounter each other, there is no shortage of lethal sword-wielding enemies for the hard-pressed Man Without Fear to encounter. And we learn the truth behind the man in the full facemask who brought Bullseye to Japan to be healed. His familial connection to the woman Yuriko is also exposed and it's quite a shock. This all merely whets our appetite for the much-anticipated anniversary issue grand finale.

The cataclysmic cover for #200 by artists John Byrne and Terry Austin of *X-Men* fame says it all: The wounded figure of our hero standing over a Bullseye with a disturbingly twisted neck. This will be a confrontation that doesn't pull punches. Our battered and bruised Man Without Fear more than lives up to his dynamic moniker as he faces the world's premier assassin. It's truly a battle of the deepest nemeses that grabs you by the throat and never lets go. It's a tribute to Dennis J. O'Neil that, after the epic clashes between DD and Bullseye in issues past, this confrontation is among the best. And there's far more than just a fight here, folks, as you'd expect from an O'Neil epic. The moral burden that Matt Murdock has been carrying with him these past months finally finds its release. It is a conclusion that you'll long remember.

Due to the intensity of his battle with Bullseye, DD is out of action in #201, so in steps his former partner and lover—the Black Widow! She and Matt have a long and storied history going back to their days in San Francisco when their romance was hot and heavy under writer Gerry Conway and penciler Gene Colan. Now, someone is out to kill Foggy Nelson and Matt is helpless to do anything about it due to his condition. But the lady in black isn't helpless and she shows once again why the Black Widow is one very lethal lady. Natasha has never really been out of Matt's checkered life, having shown up during the Frank Miller run to aid him during his unruly relationship with Elektra.

O'Neil's last time in the writer's chair in this incredible collection is issue #202, where he introduces a character who will become a recurring villain for ol' Hornhead: the savage Micah Synn! Matt Murdock himself states that this may be the most dangerous man he's ever met. And he's met some doozies. Micah and his two wives are descendants of abandoned English colonists that reverted to savagery to survive. Micah is a truly fascinating character with something chillingly sinister about him. Denny only hints at this issue, but he will explore it at length in the storylines ahead.

Issue #203, our final entry, is scripted by Steven Grant, who made his bones on a variety of Marvel titles including our dark night dweller *Moon Knight*. Grant introduces a new member to the DD rogues' gallery, Sanders Carlton, whose super villain name is the Trump because he was the prison card game bridge champion. Despite the lightweight nature of his moniker, he proves to be a formidable foe. It takes every ounce of grit and gumption our costumed crusader has to take down his elusive opponent. Grant seems to be setting us up to think DD will have no trouble with this gent until things go south and he's surprisingly at Carlton's mercy. On a fascinating parallel track, Matt is eager to defend a man who was once one of the neighborhood kids who taunted him back in Hell's Kitchen. Grant is able to weave this significant thread into the final struggle with the Trump. Very well done.

Denny O'Neil, Klaus Janson, William Johnson and company have done an outstanding job of following up a remarkable run of issues by the legendary Frank Miller and not missing a beat. They did it with enviable confidence, style and plain old-fashioned hard work. These are thoughtful, original pieces of comics literature featuring one of the great super hero creations to emerge from that never-equaled burst of creativity at Marvel during the heyday of the early 1960s by Stan Lee and his artistic collaborators. It was a true pleasure to reread these brightly burnished gems. Now it's time for you merry Marvelites to experience or re-experience the joy of a great Marvel comic. What're you waiting for? Let's go.

Enjoy,

Ralph Macchio

2023

Ralph Macchio's tenure as a Marvel Comics editor is second only to Stan Lee. Throughout his distinguished career he has guided the creation of iconic series including Frank Miller's Daredevil, *Walter Simonson's* Thor, *the launch of the Ultimate Universe and adaptations of Stephen King's* Dark Tower *and* The Stand. *He has also written numerous titles, including* Marvel Two-In-One *and* Marvel Fanfare, *and trained generations of editors, including multiple future editors-in-chief.*

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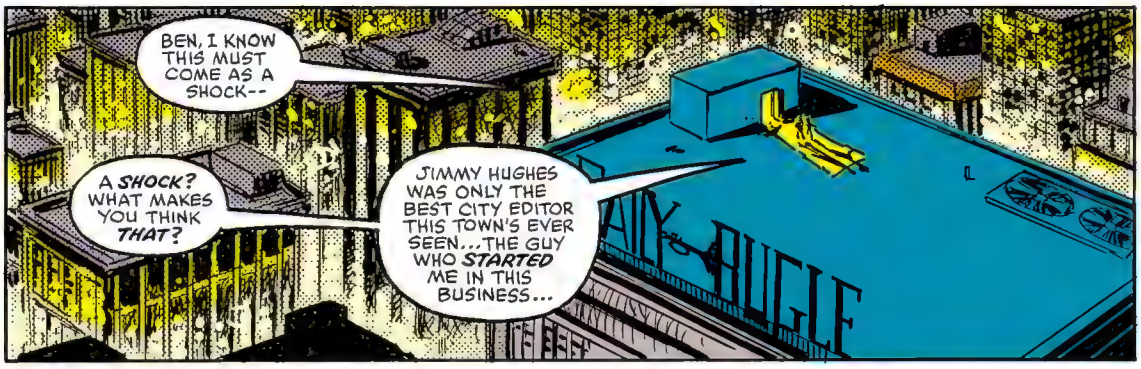
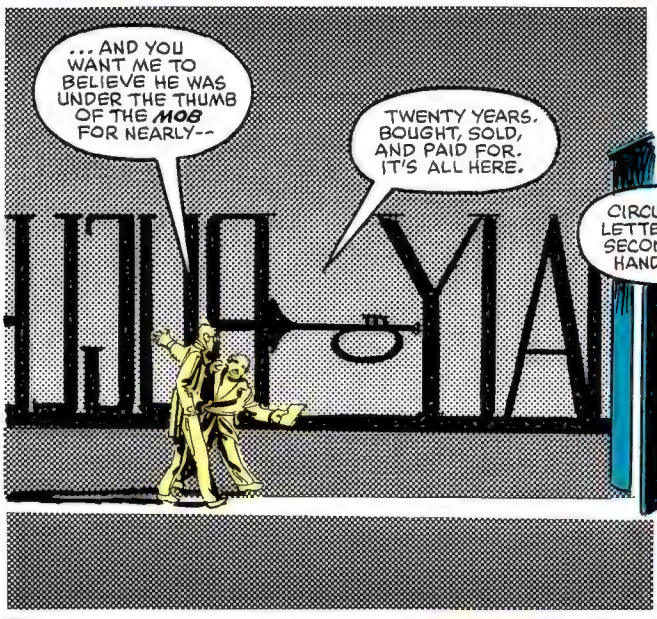
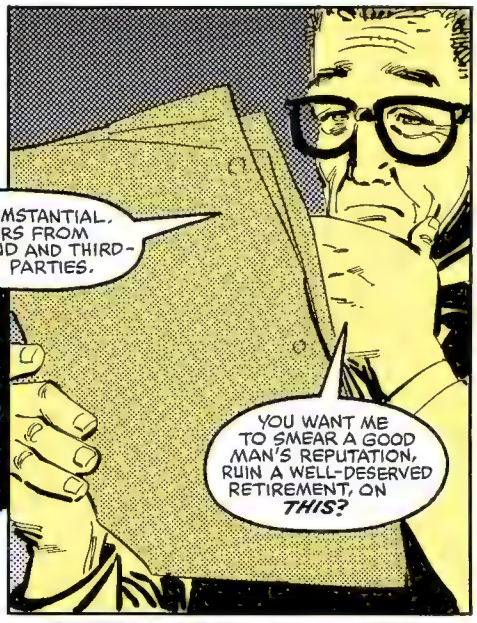
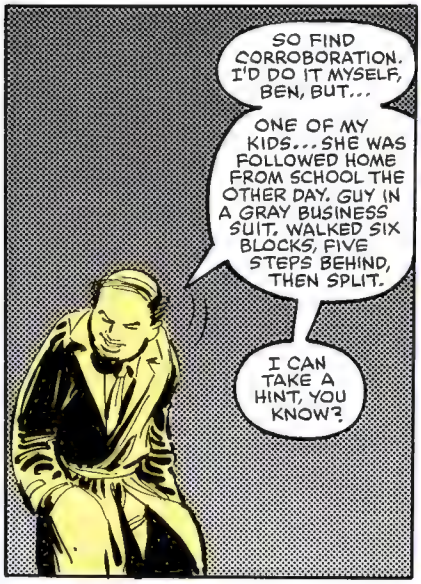
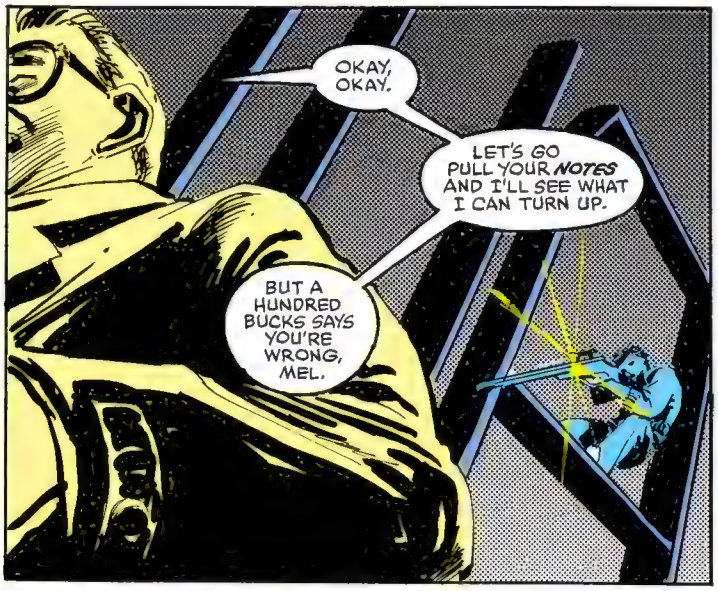

BEN, I KNOW THIS MUST COME AS A SHOCK--
A SHOCK? WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THAT?
JIMMY HUGHES WAS ONLY THE BEST CITY EDITOR THIS TOWN'S EVER SEEN...THE GUY WHO STARTED ME IN THIS BUSINESS...
DAILY BUGLE

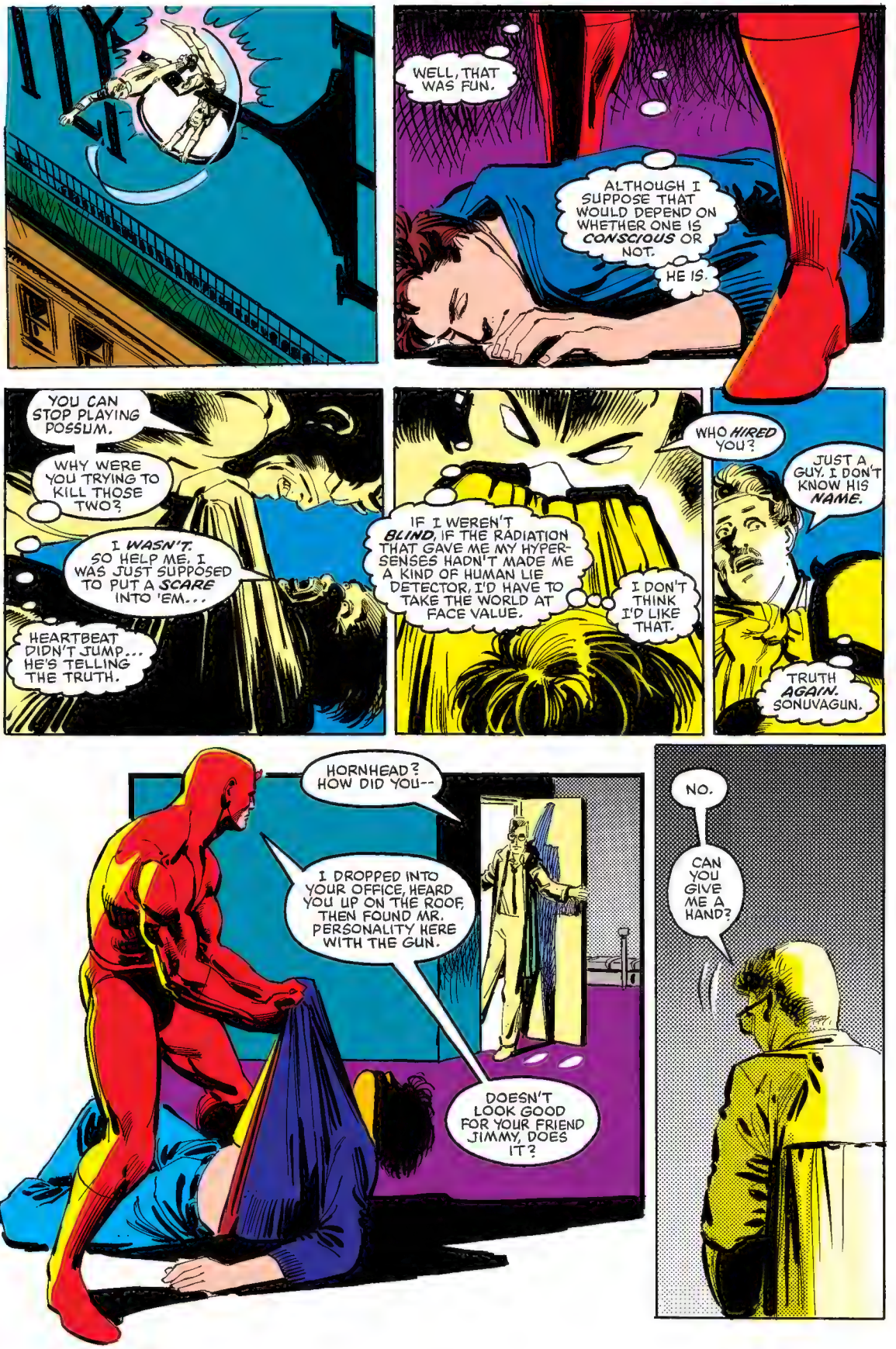

...AND YOU WANT ME TO BELIEVE HE WAS UNDER THE THUMB OF THE MOB FOR NEARLY--
TWENTY YEARS. BOUGHT, SOLD, AND PAID FOR. IT'S ALL HERE.


CIRCUMSTANTIAL. LETTERS FROM SECOND AND THIRD-HAND PARTIES.
YOU WANT ME TO SMEAR A GOOD MAN'S REPUTATION, RUIN A WELL-DESERVED RETIREMENT, ON THIS?


SO FIND CORROBORATION. I'D DO IT MYSELF, BEN, BUT...
ONE OF MY KIDS...SHE WAS FOLLOWED HOME FROM SCHOOL THE OTHER DAY. GUY IN A GRAY BUSINESS SUIT. WALKED SIX BLOCKS, FIVE STEPS BEHIND, THEN SPLIT.
I CAN TAKE A HINT, YOU KNOW?


OKAY, OKAY.
LET'S GO PULL YOUR NOTES AND I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN TURN UP.
BUT A HUNDRED BUCKS SAYS YOU'RE WRONG, MEL.

WHAKK
WHAT IN THE--
INSIDE, HURRY!
WHAPPP

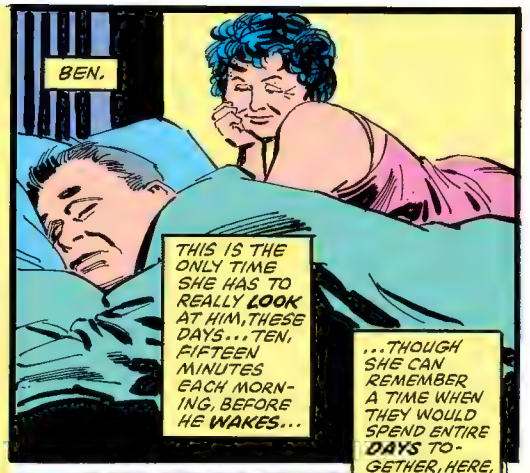

WELL, THAT WAS FUN.
ALTHOUGH I SUPPOSE THAT WOULD DEPEND ON WHETHER ONE IS CONSCIOUS OR NOT.
HE IS.
YOU CAN STOP PLAYING POSSUM.
WHY WERE YOU TRYING TO KILL THOSE TWO?
I WASN'T. SO HELP ME, I WAS JUST SUPPOSED TO PUT A SCARE INTO 'EM...
HEARTBEAT DIDN'T JUMP... HE'S TELLING THE TRUTH.
IF I WEREN'T BLIND, IF THE RADIATION THAT GAVE ME MY HYPER-SENSES HADN'T MADE ME A KIND OF HUMAN LIE DETECTOR, I'D HAVE TO TAKE THE WORLD AT FACE VALUE.
I DON'T THINK I'D LIKE THAT.
WHO HIRED YOU?
JUST A GUY. I DON'T KNOW HIS NAME.
TRUTH AGAIN. SONUVAGUN.
HORNHEAD? HOW DID YOU--
I DROPPED INTO YOUR OFFICE, HEARD YOU UP ON THE ROOF, THEN FOUND MR. PERSONALITY HERE WITH THE GUN.
DOESN'T LOOK GOOD FOR YOUR FRIEND JIMMY, DOES IT?
NO.
CAN YOU GIVE ME A HAND?

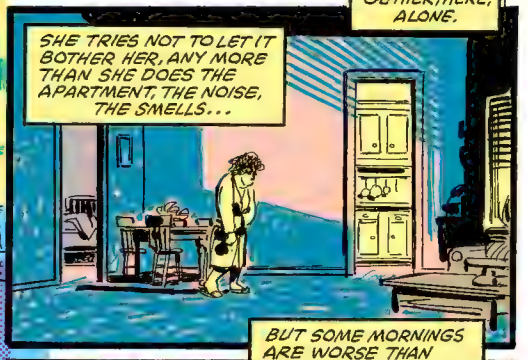
STAN LEE PRESENTS

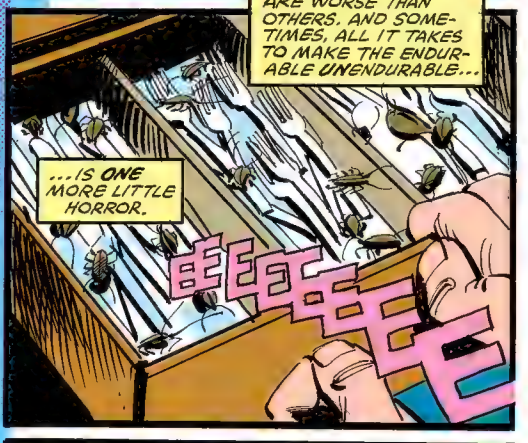
PROMISES

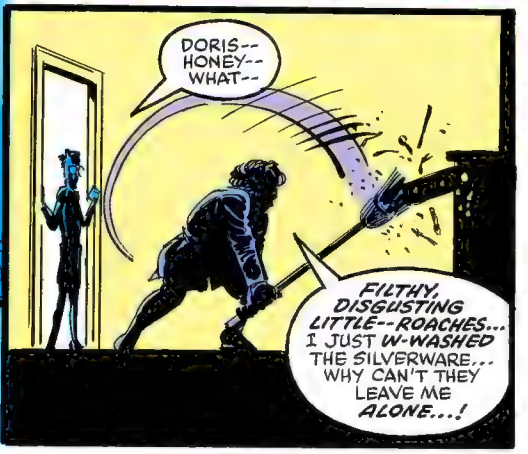
ALAN BRENNERT KLAUS JANSON DENNY O'NEIL JOE ROSEN JIM SHOOTER
WRITER PENCILLER/INKER/COLORIST EDITOR LETTERER SUPERVISOR

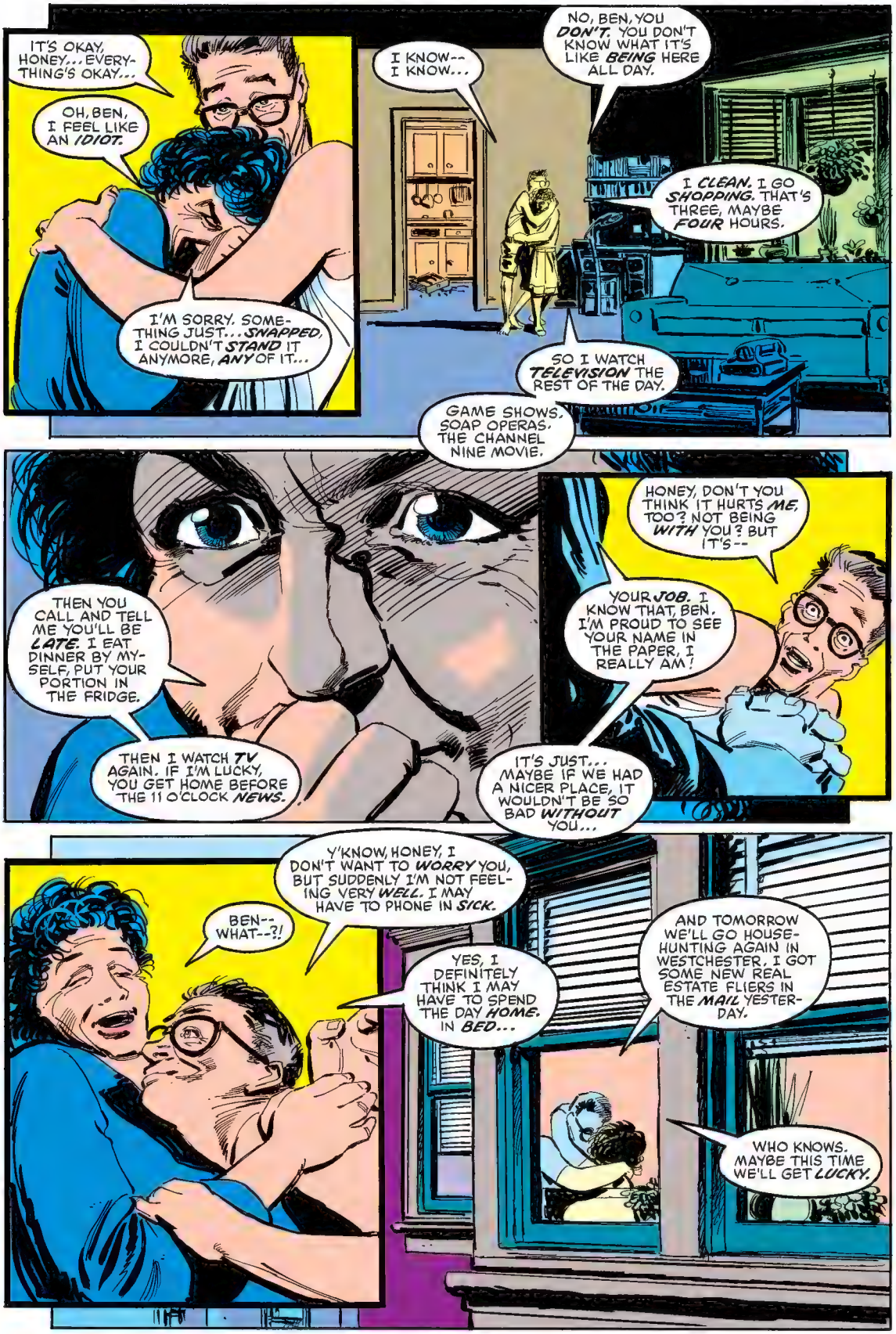
SHE WAKES TO THE RATTLE OF GARBAGE TRUCKS IN THE STREET BELOW, AND TO AN ACRID SMELL THAT TELLS HER THE NEIGHBOR'S CAT HAS RELIEVED ITSELF IN THE HALL AGAIN.
SHE CAN'T REMEMBER A MORNING THAT HASN'T STARTED THIS WAY... NOT SINCE THAT TRIP TO ATLANTIC CITY SHE AND BEN MADE, TWO YEARS AGO.


BEN,
THIS IS THE ONLY TIME SHE HAS TO REALLY LOOK AT HIM, THESE DAYS... TEN, FIFTEEN MINUTES EACH MORNING, BEFORE HE WAKES...
...THOUGH SHE CAN REMEMBER A TIME WHEN THEY WOULD SPEND ENTIRE DAYS TOGETHER, HERE, ALONE.

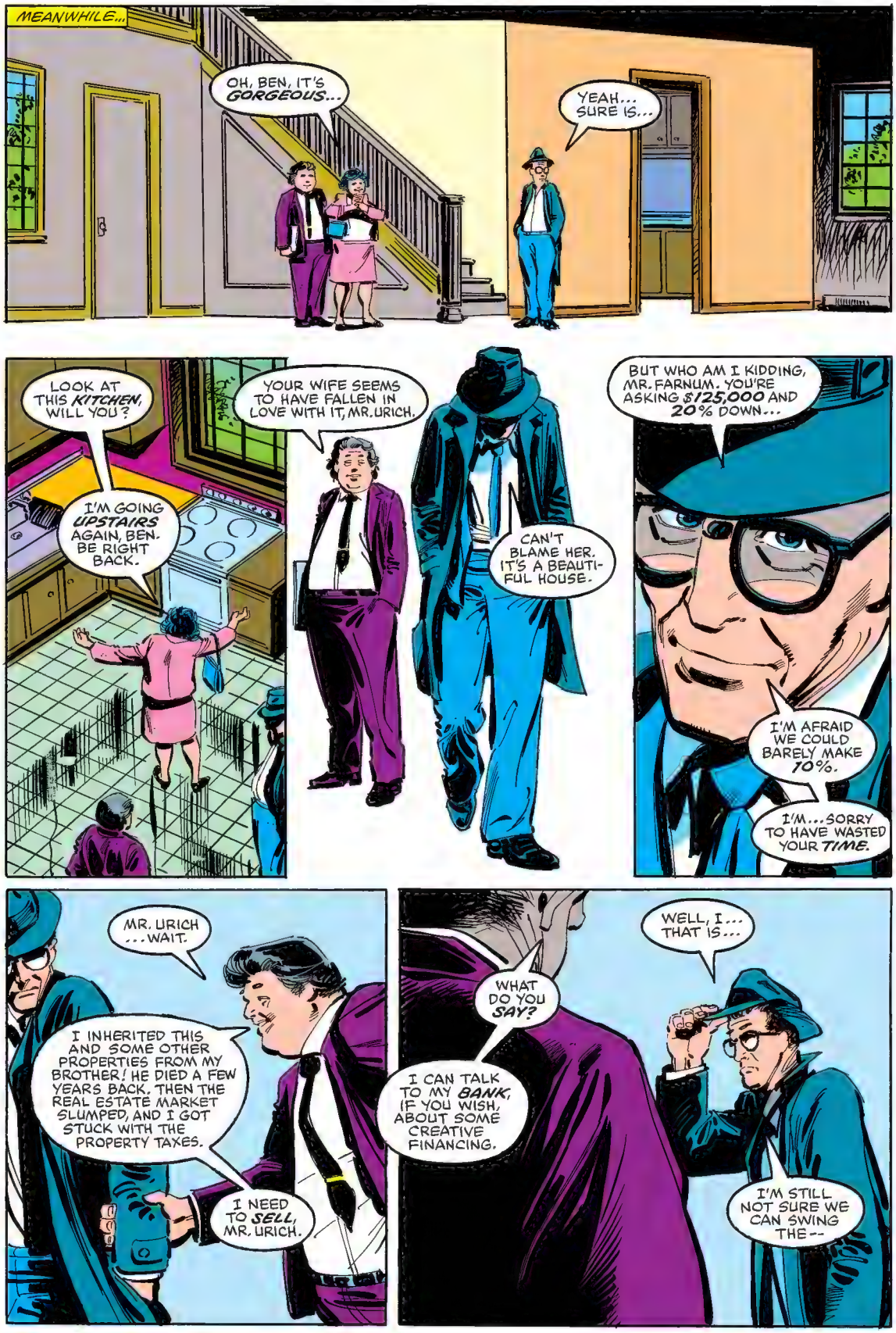



BUT SOME MORNINGS ARE WORSE THAN OTHERS. AND SOMETIMES, ALL IT TAKES TO MAKE THE ENDURABLE UNENDURABLE...
...IS ONE MORE LITTLE HORROR.
EEEEEEE

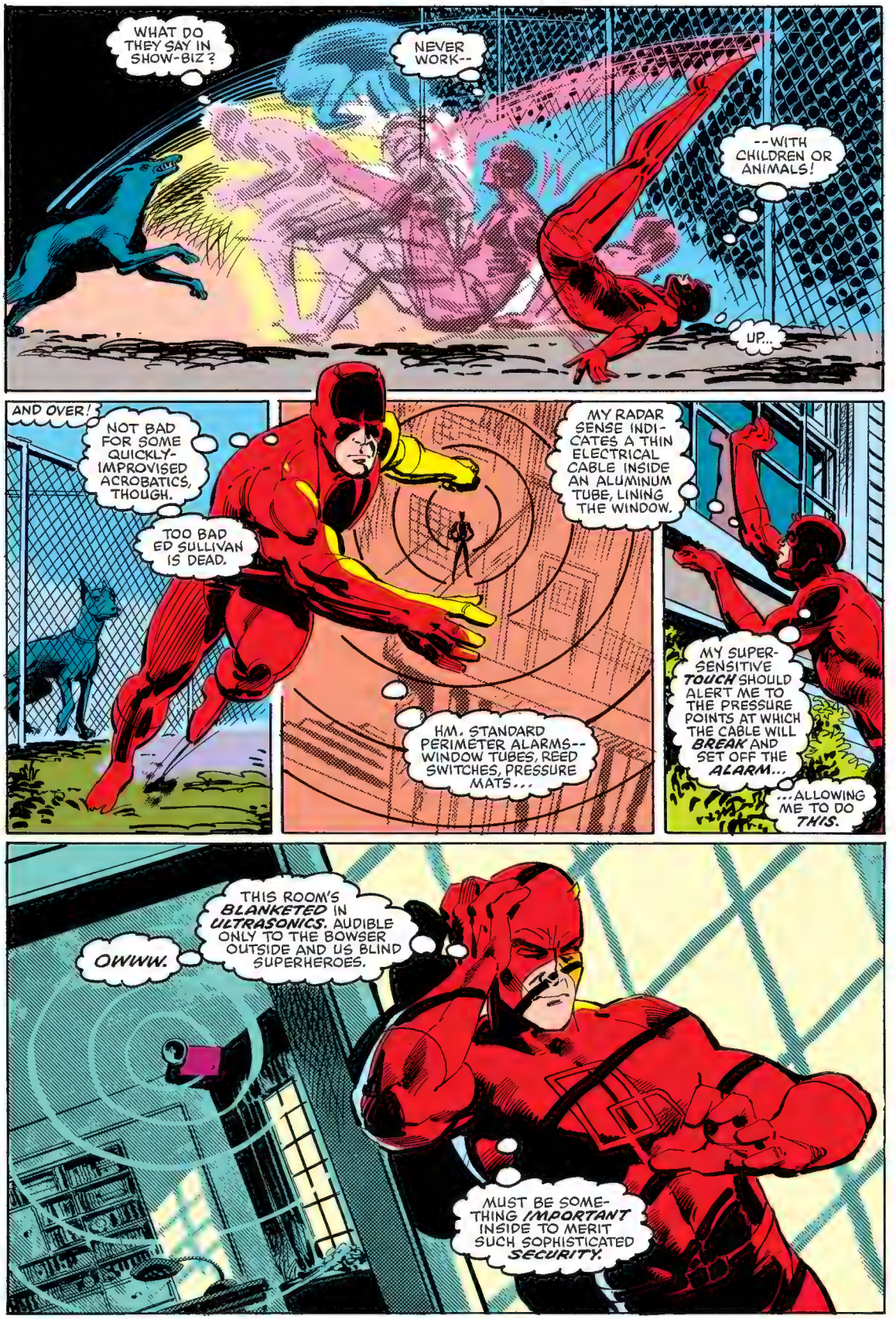


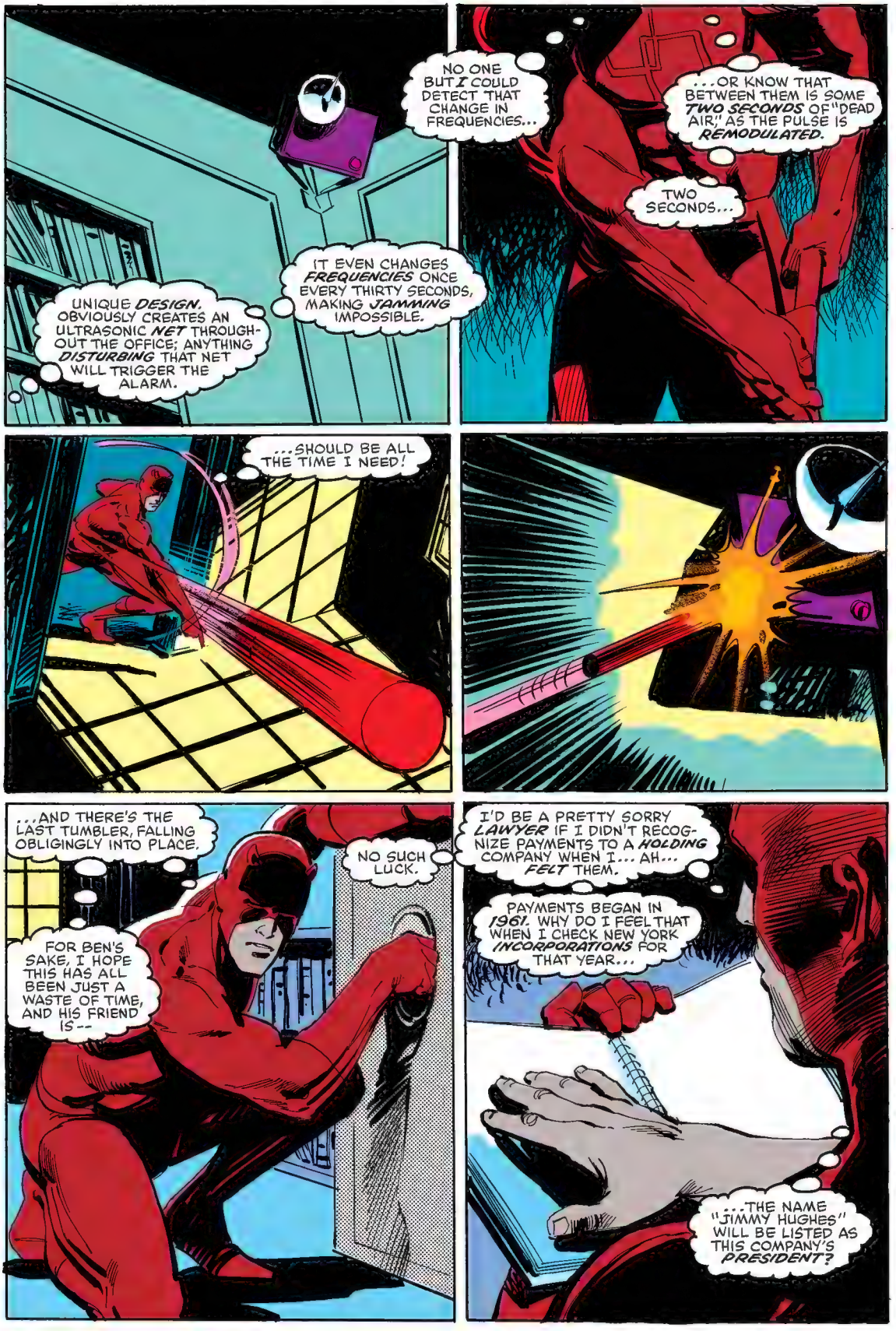

IT'S OKAY, HONEY... EVERYTHING'S OKAY...
OH, BEN, I FEEL LIKE AN IDIOT.
I'M SORRY. SOMETHING JUST... SNAPPED, I COULDN'T STAND IT ANYMORE, ANY OF IT...
I KNOW-- I KNOW...
NO, BEN, YOU DON'T. YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE BEING HERE ALL DAY.
I CLEAN. I GO SHOPPING. THAT'S THREE, MAYBE FOUR HOURS.
SO I WATCH TELEVISION THE REST OF THE DAY.
GAME SHOWS. SOAP OPERAS. THE CHANNEL NINE MOVIE.
THEN YOU CALL AND TELL ME YOU'LL BE LATE. I EAT DINNER BY MYSELF, PUT YOUR PORTION IN THE FRIDGE.
THEN I WATCH TV AGAIN. IF I'M LUCKY, YOU GET HOME BEFORE THE 11 O'CLOCK NEWS.
HONEY, DON'T YOU THINK IT HURTS ME, TOO? NOT BEING WITH YOU? BUT IT'S--
YOUR JOB. I KNOW THAT, BEN. I'M PROUD TO SEE YOUR NAME IN THE PAPER. I REALLY AM!
IT'S JUST... MAYBE IF WE HAD A NICER PLACE, IT WOULDN'T BE SO BAD WITHOUT YOU...
Y'KNOW, HONEY, I DON'T WANT TO WORRY YOU, BUT SUDDENLY I'M NOT FEELING VERY WELL. I MAY HAVE TO PHONE IN SICK.
BEN-- WHAT--?!
YES, I DEFINITELY THINK I MAY HAVE TO SPEND THE DAY HOME. IN BED...
AND TOMORROW WE'LL GO HOUSE-HUNTING AGAIN IN WESTCHESTER. I GOT SOME NEW REAL ESTATE FLIERS IN THE MAIL YESTERDAY.
WHO KNOWS. MAYBE THIS TIME WE'LL GET LUCKY.

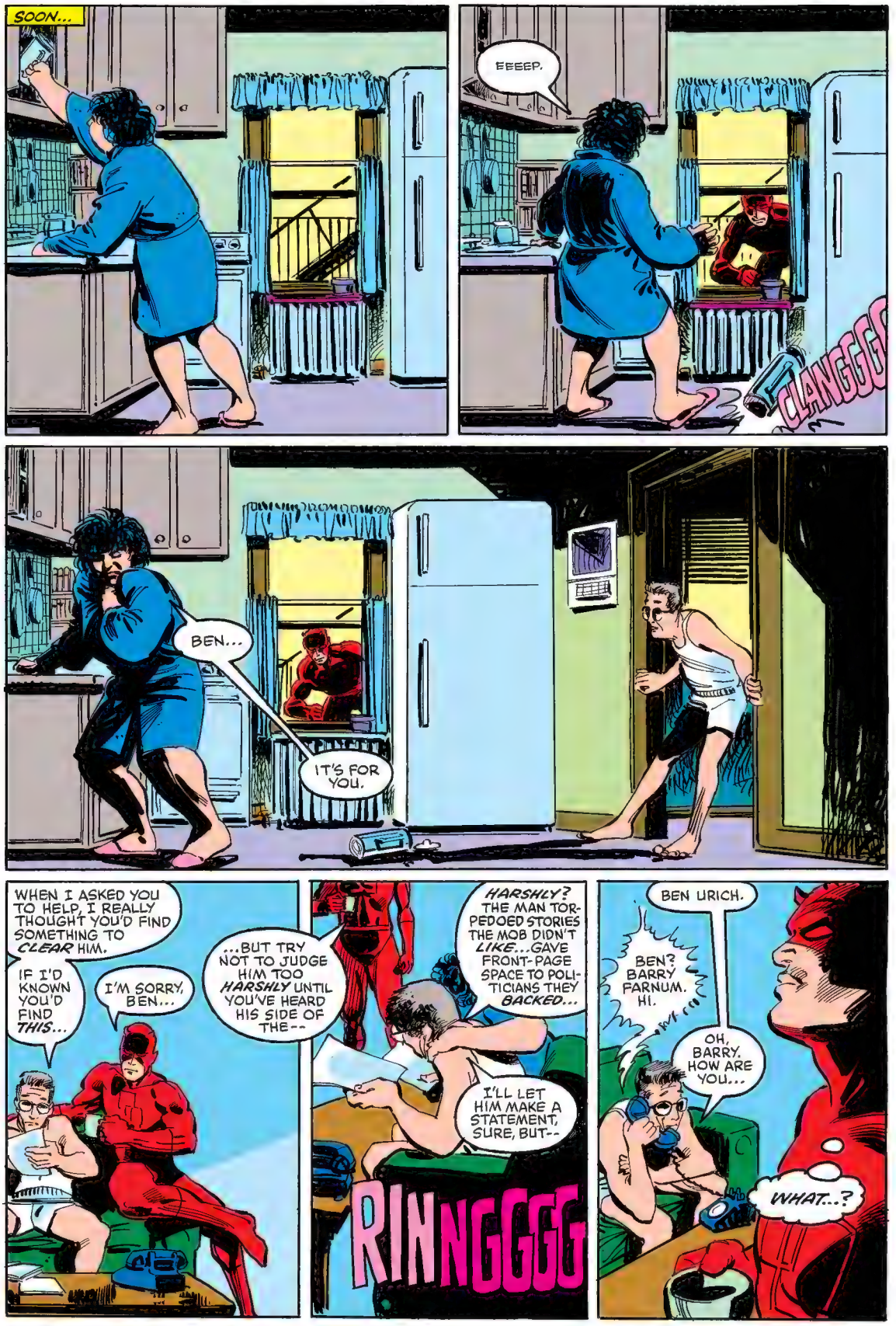
WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE IF I'D LOCKED THE WINDOW?
I GIVE UP. WHAT WOULD I HAVE DONE?
FORGET IT.
301 MAXINE LAVENDER DISTRICT ATTORNEY
THE MEN NAMED IN THESE LETTERS WERE MAKING PAY-OFFS TO ONE JIMMY HUGHES.
THE FORMER EDITOR FOR THE STAR-LEDGER? INTERESTING.
I NEED TO LOOK AT WHATEVER FILES YOU HAVE ON THEM.
OH. OF COURSE.
WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, WOULD YOU LIKE TO RIFLE THROUGH OUR CONFIDENTIAL SECURITY FILES, JUST FOR LAUGHS?
RIGHT. SOME OTHER TIME, MAYBE.
AND FOR PETE'S SAKE CLOSE THE WINDOW WHEN YOU LEAVE THIS TIME, WOULD YOU?

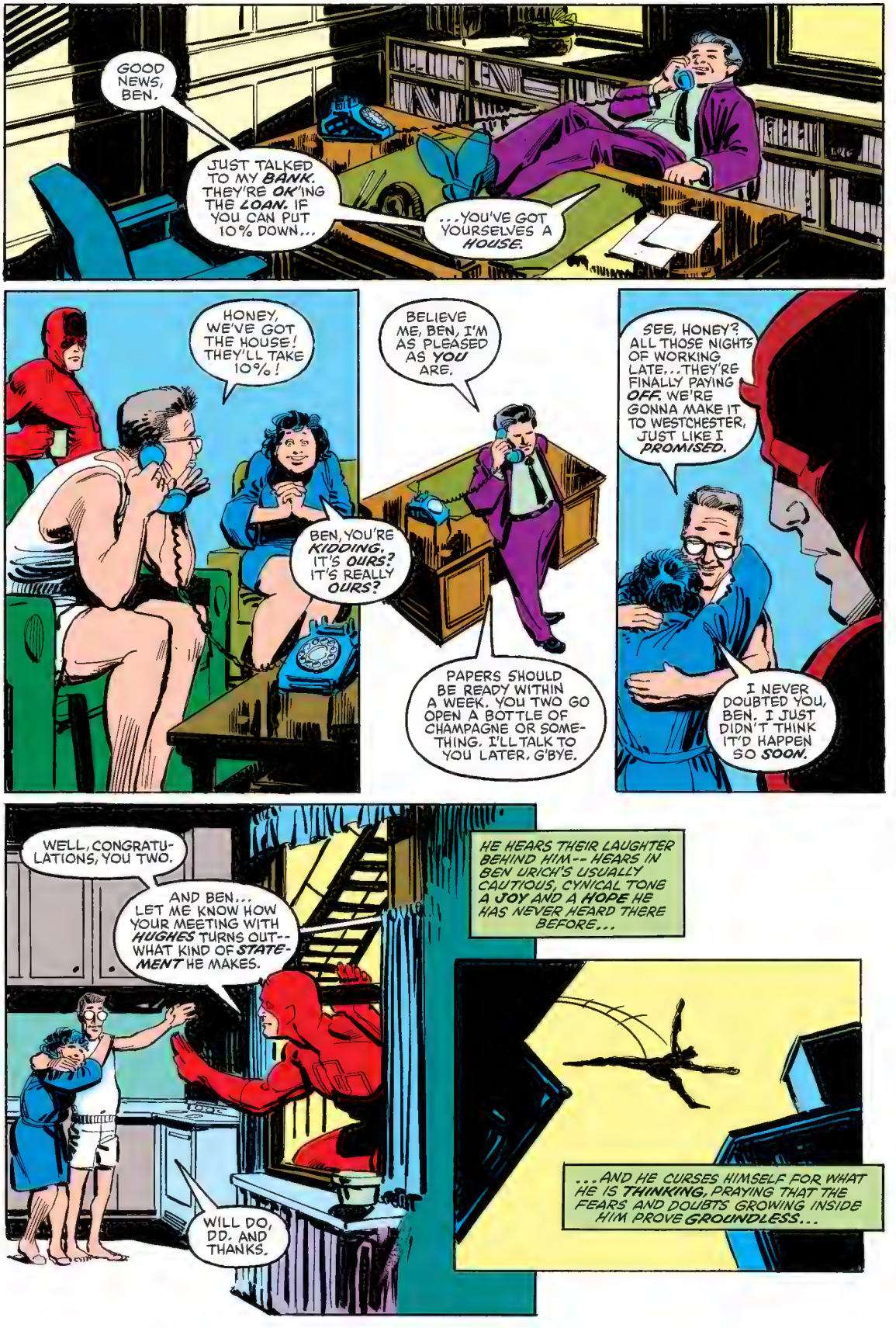

MEANWHILE...
OH, BEN, IT'S GORGEOUS...
YEAH... SURE IS...
LOOK AT THIS KITCHEN, WILL YOU?
I'M GOING UPSTAIRS AGAIN, BEN. BE RIGHT BACK.
YOUR WIFE SEEMS TO HAVE FALLEN IN LOVE WITH IT, MR. URICH.
CAN'T BLAME HER. IT'S A BEAUTIFUL HOUSE.
BUT WHO AM I KIDDING, MR. FARNUM. YOU'RE ASKING $125,000 AND 20% DOWN...
I'M AFRAID WE COULD BARELY MAKE 10%.
I'M... SORRY TO HAVE WASTED YOUR TIME.
MR. URICH ...WAIT.
I INHERITED THIS AND SOME OTHER PROPERTIES FROM MY BROTHER! HE DIED A FEW YEARS BACK. THEN THE REAL ESTATE MARKET SLUMPED, AND I GOT STUCK WITH THE PROPERTY TAXES.
I NEED TO SELL, MR. URICH.
WELL, I... THAT IS...
WHAT DO YOU SAY?
I CAN TALK TO MY BANK, IF YOU WISH, ABOUT SOME CREATIVE FINANCING.
I'M STILL NOT SURE WE CAN SWING THE--

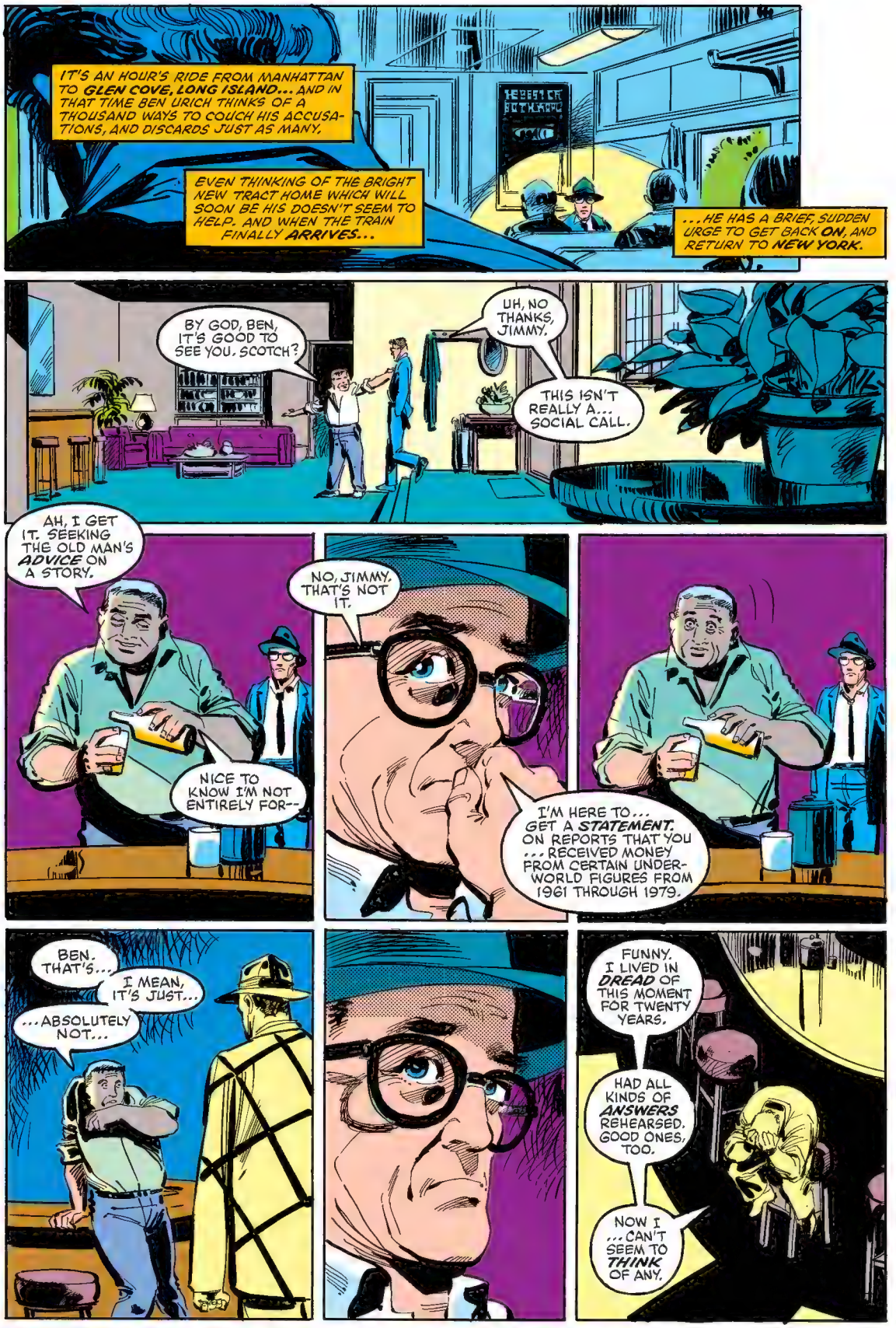
I CAN'T GET OVER THAT VIEW UP THERE.
OH, BEN, I COULD LOOK OUT THESE WINDOWS ALL DAY.
HERE'S MY NUMBER AT WORK, MR. FARNUM. WHY DON'T YOU TALK TO YOUR BANK...
...AND SEE WHAT KIND OF FINANCING WE CAN ARRANGE.
ENGLEWOOD, N.J.-- SOME HOURS LATER:
OLD MOBSTERS NEVER DIE--THEY JUST MOVE TO NEW JERSEY.
MAX'S FILES SAID THIS GUY WAS AN ACCOUNTANT FOR THE COSA NOSTRA IN THE 60S...WITH ANY LUCK MAYBE HE KEPT RECORDS FOR POTENTIAL BLACKMAIL PURPOSES.
NOT PICKING UP ANY HEARTBEATS INSIDE, SO...
UH-OH-- BETTER MAKE THAT...
...NO HUMAN HEARTBEATS...


WHAT DO THEY SAY IN SHOW-BIZ?
NEVER WORK--
--WITH CHILDREN OR ANIMALS!
UP..
AND OVER!
NOT BAD FOR SOME QUICKLY-IMPROVISED ACROBATICS, THOUGH.
TOO BAD ED SULLIVAN IS DEAD.
MY RADAR SENSE INDICATES A THIN ELECTRICAL CABLE INSIDE AN ALUMINUM TUBE, LINING THE WINDOW.
HM. STANDARD PERIMETER ALARMS--WINDOW TUBES, REED SWITCHES, PRESSURE MATS...
MY SUPER-SENSITIVE TOUCH SHOULD ALERT ME TO THE PRESSURE POINTS AT WHICH THE CABLE WILL BREAK AND SET OFF THE ALARM...
...ALLOWING ME TO DO THIS.
OWWW.
THIS ROOM'S BLANKETED IN ULTRASONICS. AUDIBLE ONLY TO THE BOWSER OUTSIDE AND US BLIND SUPERHEROES.
MUST BE SOMETHING IMPORTANT INSIDE TO MERIT SUCH SOPHISTICATED SECURITY.

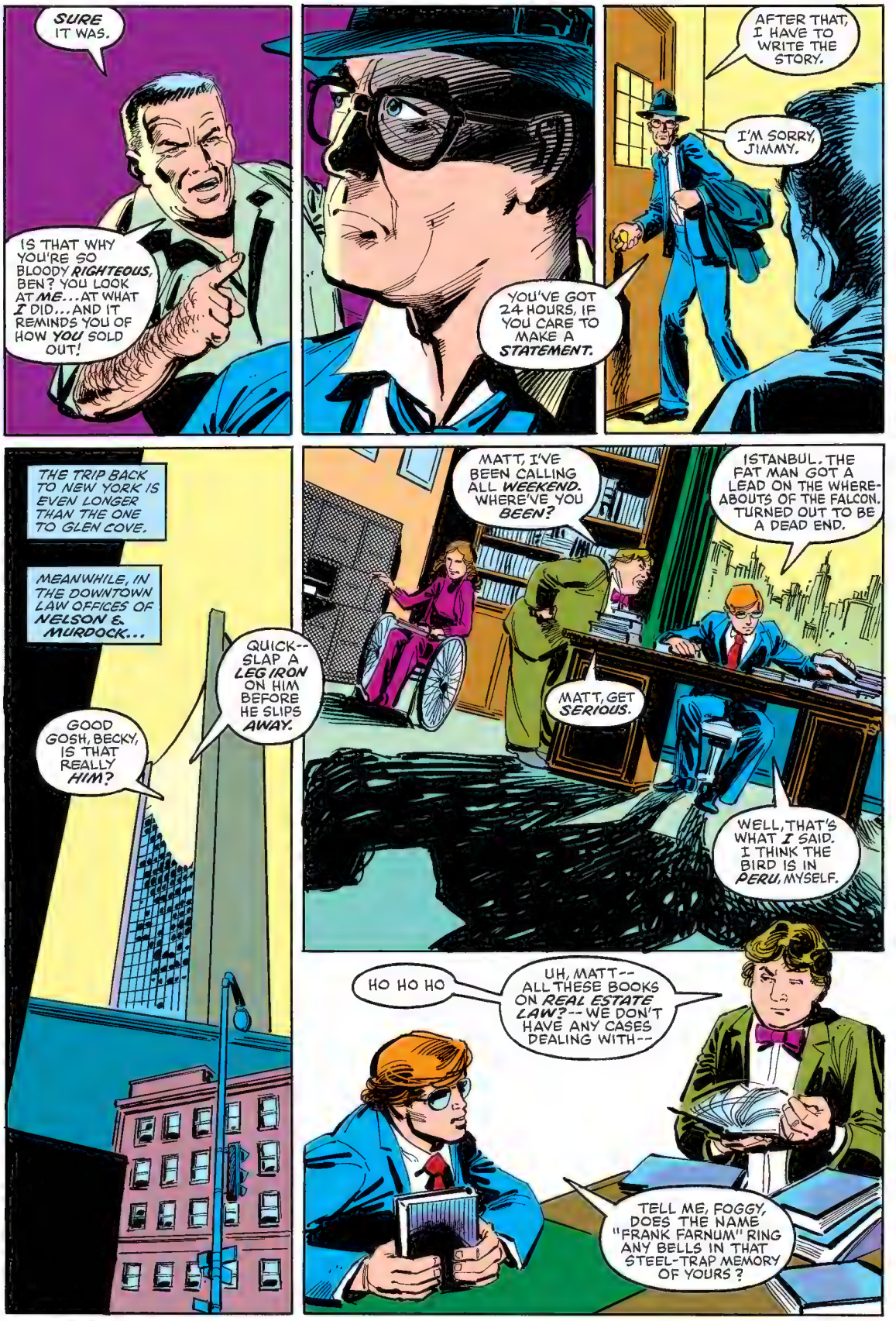

UNIQUE DESIGN. OBVIOUSLY CREATES AN ULTRASONIC NET THROUGHOUT THE OFFICE; ANYTHING DISTURBING THAT NET WILL TRIGGER THE ALARM.
IT EVEN CHANGES FREQUENCIES ONCE EVERY THIRTY SECONDS, MAKING JAMMING IMPOSSIBLE.
NO ONE BUT I COULD DETECT THAT CHANGE IN FREQUENCIES...
...OR KNOW THAT BETWEEN THEM IS SOME TWO SECONDS OF "DEAD AIR," AS THE PULSE IS REMODULATED.
TWO SECONDS...
...SHOULD BE ALL THE TIME I NEED!
...AND THERE'S THE LAST TUMBLER, FALLING OBLIGINGLY INTO PLACE.
FOR BEN'S SAKE, I HOPE THIS HAS ALL BEEN JUST A WASTE OF TIME, AND HIS FRIEND IS--
NO SUCH LUCK.
I'D BE A PRETTY SORRY LAWYER IF I DIDN'T RECOGNIZE PAYMENTS TO A HOLDING COMPANY WHEN I... AH... FELT THEM.
PAYMENTS BEGAN IN 1961. WHY DO I FEEL THAT WHEN I CHECK NEW YORK INCORPORATIONS FOR THAT YEAR...
...THE NAME "JIMMY HUGHES" WILL BE LISTED AS THIS COMPANY'S PRESIDENT?

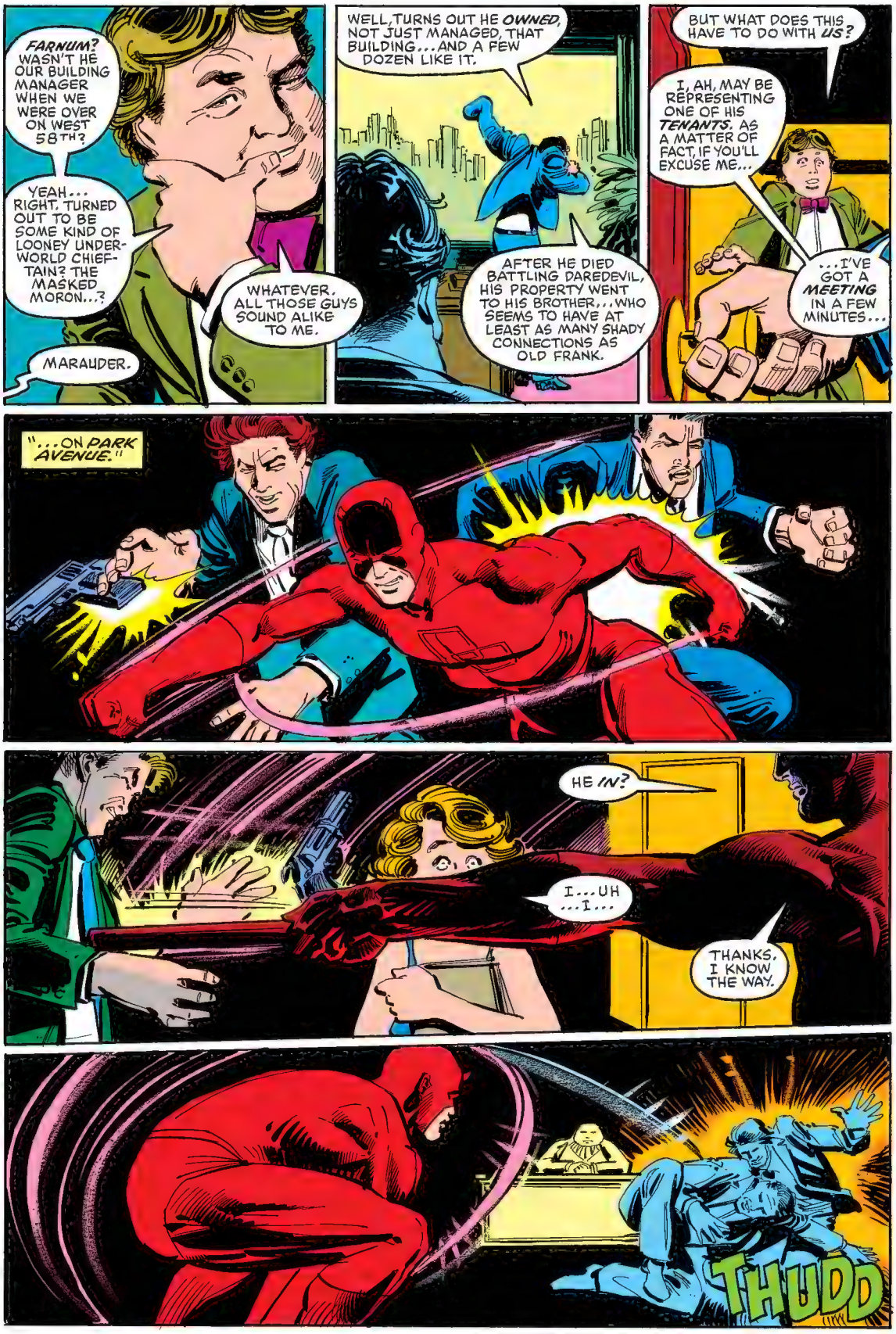

SOON...
EEEEP.
CLANGGG
BEN...
IT'S FOR YOU.
WHEN I ASKED YOU TO HELP, I REALLY THOUGHT YOU'D FIND SOMETHING TO CLEAR HIM.
IF I'D KNOWN YOU'D FIND THIS...
I'M SORRY, BEN...
...BUT TRY NOT TO JUDGE HIM TOO HARSHLY UNTIL YOU'VE HEARD HIS SIDE OF THE--
HARSHLY? THE MAN TORPEDOED STORIES THE MOB DIDN'T LIKE...GAVE FRONT-PAGE SPACE TO POLITICIANS THEY BACKED...
I'LL LET HIM MAKE A STATEMENT, SURE, BUT--
RINNGGGG
BEN URICH.
BEN? BARRY FARNUM. HI.
OH, BARRY. HOW ARE YOU...
WHAT...?

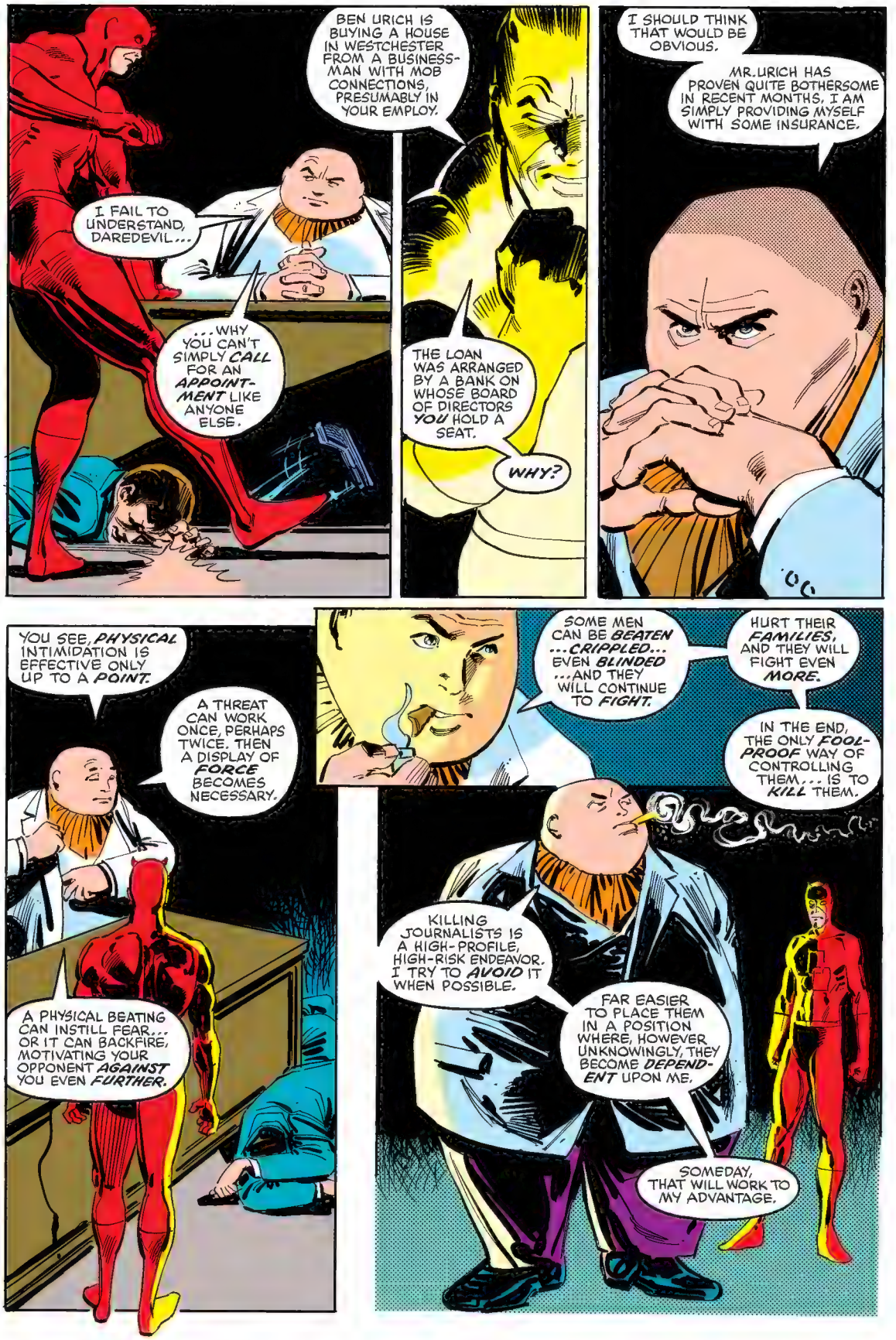

GOOD NEWS, BEN.
JUST TALKED TO MY BANK. THEY'RE OK'ING THE LOAN. IF YOU CAN PUT 10% DOWN...
...YOU'VE GOT YOURSELVES A HOUSE.
HONEY, WE'VE GOT THE HOUSE! THEY'LL TAKE 10%!
BEN, YOU'RE KIDDING. IT'S OURS? IT'S REALLY OURS?
BELIEVE ME, BEN, I'M AS PLEASED AS YOU ARE.
PAPERS SHOULD BE READY WITHIN A WEEK. YOU TWO GO OPEN A BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE OR SOMETHING. I'LL TALK TO YOU LATER, G'BYE.
SEE, HONEY? ALL THOSE NIGHTS OF WORKING LATE...THEY'RE FINALLY PAYING OFF. WE'RE GONNA MAKE IT TO WESTCHESTER, JUST LIKE I PROMISED.
I NEVER DOUBTED YOU, BEN. I JUST DIDN'T THINK IT'D HAPPEN SO SOON.
WELL, CONGRATULATIONS, YOU TWO.
AND BEN... LET ME KNOW HOW YOUR MEETING WITH HUGHES TURNS OUT--WHAT KIND OF STATEMENT HE MAKES.
WILL DO, DD. AND THANKS.
HE HEARS THEIR LAUGHTER BEHIND HIM -- HEARS IN BEN URICH'S USUALLY CAUTIOUS, CYNICAL TONE A JOY AND A HOPE HE HAS NEVER HEARD THERE BEFORE...
...AND HE CURSES HIMSELF FOR WHAT HE IS THINKING, PRAYING THAT THE FEARS AND DOUBTS GROWING INSIDE HIM PROVE GROUNDLESS...

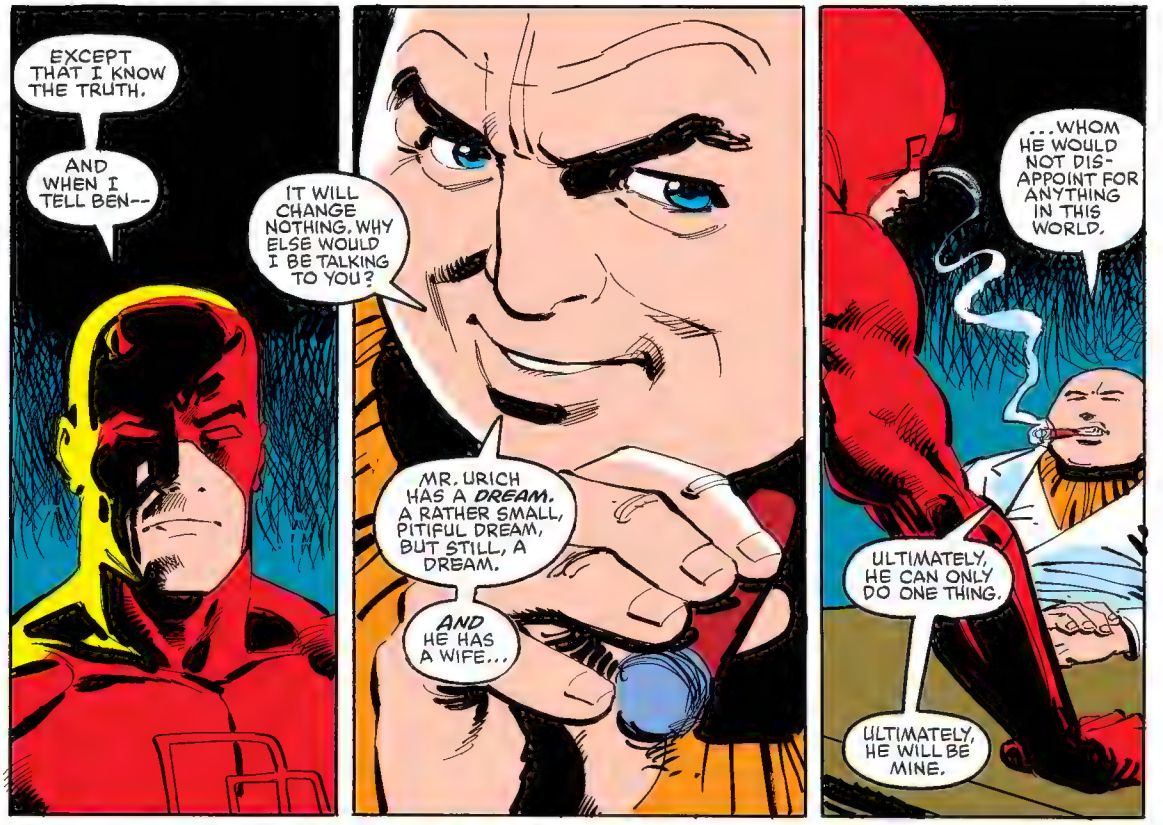

IT'S AN HOUR'S RIDE FROM MANHATTAN TO GLEN COVE, LONG ISLAND... AND IN THAT TIME BEN URICH THINKS OF A THOUSAND WAYS TO COUCH HIS ACCUSATIONS, AND DISCARDS JUST AS MANY.
EVEN THINKING OF THE BRIGHT NEW TRACT HOME WHICH WILL SOON BE HIS DOESN'T SEEM TO HELP. AND WHEN THE TRAIN FINALLY ARRIVES...
...HE HAS A BRIEF, SUDDEN URGE TO GET BACK ON, AND RETURN TO NEW YORK.
BY GOD, BEN, IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU. SCOTCH?
UH, NO THANKS, JIMMY.
THIS ISN'T REALLY A... SOCIAL CALL.
AH, I GET IT. SEEKING THE OLD MAN'S ADVICE ON A STORY.
NICE TO KNOW I'M NOT ENTIRELY FOR--
NO, JIMMY. THAT'S NOT IT.
I'M HERE TO... GET A STATEMENT. ON REPORTS THAT YOU ...RECEIVED MONEY FROM CERTAIN UNDERWORLD FIGURES FROM 1961 THROUGH 1979.
BEN. THAT'S...
I MEAN, IT'S JUST...
...ABSOLUTELY NOT...
FUNNY. I LIVED IN DREAD OF THIS MOMENT FOR TWENTY YEARS.
HAD ALL KINDS OF ANSWERS REHEARSED. GOOD ONES, TOO.
NOW I ...CAN'T SEEM TO THINK OF ANY.

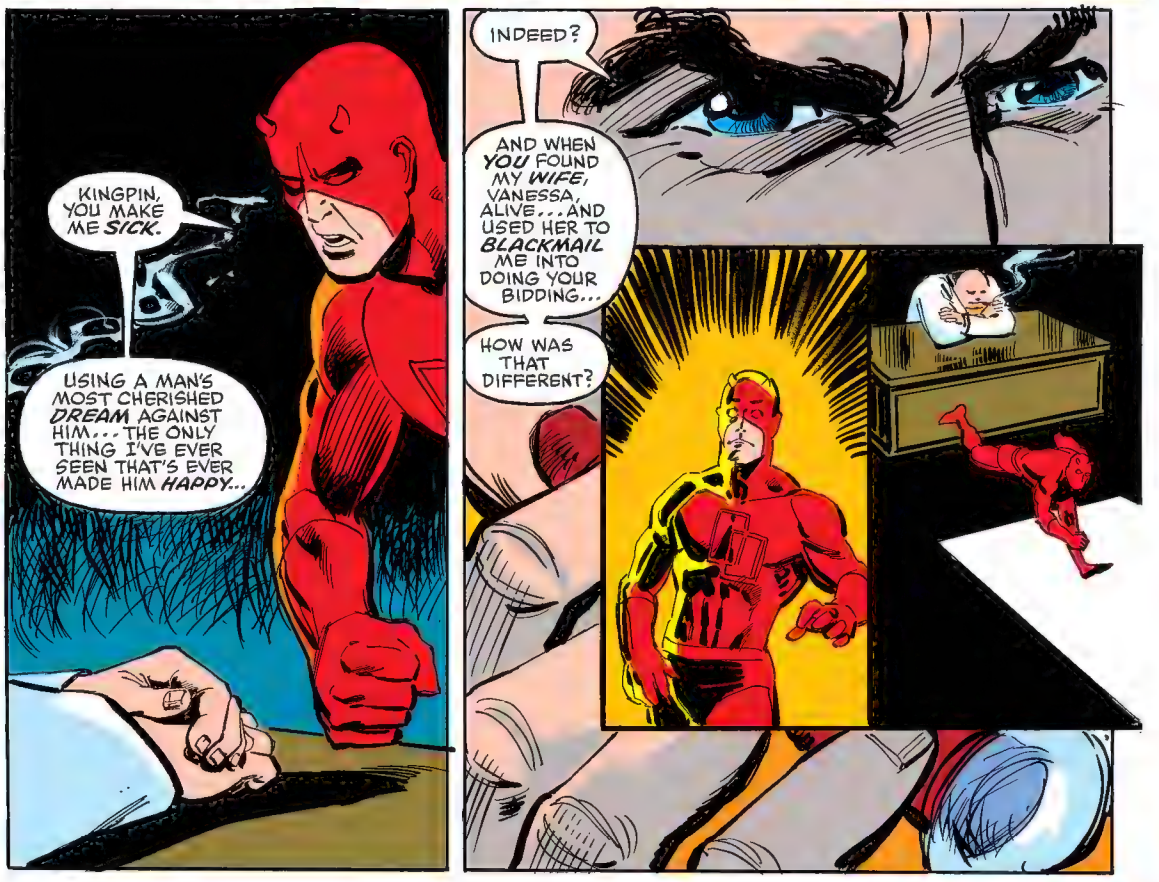
GOOD LORD, JIMMY, WHY?
I WAS JUST A KID. I BELIEVED EVERYTHING YOU TOLD ME ABOUT ETHICS--SCRUPLES--
BEN, DON'T. YOU DON'T KNOW HOW IT STARTED...
MY DAUGHTER JULIE. SHE GOT MARRIED IN '59, REAL NICE GUY; I LIKED HIM, I WAS PROUD.
LATER SHE TELLS ME... HE'S MIXED UP WITH THE MAFIA. HE'S IN TROUBLE, THEY'RE GONNA MAKE A LESSON OF HIM...
...BUT I CAN SAVE HIM. ME. IF I... SPIKE A STORY ON SOME TWO-BIT BURGLARY.
BELIEVE ME, BEN, I WRESTLED WITH THAT FOR TWO DAYS. BUT IT'S ONE LOUSY STORY. AND MY SON-IN-LAW'S LIFE.
FOR JULIE'S SAKE, I DO IT.
IT STARTS SLOW, BEN. A FAVOR HERE, A CHRISTMAS PRESENT THERE... BEFORE I KNEW IT, I WAS IN THEIR POCKET.
THAT'S HOW IT HAPPENS. YOU WAKE UP ONE DAY, AND YOU REALIZE YOU'VE BEEN MADE.
BULL. YOU COULD'VE GOTTEN OUT FROM UNDER, SOMEHOW.
I IDOLIZED YOU, JIMMY, AND YOU BETRAYED ME. YOU KNOW WHAT A FOOL I FEEL LIKE RIGHT NOW?
YOU SELF-RIGHTEOUS LITTLE... WHO THE HELL ARE YOU TO JUDGE ME?!
I HAVE MY SOURCES, BEN ...AND THEY TELL ME THAT NOT LONG AGO YOU KILLED A STORY ON RANDOLPH CHERRYH TO SAVE YOUR OWN HIDE!
THE KINGPIN HAD HIS LADY ASSASSIN LEAN ON YOU AND YOU JUST FOLDED, AIN'T THAT RIGHT, BEN?
THAT... THAT WAS...
...DIFFERENT...

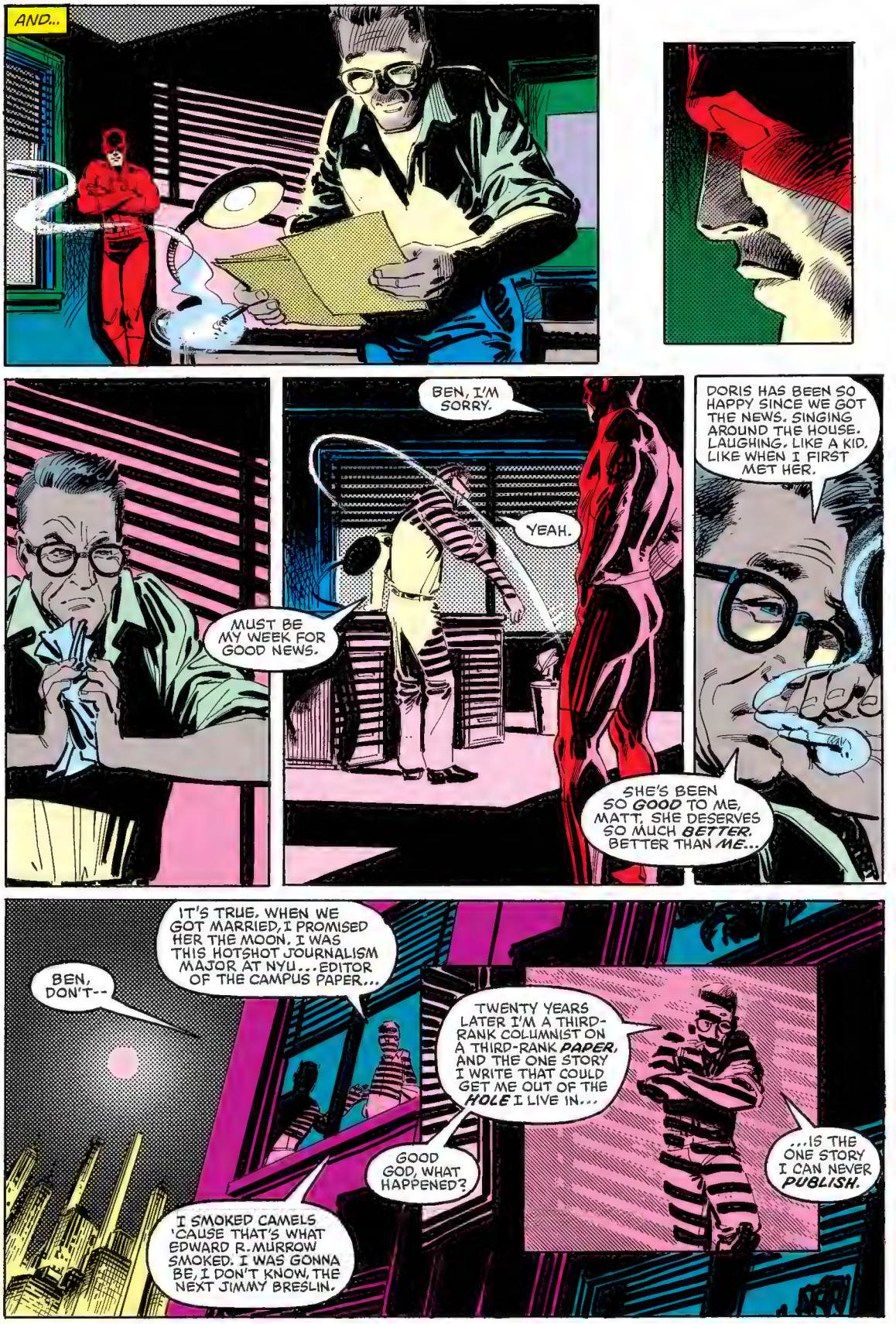

SURE IT WAS.
IS THAT WHY YOU'RE SO BLOODY RIGHTEOUS, BEN? YOU LOOK AT ME... AT WHAT I DID... AND IT REMINDS YOU OF HOW YOU SOLD OUT!
YOU'VE GOT 24 HOURS, IF YOU CARE TO MAKE A STATEMENT.
AFTER THAT, I HAVE TO WRITE THE STORY.
I'M SORRY, JIMMY.
THE TRIP BACK TO NEW YORK IS EVEN LONGER THAN THE ONE TO GLEN COVE.
MEANWHILE, IN THE DOWNTOWN LAW OFFICES OF NELSON & MURDOCK...
QUICK-- SLAP A LEG IRON ON HIM BEFORE HE SLIPS AWAY.
GOOD GOSH, BECKY, IS THAT REALLY HIM?
MATT, I'VE BEEN CALLING ALL WEEKEND. WHERE'VE YOU BEEN?
ISTANBUL. THE FAT MAN GOT A LEAD ON THE WHEREABOUTS OF THE FALCON. TURNED OUT TO BE A DEAD END.
MATT, GET SERIOUS.
WELL, THAT'S WHAT I SAID. I THINK THE BIRD IS IN PERU, MYSELF.
HO HO HO
UH, MATT-- ALL THESE BOOKS ON REAL ESTATE LAW?-- WE DON'T HAVE ANY CASES DEALING WITH--
TELL ME, FOGGY, DOES THE NAME "FRANK FARNUM" RING ANY BELLS IN THAT STEEL-TRAP MEMORY OF YOURS?


FARNUM? WASN'T HE OUR BUILDING MANAGER WHEN WE WERE OVER ON WEST 58TH?
YEAH... RIGHT. TURNED OUT TO BE SOME KIND OF LOONEY UNDER-WORLD CHIEF-TAIN? THE MASKED MORON...?
MARAUDER.
WHATEVER. ALL THOSE GUYS SOUND ALIKE TO ME.
WELL, TURNS OUT HE OWNED, NOT JUST MANAGED, THAT BUILDING... AND A FEW DOZEN LIKE IT.
AFTER HE DIED BATTLING DAREDEVIL, HIS PROPERTY WENT TO HIS BROTHER... WHO SEEMS TO HAVE AT LEAST AS MANY SHADY CONNECTIONS AS OLD FRANK.
BUT WHAT DOES THIS HAVE TO DO WITH US?
I, AH, MAY BE REPRESENTING ONE OF HIS TENANTS. AS A MATTER OF FACT, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME...
...I'VE GOT A MEETING IN A FEW MINUTES...
"...ON PARK AVENUE."
HE IN?
I...UH ...I...
THANKS, I KNOW THE WAY.
THUDD


I FAIL TO UNDERSTAND, DAREDEVIL...
...WHY YOU CAN'T SIMPLY CALL FOR AN APPOINT-MENT LIKE ANYONE ELSE.
BEN URICH IS BUYING A HOUSE IN WESTCHESTER FROM A BUSINESS-MAN WITH MOB CONNECTIONS, PRESUMABLY IN YOUR EMPLOY.
THE LOAN WAS ARRANGED BY A BANK ON WHOSE BOARD OF DIRECTORS YOU HOLD A SEAT.
WHY?
I SHOULD THINK THAT WOULD BE OBVIOUS.
MR. URICH HAS PROVEN QUITE BOTHERSOME IN RECENT MONTHS, I AM SIMPLY PROVIDING MYSELF WITH SOME INSURANCE.
YOU SEE, PHYSICAL INTIMIDATION IS EFFECTIVE ONLY UP TO A POINT.
A THREAT CAN WORK ONCE, PERHAPS TWICE. THEN A DISPLAY OF FORCE BECOMES NECESSARY.
A PHYSICAL BEATING CAN INSTILL FEAR... OR IT CAN BACKFIRE, MOTIVATING YOUR OPPONENT AGAINST YOU EVEN FURTHER.
SOME MEN CAN BE BEATEN ...CRIPPLED... EVEN BLINDED ...AND THEY WILL CONTINUE TO FIGHT.
HURT THEIR FAMILIES, AND THEY WILL FIGHT EVEN MORE.
IN THE END, THE ONLY FOOL-PROOF WAY OF CONTROLLING THEM... IS TO KILL THEM.
KILLING JOURNALISTS IS A HIGH-PROFILE, HIGH-RISK ENDEAVOR. I TRY TO AVOID IT WHEN POSSIBLE.
FAR EASIER TO PLACE THEM IN A POSITION WHERE, HOWEVER UNKNOWINGLY, THEY BECOME DEPEND-ENT UPON ME.
SOMEDAY, THAT WILL WORK TO MY ADVANTAGE.


EXCEPT THAT I KNOW THE TRUTH.
AND WHEN I TELL BEN--
IT WILL CHANGE NOTHING. WHY ELSE WOULD I BE TALKING TO YOU?
MR. URICH HAS A *DREAM*. A RATHER SMALL, PITIFUL DREAM, BUT STILL, A DREAM.
AND HE HAS A WIFE...
...WHOM HE WOULD NOT DISAPPOINT FOR ANYTHING IN THIS WORLD.
ULTIMATELY, HE CAN ONLY DO ONE THING.
ULTIMATELY, HE WILL BE MINE.


KINGPIN, YOU MAKE ME *SICK*.
USING A MAN'S MOST CHERISHED *DREAM* AGAINST HIM... THE ONLY THING I'VE EVER SEEN THAT'S EVER MADE HIM *HAPPY*...
INDEED?
AND WHEN *YOU* FOUND MY *WIFE*, VANESSA, ALIVE... AND USED HER TO *BLACKMAIL* ME INTO DOING YOUR BIDDING...
HOW WAS THAT DIFFERENT?


AND...
MUST BE MY WEEK FOR GOOD NEWS.
BEN, I'M SORRY.
YEAH.
SHE'S BEEN SO GOOD TO ME, MATT. SHE DESERVES SO MUCH BETTER. BETTER THAN ME...
DORIS HAS BEEN SO HAPPY SINCE WE GOT THE NEWS. SINGING AROUND THE HOUSE. LAUGHING. LIKE A KID. LIKE WHEN I FIRST MET HER.
BEN, DON'T--
IT'S TRUE. WHEN WE GOT MARRIED, I PROMISED HER THE MOON. I WAS THIS HOTSHOT JOURNALISM MAJOR AT NYU... EDITOR OF THE CAMPUS PAPER...
I SMOKED CAMELS 'CAUSE THAT'S WHAT EDWARD R. MURROW SMOKED. I WAS GONNA BE, I DON'T KNOW, THE NEXT JIMMY BRESLIN.
GOOD GOD, WHAT HAPPENED?
TWENTY YEARS LATER I'M A THIRD-RANK COLUMNIST ON A THIRD-RANK PAPER, AND THE ONE STORY I WRITE THAT COULD GET ME OUT OF THE HOLE I LIVE IN...
...IS THE ONE STORY I CAN NEVER PUBLISH.

MAYBE NOT. BUT HOW MANY OTHER REPORTERS COULD HAVE EVEN DIS-COVERED DAREDEVIL'S REAL IDENTITY, BEN?
OH. SURE. LIVE OFF THE SENSE OF ACCOMPLISHMENT.
EASY FOR YOU TO SAY, ISN'T IT? AS DAREDEVIL YOU'VE GOT EXCITEMENT... ADVENTURE...
...AND AS MATT MURDOCK YOU HAVE MONEY... PRESTIGE... RESPECT! YOU'VE GOT IT ALL, MATT!
ALL...? YOU SELF-PITYING IDIOT.
I'M STANDING HERE IN THE DARK, BEN. I CAN HEAR YOUR HEART-BEAT, BUT I'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT YOUR FACE LOOKS LIKE. I CAN RUN ACROSS ROOFTOPS, BUT I'LL NEVER SEE THE STARS.
I WOULDN'T HAVE CHOSEN THIS LIFE... BUT I'VE GROWN TO LIKE IT. WE ALL LEARN TO LIVE WITH WHAT WE'VE GOT.
LIVE WITH WHAT YOU'VE GOT. SURE. BUT WHAT IN GOD'S NAME HAVE I GOT?
I'M SORRY. I HAD NO RIGHT TO TALK TO YOU LIKE THAT.
MORE THAN I'VE BEEN ABLE TO FIND, BEN.
SOMETIMES I THINK ABOUT HEATHER... OR KAREN... OR ELEKTRA...
...AND I WONDER IF IT'S NOT ALL JUST A BAD JOKE, IF IT'S REALLY POSSIBLE TO FIND ANYONE IN THIS SCREWED-UP WORLD... IF I SHOULDN'T JUST GIVE UP.
THEN I THINK OF YOU, AND DORIS... AND HOW YOU'VE STAYED TOGETHER, SOMEHOW, DE-SPITE THE ODDS...
...AND IT GIVES ME A LITTLE BIT OF HOPE, BEN. IT REALLY DOES.
YOU MAKE ME ASHAMED, MATT.
YOU'RE RIGHT. I'M A LUCKY MAN. DORIS MEANS EVERY-THING IN THE WORLD TO ME...
...AND THAT'S WHY I CAN'T DISAPPOINT HER, ONE MORE TIME.
I'M GOING TO BUY THE HOUSE, MATT. I'VE GOT TO.
I'M SORRY.

THEY MET HERE, YEARS AGO, BACK WHEN A DAY AT CONEY ISLAND REALLY MEANT SOMETHING... BACK WHEN LUNA PARK AND DREAMLAND AND STEEPLECHASE HADN'T GIVEN WAY TO HIGH-RISES AND CONDOMINIUMS.
HE WAS A STUDENT, SHE WORKED A CONCESSION STAND. HE THOUGHT SHE WAS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN HE HAD EVER SEEN.
HE LOVED HER THEN, AND HE LOVES HER NOW.
IT'S JUST EVERY-THING ELSE THAT'S CHANGED.
BEN?
OH, NO. HE... HE TOLD YOU...
NO. I MADE HIM TELL ME.
HE CAME LOOKING FOR YOU AT HOME. WE WAITED FOR HOURS, THEN DROVE EVERYWHERE I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE.
SOMEHOW, HE MANAGED TO FIGURE OUT WHERE YOU WERE IN THIS HUGE PARK.

BEN, WE CAN'T TAKE THAT HOUSE, YOU KNOW THAT.
NO, HONEY. I WON'T LET YOU DOWN AGAIN. I CAN'T.
BESIDES...
WHAT'S ONE MORE COP-OUT MORE OR--
...WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE, I'VE ALREADY SOLD OUT. I SPIKED THE CHERRYH STORY... JUST TO SAVE MY OWN SKIN.
YOU LISTEN TO ME, BEN URICH.
STOP LETTING THAT EAT AT YOU. THERE'S A DIFFERENCE BETWEEN SAVING YOUR LIFE...
...AND HANDING THAT LIFE OVER TO SOMEONE ELSE, LIKE JIMMY DID. SO YOU'RE NOT PERFECT. SO WHAT. DID I EVER ASK YOU TO BE PERFECT?
THE MAN I MET HERE TWENTY YEARS AGO WASN'T PERFECT, EITHER... BUT HE HAD A HEART, AND A CONSCIENCE, AND I FELL IN LOVE WITH HIM BECAUSE OF THAT.
IF THAT CHANGES, I...
...I DON'T KNOW IF I'D LOVE HIM SO MUCH ANYMORE.
WE'LL FIND ANOTHER PLACE, HONEY. I PROMISE.
I BELIEVE YOU, BEN.
YOU'VE KEPT EVERY PROMISE YOU EVER MADE ME...
...EVERY ONE THAT MATTERED...
END.

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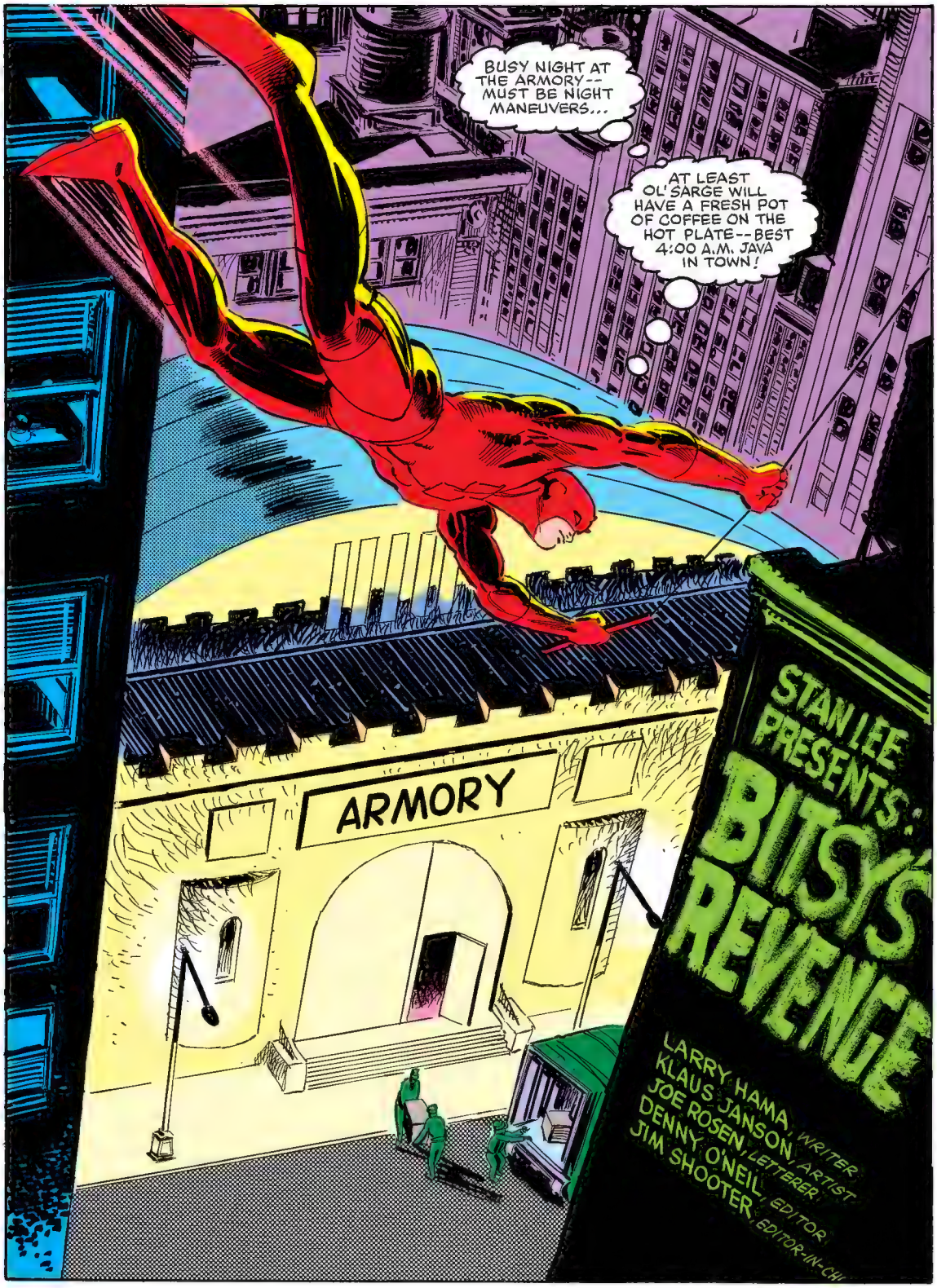
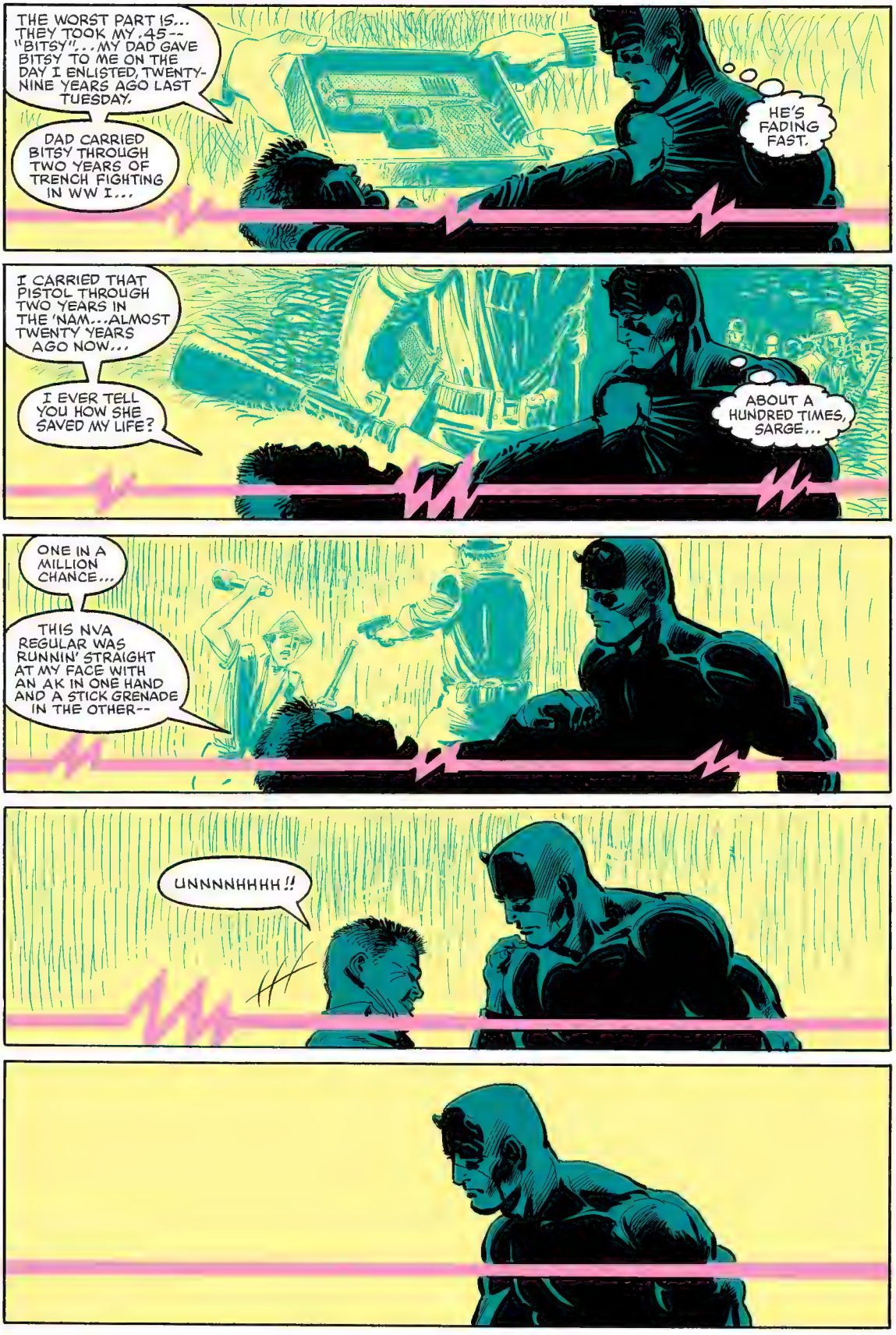
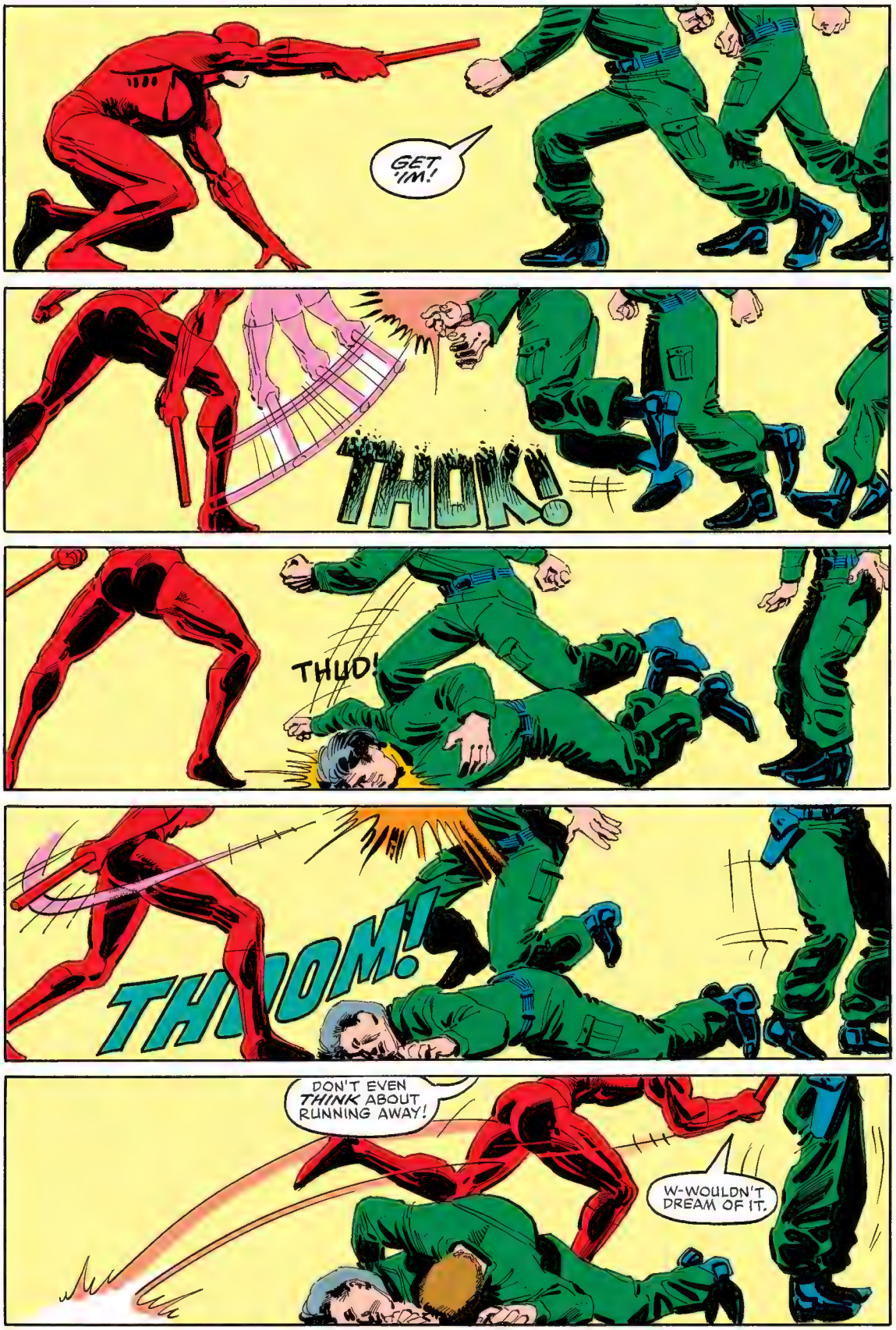
HERE COMES...
DAREDEVIL®
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
JANSON

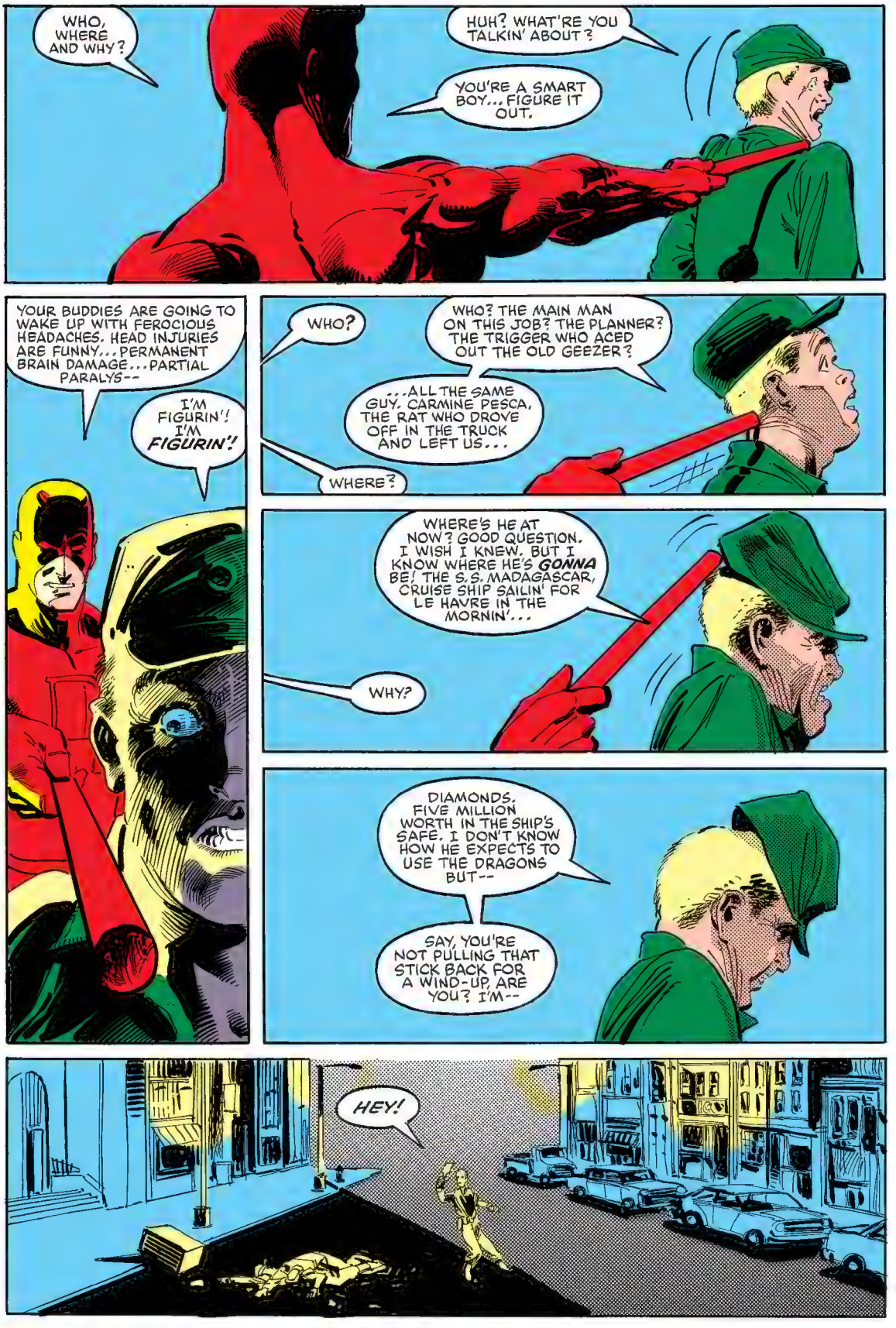

BUSY NIGHT AT THE ARMORY-- MUST BE NIGHT MANEUVERS...
AT LEAST OL' SARGE WILL HAVE A FRESH POT OF COFFEE ON THE HOT PLATE--BEST 4:00 A.M. JAVA IN TOWN!
ARMORY
STAN LEE PRESENTS:
BITSY'S REVENGE
LARRY HAMA, WRITER
KLAUS JANSON, ARTIST
JOE ROSEN, LETTERER
DENNY O'NEIL, EDITOR
JIM SHOOTER, EDITOR-IN-CHI

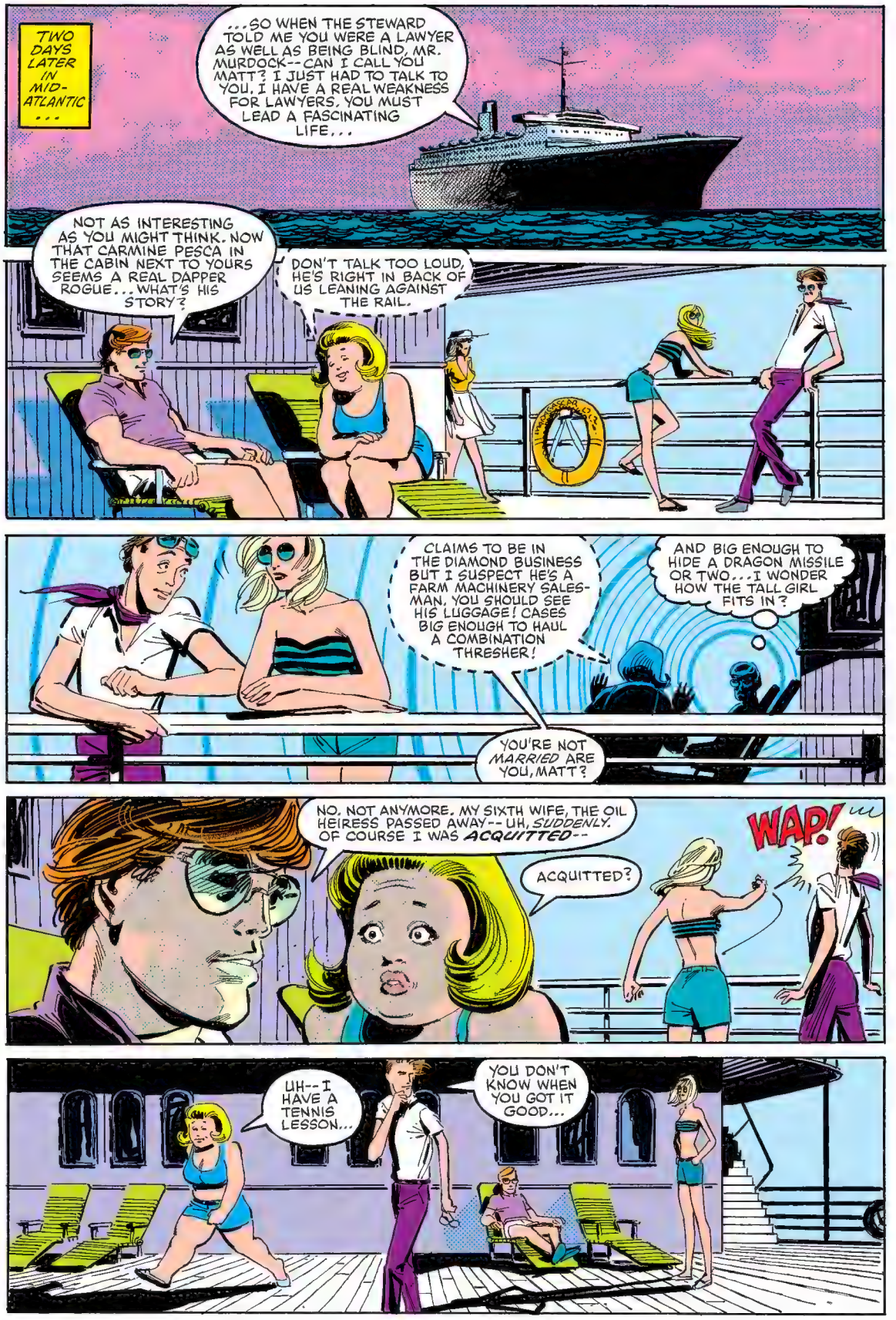
HEY, SARGE, SINCE YOU'RE WORKING LATE ANYWAY, YOU MIGHT AS WELL BREAK OUT AN EXTRA CUP...
...SARGE--
OH NO...
THEY WUZ IN UNIFORM, DAREDEVIL...BUT THEY WASN'T SOLDIERS...
SHHHHH... JUST TAKE IT EASY, SARGE, AND I'LL GET YOU TO THE HOSPITAL...
NO MEDEVAC FOR ME, SON... I MAY JUST BE A SUPPLY ROOM HONCHO NOW...
...BUT I'VE BEEN IN ENOUGH FIRE-FIGHTS TO KNOW WHEN A SUCK-ING CHEST WOUND HAS GOT YOUR NUMBER...
THEY WUZ BAD MEN, DAREDEVIL ...AND THE TALL SKINNY ONE WAS THE WORST...YOU YOU GOTTA STOP 'EM...
...THEY GOT THE DRAGONS! NEW WIRE-GUIDED ANTI-TANK MISSILES ...PUNCHES THROUGH EIGHT INCHES O' ARMOR PLATE LIKE SPIT THROUGH A SIEVE. IMAGINE WHAT IT COULD DO TO AN ARMORED CAR...OR AN AIRLINER...
PHEW TAKE IT EASY, SARGE. YOU'RE GONNA BE OK.
HE'S NOT, THOUGH... HEARTBEAT'S ALREADY FALTERING.

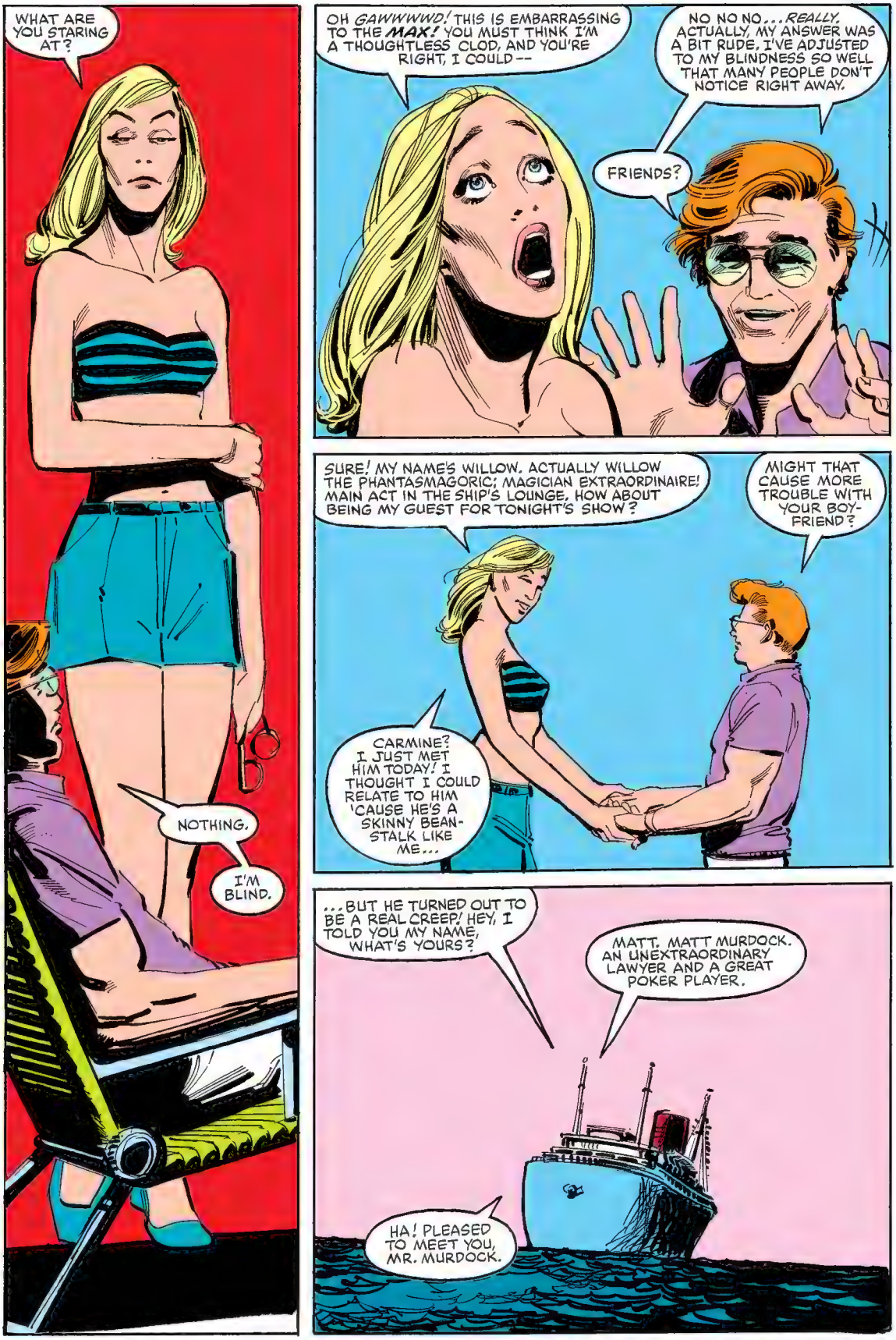

THE WORST PART IS... THEY TOOK MY .45-- "BITSY"... MY DAD GAVE BITSY TO ME ON THE DAY I ENLISTED, TWENTY-NINE YEARS AGO LAST TUESDAY.
DAD CARRIED BITSY THROUGH TWO YEARS OF TRENCH FIGHTING IN WW I...
HE'S FADING FAST.
I CARRIED THAT PISTOL THROUGH TWO YEARS IN THE 'NAM...ALMOST TWENTY YEARS AGO NOW...
I EVER TELL YOU HOW SHE SAVED MY LIFE?
ABOUT A HUNDRED TIMES, SARGE...
ONE IN A MILLION CHANCE...
THIS NVA REGULAR WAS RUNNIN' STRAIGHT AT MY FACE WITH AN AK IN ONE HAND AND A STICK GRENADE IN THE OTHER--
UNNNNHHHH!!

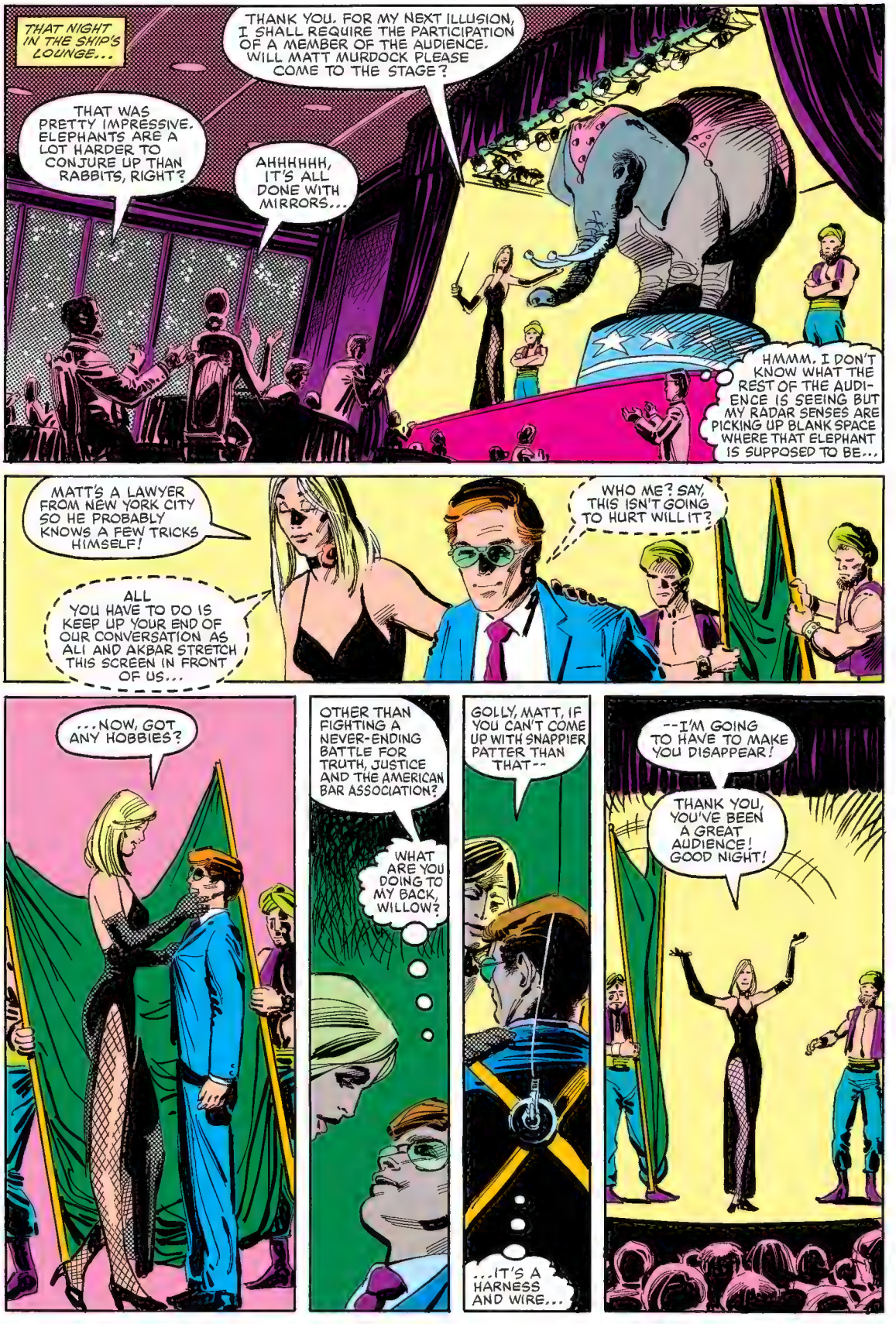
AT THE FRONT OF THE ARMORY.
THE FIRST TWO CASES ARE LOADED ON THE TRUCK. WE'LL HAVE THE THIRD ON IN A MINUTE...
TERRIFIC.
HEY! WHERE 'YA GOIN'? COME BACK HERE!!
WHY THAT CRUMMY--
I ONLY NEEDED ONE CASE BUT TWO IS BETTER!
I'LL BET HE HAD IT PLANNED FROM THE START TO DITCH US! I KNEW HE WAS NUTS WHEN HE SHOT THAT OLD--
MAN, THIS IS THE WORST--
WRONG, PUNK...
THE WORST IS YET TO COME.
DAREDEVIL!


GET 'IM!
THOK!
THUD!
DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT RUNNING AWAY!
W-WOULDN'T DREAM OF IT.

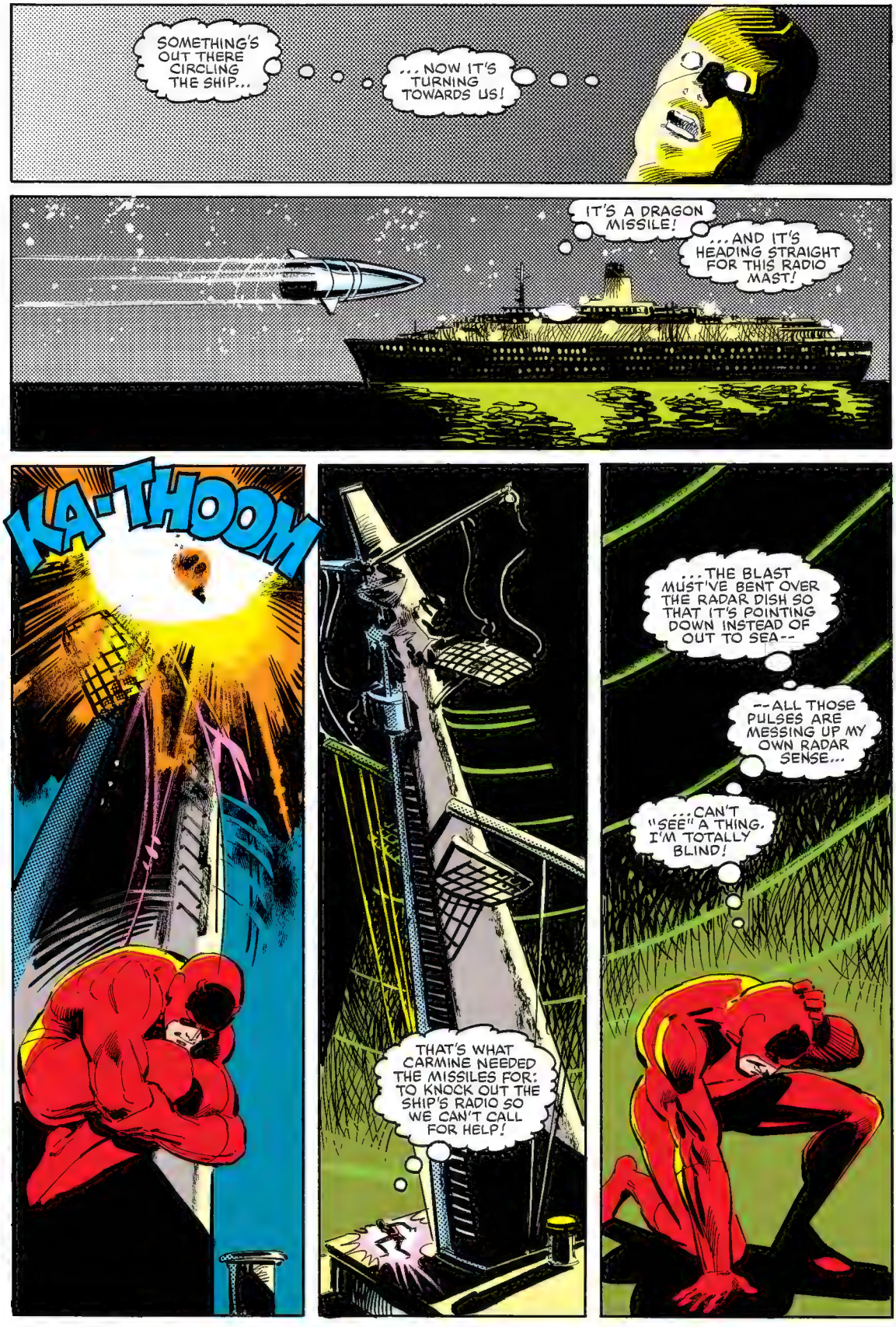

WHO, WHERE AND WHY?
HUH? WHAT'RE YOU TALKIN' ABOUT?
YOU'RE A SMART BOY... FIGURE IT OUT.
YOUR BUDDIES ARE GOING TO WAKE UP WITH FEROCIOUS HEADACHES. HEAD INJURIES ARE FUNNY... PERMANENT BRAIN DAMAGE... PARTIAL PARALYS--
I'M FIGURIN'! I'M FIGURIN'!
WHO?
WHO? THE MAIN MAN ON THIS JOB? THE PLANNER? THE TRIGGER WHO ACED OUT THE OLD GEEZER?
...ALL THE SAME GUY. CARMINE PESCA, THE RAT WHO DROVE OFF IN THE TRUCK AND LEFT US...
WHERE?
WHERE'S HE AT NOW? GOOD QUESTION. I WISH I KNEW. BUT I KNOW WHERE HE'S GONNA BE! THE S.S. MADAGASCAR, CRUISE SHIP SAILIN' FOR LE HAVRE IN THE MORNIN'...
WHY?
DIAMONDS. FIVE MILLION WORTH IN THE SHIP'S SAFE. I DON'T KNOW HOW HE EXPECTS TO USE THE DRAGONS BUT--
SAY, YOU'RE NOT PULLING THAT STICK BACK FOR A WIND-UP, ARE YOU? I'M--
HEY!

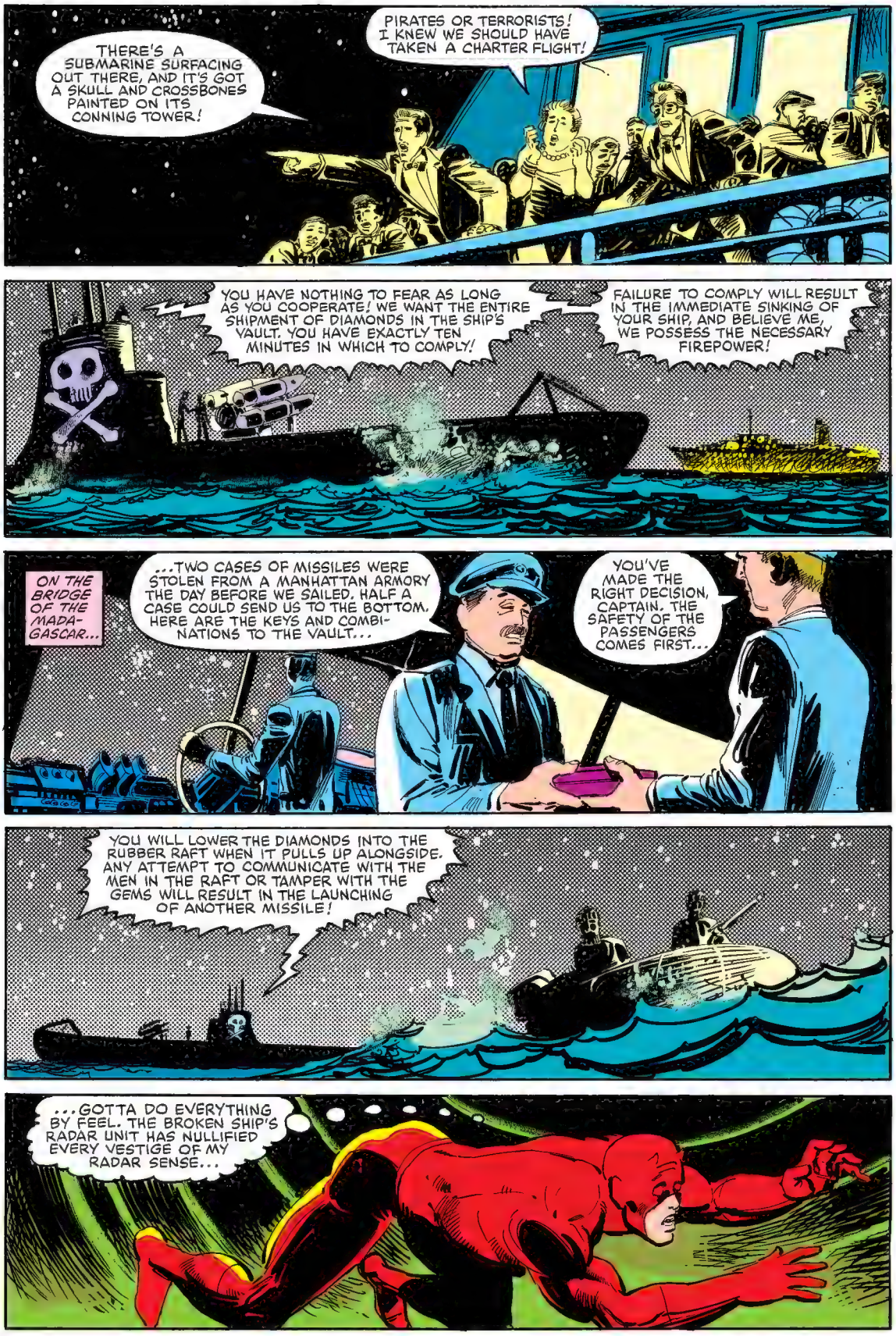

TWO DAYS LATER IN MID-ATLANTIC . . .
. . . SO WHEN THE STEWARD TOLD ME YOU WERE A LAWYER AS WELL AS BEING BLIND, MR. MURDOCK -- CAN I CALL YOU MATT? I JUST HAD TO TALK TO YOU. I HAVE A REAL WEAKNESS FOR LAWYERS, YOU MUST LEAD A FASCINATING LIFE. . .
NOT AS INTERESTING AS YOU MIGHT THINK. NOW THAT CARMINE PESCA IN THE CABIN NEXT TO YOURS SEEMS A REAL DAPPER ROGUE. . . WHAT'S HIS STORY?
DON'T TALK TOO LOUD, HE'S RIGHT IN BACK OF US LEANING AGAINST THE RAIL.
CLAIMS TO BE IN THE DIAMOND BUSINESS BUT I SUSPECT HE'S A FARM MACHINERY SALESMAN. YOU SHOULD SEE HIS LUGGAGE! CASES BIG ENOUGH TO HAUL A COMBINATION THRESHER!
AND BIG ENOUGH TO HIDE A DRAGON MISSILE OR TWO. . . I WONDER HOW THE TALL GIRL FITS IN?
YOU'RE NOT MARRIED ARE YOU, MATT?
NO. NOT ANYMORE. MY SIXTH WIFE, THE OIL HEIRESS PASSED AWAY -- UH, SUDDENLY. OF COURSE I WAS ACQUITTED --
ACQUITTED?
WAP!
UH -- I HAVE A TENNIS LESSON. . .
YOU DON'T KNOW WHEN YOU GOT IT GOOD. . .

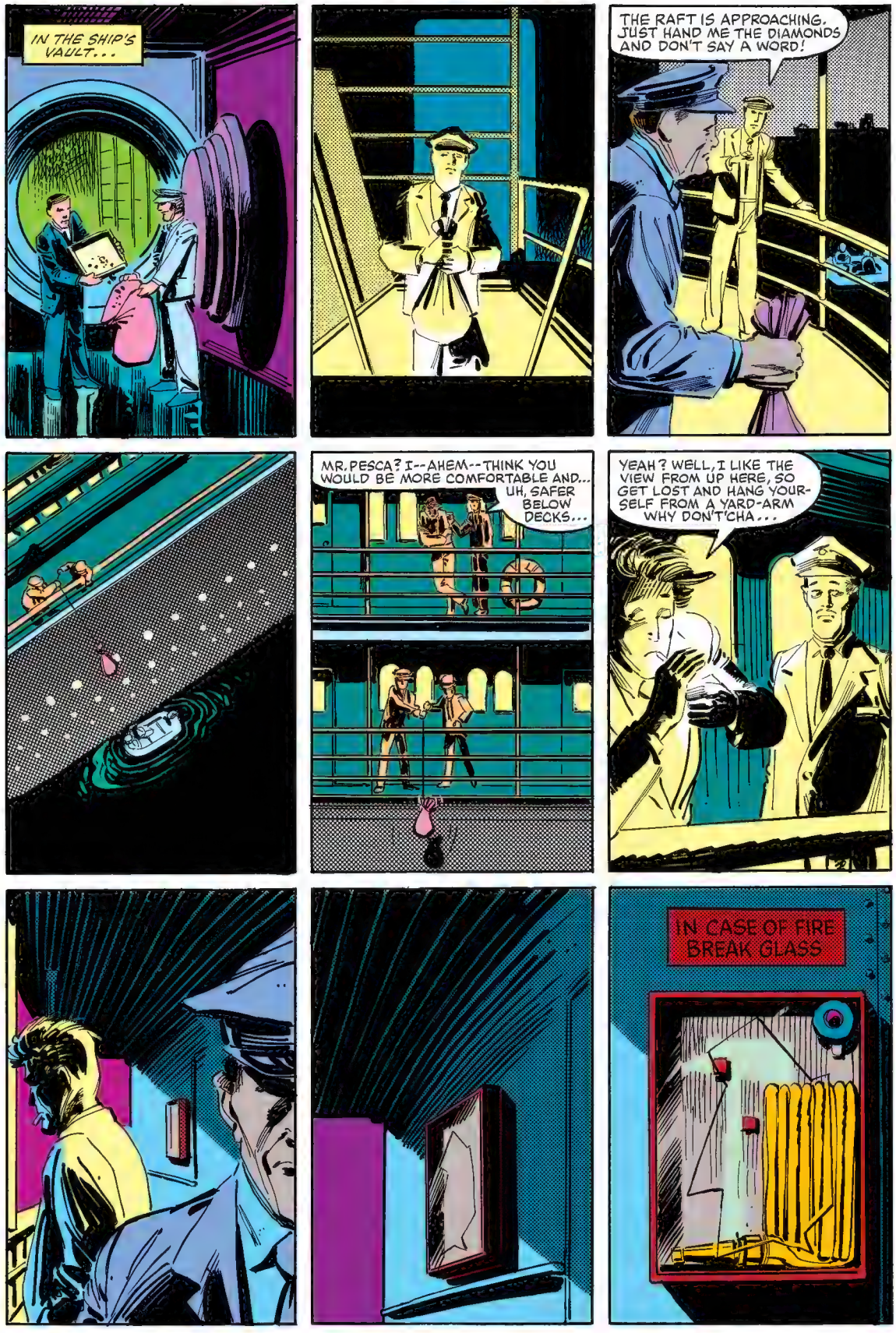

WHAT ARE YOU STARING AT?
NOTHING.
I'M BLIND.
OH GAWWWWD! THIS IS EMBARRASSING TO THE MAX! YOU MUST THINK I'M A THOUGHTLESS CLOD, AND YOU'RE RIGHT, I COULD--
NO NO NO... REALLY. ACTUALLY, MY ANSWER WAS A BIT RUDE. I'VE ADJUSTED TO MY BLINDNESS SO WELL THAT MANY PEOPLE DON'T NOTICE RIGHT AWAY.
FRIENDS?
SURE! MY NAME'S WILLOW. ACTUALLY WILLOW THE PHANTASMAGORIC; MAGICIAN EXTRAORDINAIRE! MAIN ACT IN THE SHIP'S LOUNGE. HOW ABOUT BEING MY GUEST FOR TONIGHT'S SHOW?
MIGHT THAT CAUSE MORE TROUBLE WITH YOUR BOY-FRIEND?
CARMINE? I JUST MET HIM TODAY! I THOUGHT I COULD RELATE TO HIM 'CAUSE HE'S A SKINNY BEAN-STALK LIKE ME...
...BUT HE TURNED OUT TO BE A REAL CREEP! HEY, I TOLD YOU MY NAME, WHAT'S YOURS?
MATT. MATT MURDOCK. AN UNEXTRAORDINARY LAWYER AND A GREAT POKER PLAYER.
HA! PLEASED TO MEET YOU, MR. MURDOCK.

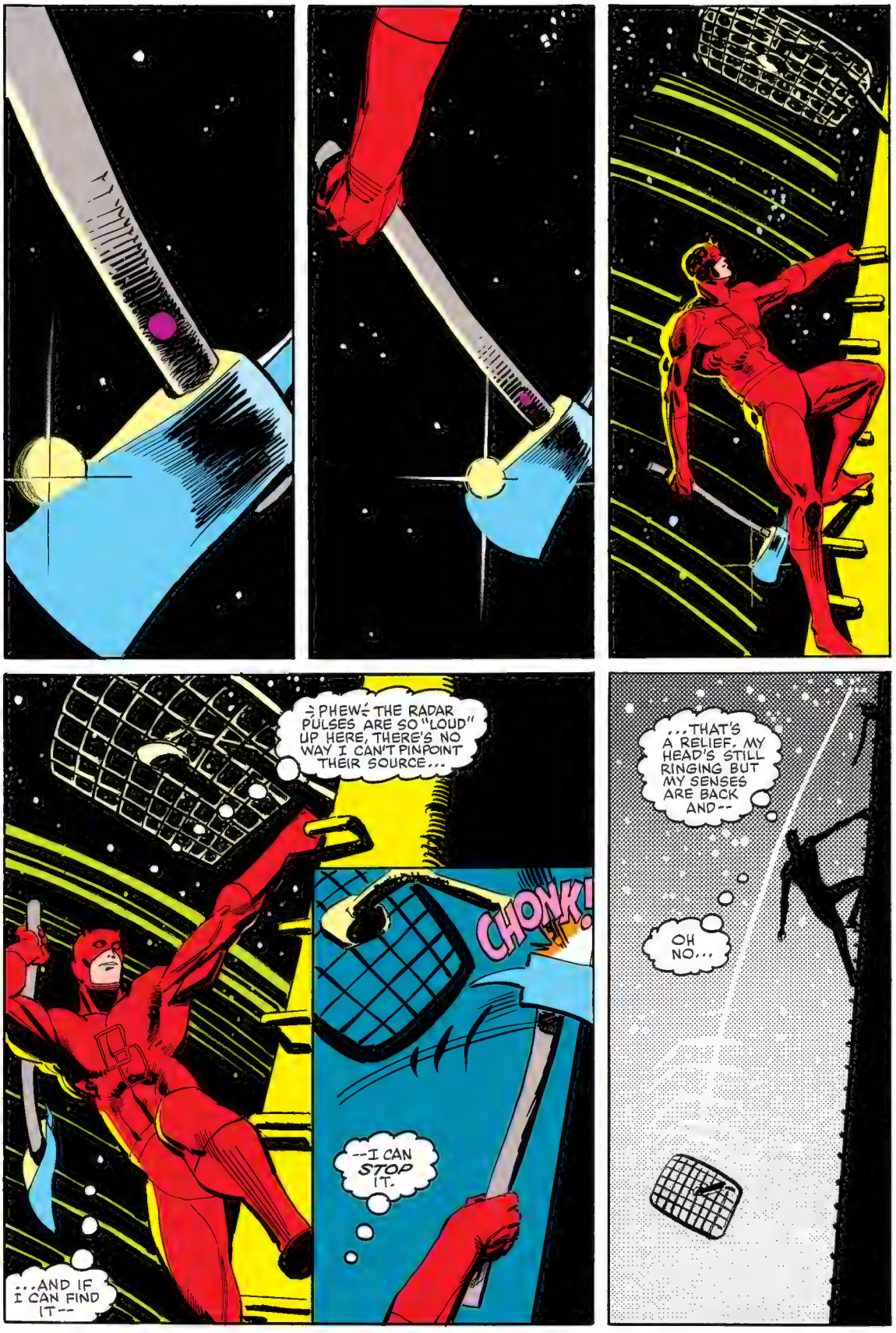

THAT NIGHT IN THE SHIP'S LOUNGE...
THANK YOU. FOR MY NEXT ILLUSION, I SHALL REQUIRE THE PARTICIPATION OF A MEMBER OF THE AUDIENCE. WILL MATT MURDOCK PLEASE COME TO THE STAGE?
THAT WAS PRETTY IMPRESSIVE. ELEPHANTS ARE A LOT HARDER TO CONJURE UP THAN RABBITS, RIGHT?
AHHHHHH, IT'S ALL DONE WITH MIRRORS...
HMMM. I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE REST OF THE AUDIENCE IS SEEING BUT MY RADAR SENSES ARE PICKING UP BLANK SPACE WHERE THAT ELEPHANT IS SUPPOSED TO BE...
MATT'S A LAWYER FROM NEW YORK CITY SO HE PROBABLY KNOWS A FEW TRICKS HIMSELF!
ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS KEEP UP YOUR END OF OUR CONVERSATION AS ALI AND AKBAR STRETCH THIS SCREEN IN FRONT OF US...
WHO ME? SAY, THIS ISN'T GOING TO HURT WILL IT?
...NOW, GOT ANY HOBBIES?
OTHER THAN FIGHTING A NEVER-ENDING BATTLE FOR TRUTH, JUSTICE AND THE AMERICAN BAR ASSOCIATION?
WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO MY BACK, WILLOW?
GOLLY, MATT, IF YOU CAN'T COME UP WITH SNAPPIER PATTER THAN THAT--
...IT'S A HARNESS AND WIRE...
--I'M GOING TO HAVE TO MAKE YOU DISAPPEAR!
THANK YOU, YOU'VE BEEN A GREAT AUDIENCE! GOOD NIGHT!

A VERY SLICK TRICK, WILLOW.
I'M DANGLING FROM A MONOFILAMENT WIRE STRONG ENOUGH TO HEFT A LINEBACKER BUT THIN ENOUGH TO BE INVISIBLE BY THE AUDIENCE...
LATER, BACKSTAGE...
...THE MONOFILAMENT LEADS TO THIS PULLEY AND SPRING SYSTEM THAT'S CONNECTED TO A COUNTER-WEIGHT. WHEN THE COUNTER-WEIGHT WAS RELEASED BACKSTAGE, THE PULLEYS WHISKED YOU INTO THE FLIES.*
* THE SPACE ABOVE A STAGE HIDDEN FROM THE AUDIENCE.
THE ELEPHANT IS JUST A HOLOGRAM. A THREE DIMENSIONAL PROJECTION--LOOKS SOLID ENOUGH TO TOUCH!
I'LL HAVE TO TAKE YOUR WORD ON THAT ONE...
YOU'RE SWEET. GOTTA KICK YOU OUT NOW. ALI, AKBAR AND I HAVE TO REHEARSE WITH SOME NEW RADIO-CONTROLLED PROPS FOR TOMORROW NIGHT'S SHOW. DO YOU MIND?
NOT AT ALL. I'VE GOT SOME BUSINESS I HAVE TO TAKE CARE OF MYSELF...
LATER...
IT'S A CHILLY, WINDY NIGHT... THE DECKS ARE VIRTUALLY DESERTED--
--EXCEPT FOR MY MR. PESCA. HE'S STARING OUT TO SEA, AS IF HE WAS WAITING FOR SOMETHING...

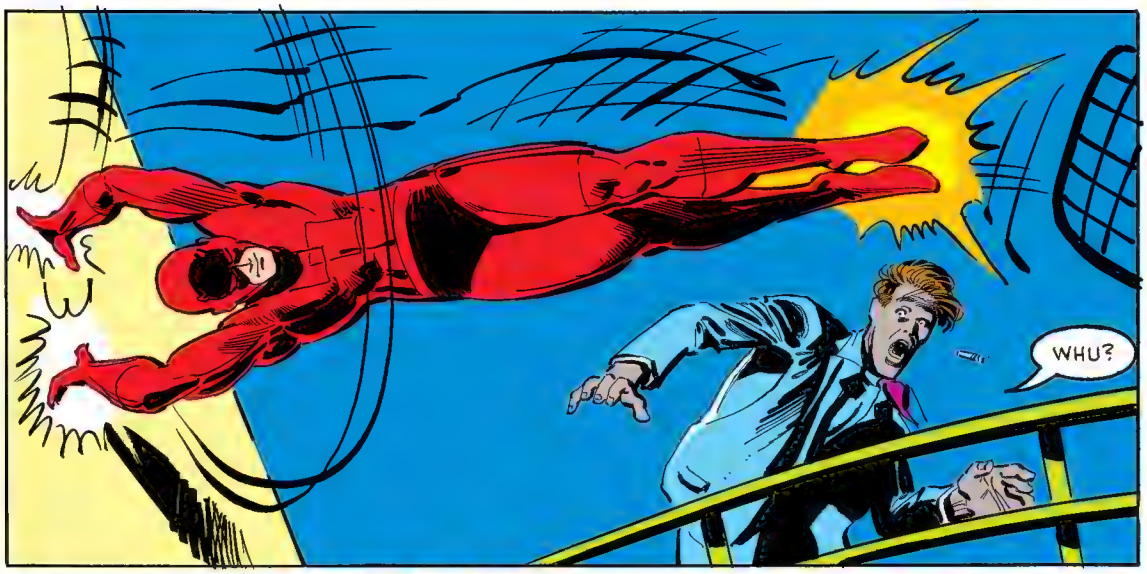

SOMETHING'S OUT THERE CIRCLING THE SHIP...
...NOW IT'S TURNING TOWARDS US!
IT'S A DRAGON MISSILE!
...AND IT'S HEADING STRAIGHT FOR THIS RADIO MAST!
KA-THOOM
THAT'S WHAT CARMINE NEEDED THE MISSILES FOR: TO KNOCK OUT THE SHIP'S RADIO SO WE CAN'T CALL FOR HELP!
...THE BLAST MUST'VE BENT OVER THE RADAR DISH SO THAT IT'S POINTING DOWN INSTEAD OF OUT TO SEA--
--ALL THOSE PULSES ARE MESSING UP MY OWN RADAR SENSE...
...CAN'T "SEE" A THING. I'M TOTALLY BLIND!


THERE'S A SUBMARINE SURFACING OUT THERE, AND IT'S GOT A SKULL AND CROSSBONES PAINTED ON ITS CONNING TOWER!
PIRATES OR TERRORISTS! I KNEW WE SHOULD HAVE TAKEN A CHARTER FLIGHT!
YOU HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR AS LONG AS YOU COOPERATE! WE WANT THE ENTIRE SHIPMENT OF DIAMONDS IN THE SHIP'S VAULT. YOU HAVE EXACTLY TEN MINUTES IN WHICH TO COMPLY!
FAILURE TO COMPLY WILL RESULT IN THE IMMEDIATE SINKING OF YOUR SHIP, AND BELIEVE ME, WE POSSESS THE NECESSARY FIREPOWER!
ON THE BRIDGE OF THE MADAGASCAR...
...TWO CASES OF MISSILES WERE STOLEN FROM A MANHATTAN ARMORY THE DAY BEFORE WE SAILED. HALF A CASE COULD SEND US TO THE BOTTOM. HERE ARE THE KEYS AND COMBINATIONS TO THE VAULT...
YOU'VE MADE THE RIGHT DECISION, CAPTAIN. THE SAFETY OF THE PASSENGERS COMES FIRST...
YOU WILL LOWER THE DIAMONDS INTO THE RUBBER RAFT WHEN IT PULLS UP ALONGSIDE. ANY ATTEMPT TO COMMUNICATE WITH THE MEN IN THE RAFT OR TAMPER WITH THE GEMS WILL RESULT IN THE LAUNCHING OF ANOTHER MISSILE!
...GOTTA DO EVERYTHING BY FEEL. THE BROKEN SHIP'S RADAR UNIT HAS NULLIFIED EVERY VESTIGE OF MY RADAR SENSE...


IN THE SHIP'S VAULT...
THE RAFT IS APPROACHING. JUST HAND ME THE DIAMONDS AND DON'T SAY A WORD!
MR. PESCA? I--AHEM--THINK YOU WOULD BE MORE COMFORTABLE AND... UH, SAFER BELOW DECKS...
YEAH? WELL, I LIKE THE VIEW FROM UP HERE, SO GET LOST AND HANG YOURSELF FROM A YARD-ARM WHY DON'T'CHA...
IN CASE OF FIRE BREAK GLASS


...AND IF I CAN FIND IT--
≒PHEW≒ THE RADAR PULSES ARE SO "LOUD" UP HERE, THERE'S NO WAY I CAN'T PINPOINT THEIR SOURCE...
CHONK!
--I CAN STOP IT.
...THAT'S A RELIEF. MY HEAD'S STILL RINGING BUT MY SENSES ARE BACK AND--
OH NO...

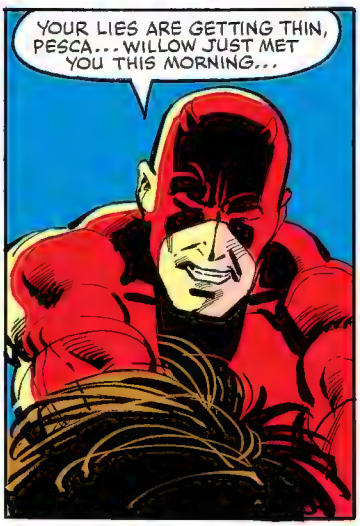
...I HAD ASSUMED THE DECKS WOULD BE CLEARED! THERE'S SOMEBODY DOWN THERE AND THE RADAR DISH IS FALLING STRAIGHT AT HIS HEAD!
HEY YOU! GET OUT OF THE WAY! RUN!
NO USE. THE WIND IS WHIPPING THE WORDS OUT OF MY MOUTH BEFORE-- IT'S CARMINE PESCA!
HE'S A CREEP AND PROBABLY A MURDERER, BUT I'VE GOT TO SAVE HIM...
THAT DISH IS NOTHING BUT WIND RESISTANCE. IF I STREAMLINE MYSELF OUT...
I CAN PROBABLY CATCH UP TO IT IN TIME--


WHU?

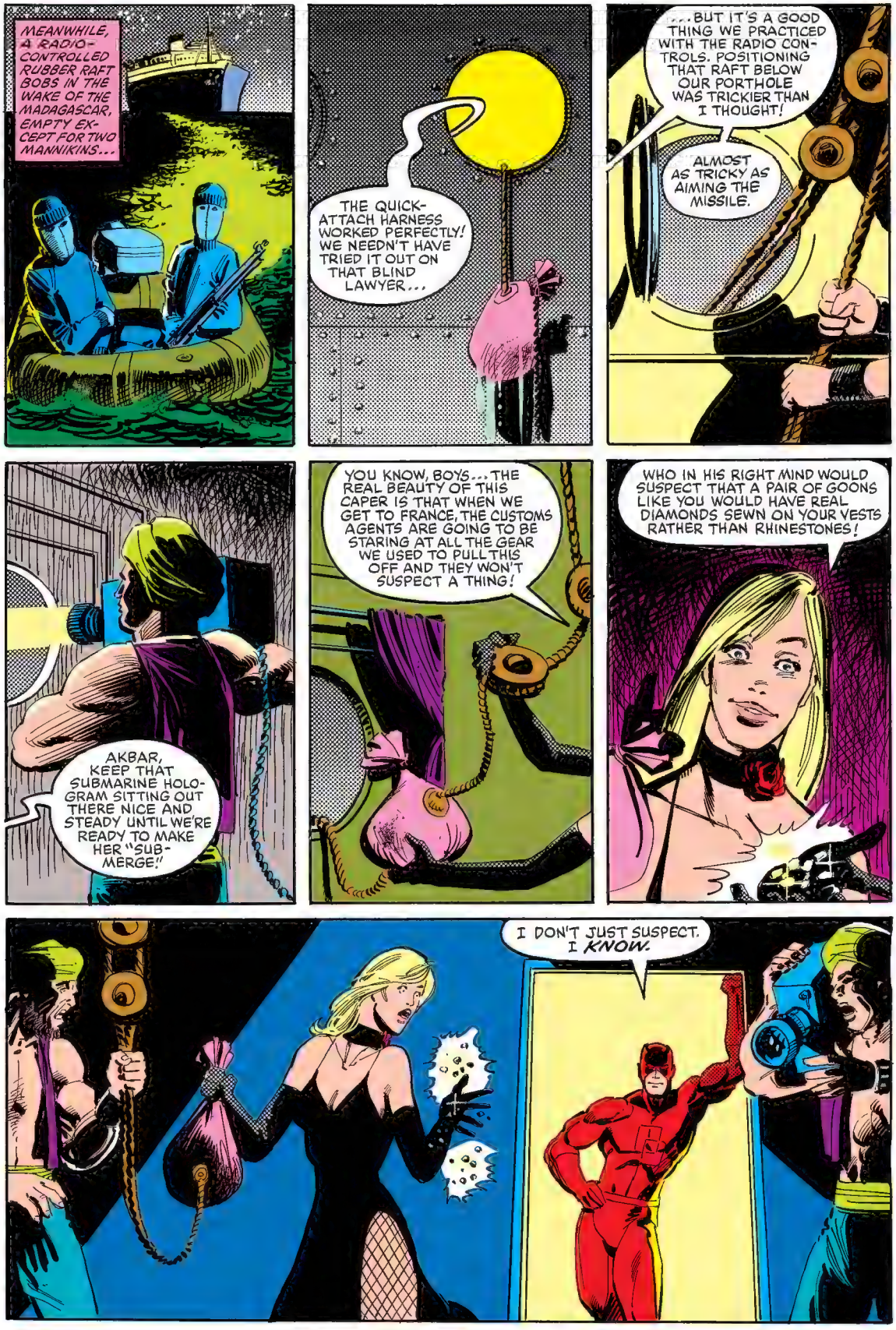
THAT WAS CLOSE, MAN! MUST BE MY LUCKY NIGHT--

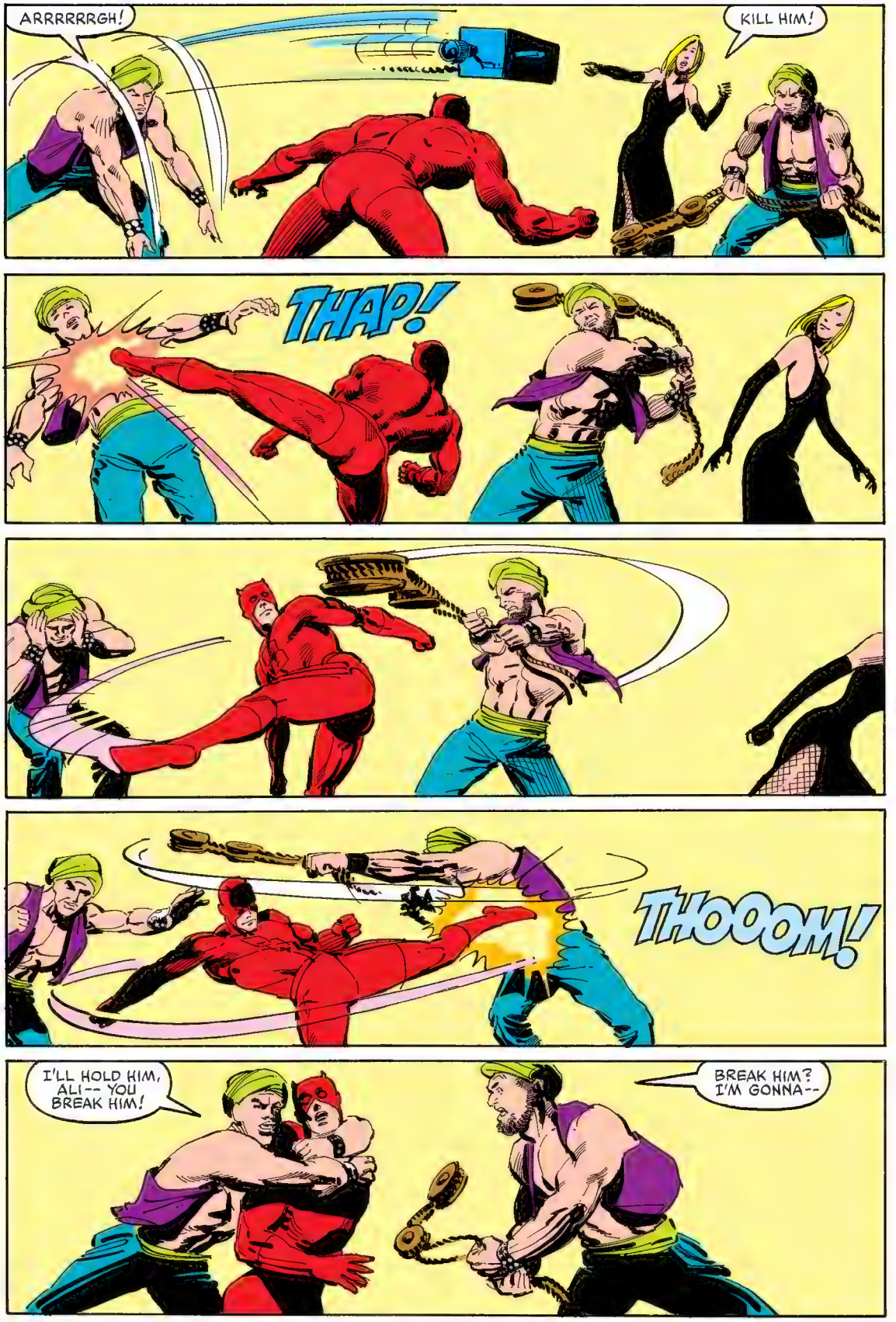
YOU'RE LUCKY I DON'T KEEL-HAUL YOU! NOW START CALLING OFF YOUR PALS IN THE SUBMARINE OR--
WHA? YOU THINK I'M IN ON THIS PIRACY SCAM? NO WAY!
DON'T GET CUTE WITH ME! I WAS THERE THAT NIGHT AT THE ARMORY WHEN YOU SHOT AT THE OLD SARGE AND STOLE THE MISSILES! YOUR STOOGES TALKED A MEAN STREAK...

ARMY? SARGE? MISSILES? LOOK, I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT! I'M JUST AN ACTOR, WHEN I'M WORKING...AND I'M WORKING NOW...THAT WILLOW DAME HIRED ME LAST WEEK FOR THE WHOLE CRUISE SEASON--

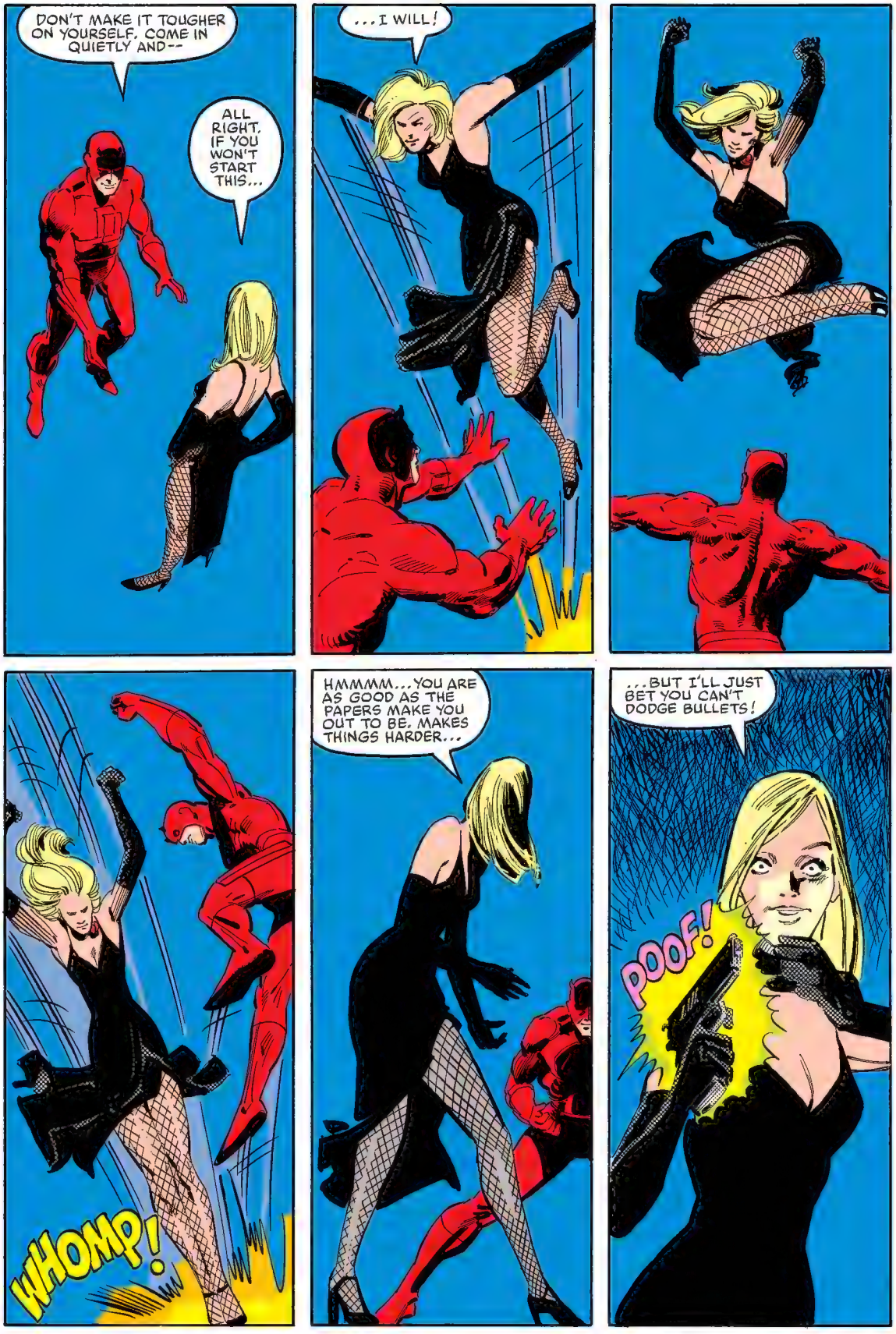

YOUR LIES ARE GETTING THIN, PESCA...WILLOW JUST MET YOU THIS MORNING...

WRONG. SHE PUT AN AD IN THE TRADES PAPERS FOR A TALL SKINNY ACTOR TO BE AN AUDIENCE PLANT. SHE NEEDED SOMEONE SHE COULD DISGUISE HERSELF AS FOR A DISAPPEARING ACT...YOU KNOW, WITH A LITTLE MAKE-UP, SHE LOOKED JUST LIKE ME--

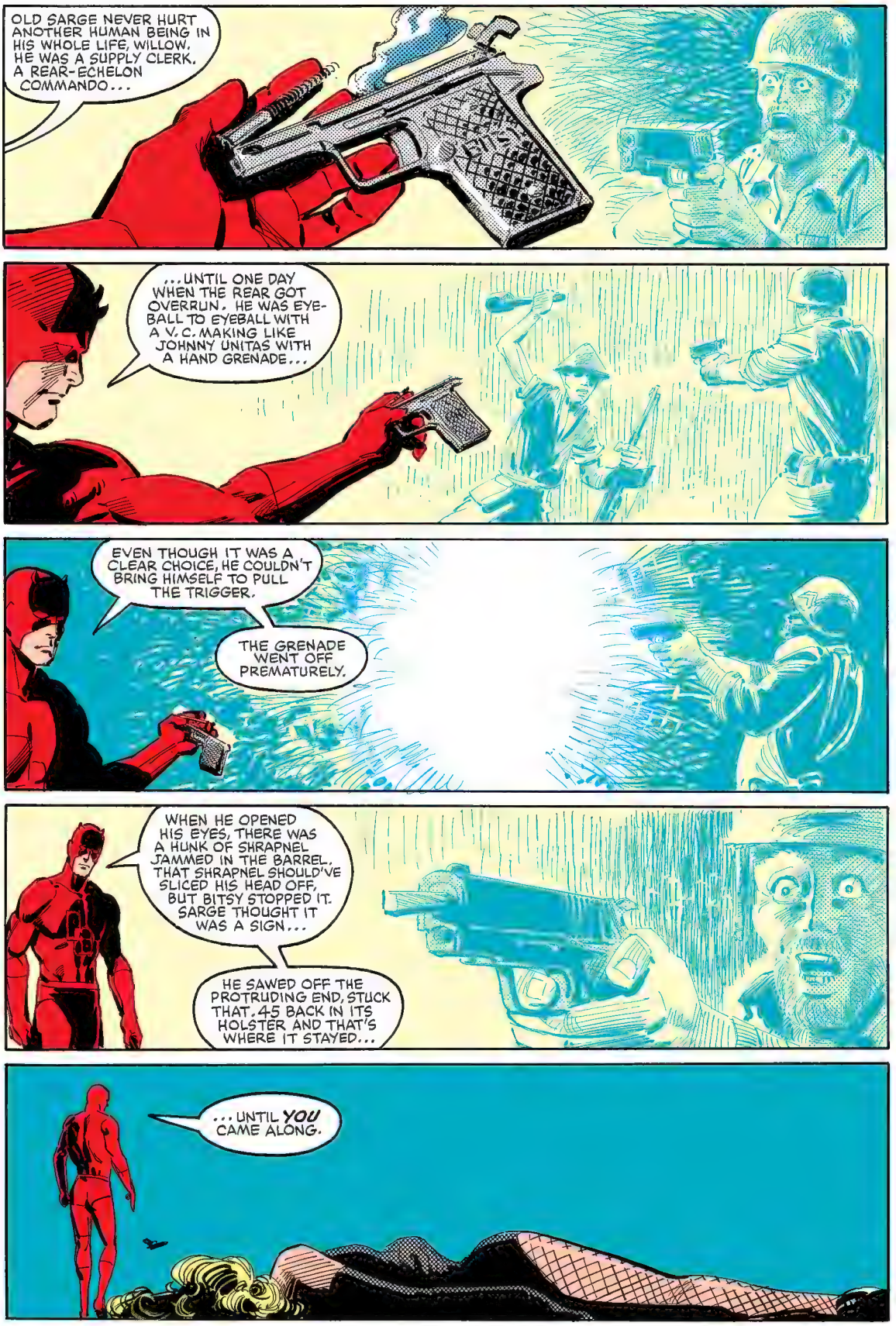

MEANWHILE, A RADIO-CONTROLLED RUBBER RAFT BOBS IN THE WAKE OF THE MADAGASCAR, EMPTY EXCEPT FOR TWO MANNIKINS...
THE QUICK-ATTACH HARNESS WORKED PERFECTLY! WE NEEDN'T HAVE TRIED IT OUT ON THAT BLIND LAWYER...
...BUT IT'S A GOOD THING WE PRACTICED WITH THE RADIO CONTROLS. POSITIONING THAT RAFT BELOW OUR PORTHOLE WAS TRICKIER THAN I THOUGHT!
ALMOST AS TRICKY AS AIMING THE MISSILE.
AKBAR, KEEP THAT SUBMARINE HOLOGRAM SITTING OUT THERE NICE AND STEADY UNTIL WE'RE READY TO MAKE HER "SUBMERGE!"
YOU KNOW, BOYS... THE REAL BEAUTY OF THIS CAPER IS THAT WHEN WE GET TO FRANCE, THE CUSTOMS AGENTS ARE GOING TO BE STARING AT ALL THE GEAR WE USED TO PULL THIS OFF AND THEY WON'T SUSPECT A THING!
WHO IN HIS RIGHT MIND WOULD SUSPECT THAT A PAIR OF GOONS LIKE YOU WOULD HAVE REAL DIAMONDS SEWN ON YOUR VESTS RATHER THAN RHINESTONES!
I DON'T JUST SUSPECT. I KNOW.

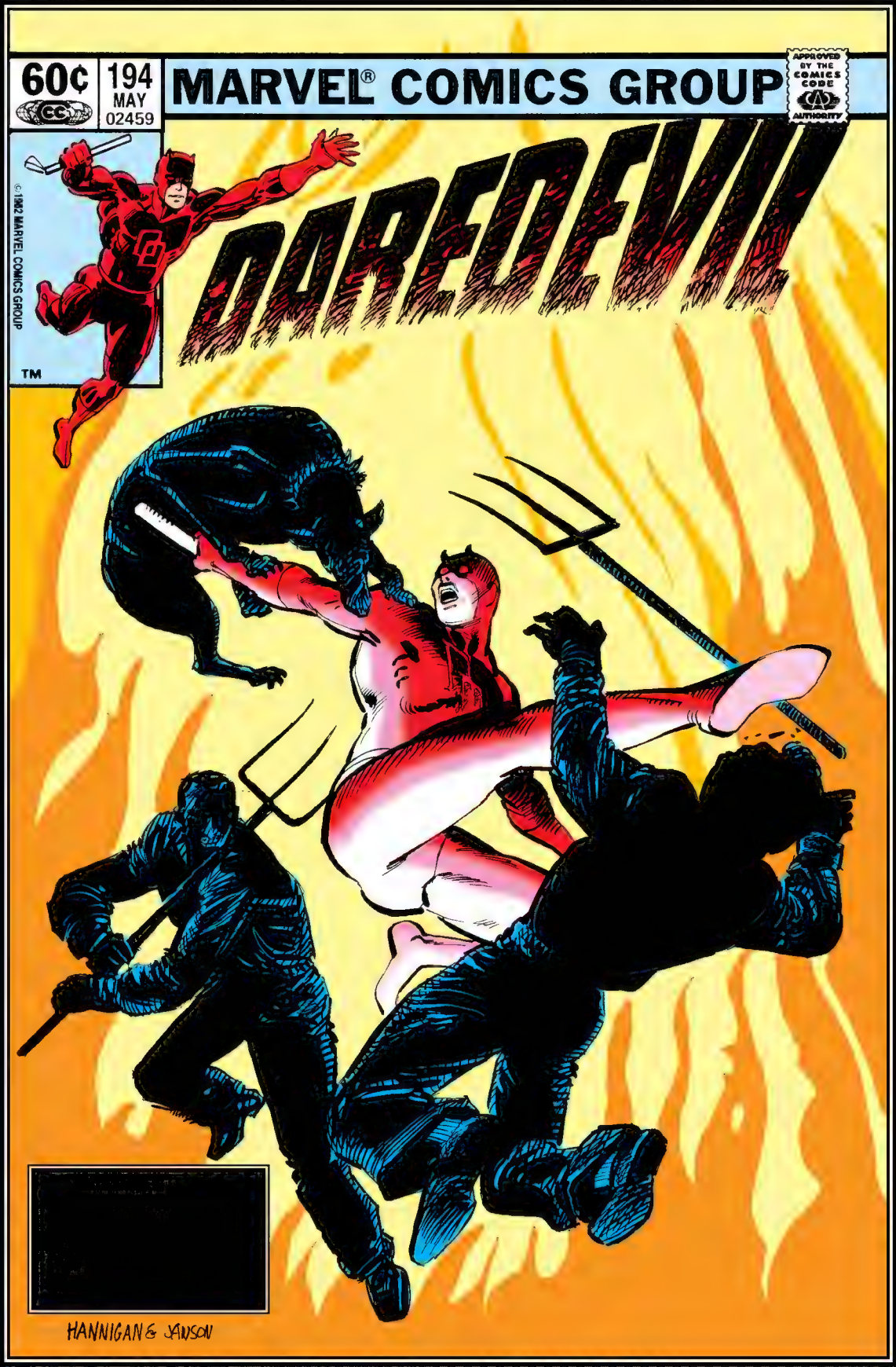

ARRRRRRGH!
KILL HIM!
THAP!
THOOOM!
I'LL HOLD HIM, ALI-- YOU BREAK HIM!
BREAK HIM? I'M GONNA--

GONNA WHAT?
BAP!
BAP! BAP! BAP!
THUMP!
THOOOOM!
IT WAS ALL A SLEIGHT-OF-HAND TRICK, WASN'T IT, WILLOW? YOU DISGUISED YOURSELF AS CARMINE TO PLAN AND PULL THE ARMORY JOB...AND CARMINE WAS SET UP TO TAKE THE FALL!
YOU BET. HE WAS THE PATSY IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE! NOW CUT OUT THE CHIT-CHAT AND DO WHAT YOU CAME HERE FOR ...IF YOU CAN.


DON'T MAKE IT TOUGHER ON YOURSELF. COME IN QUIETLY AND--
ALL RIGHT, IF YOU WON'T START THIS...
...I WILL!
WHOMP!
HMMMM...YOU ARE AS GOOD AS THE PAPERS MAKE YOU OUT TO BE. MAKES THINGS HARDER...
...BUT I'LL JUST BET YOU CAN'T DODGE BULLETS!
POOF!

BITSY! THAT'S THE SARGE'S GUN! YOU STOLE IT AFTER YOU--
--SHOT HIM? YEAH, I BLEW AWAY THE OLD DUFFER... HE DIDN'T EVEN GO FOR HIS GUN, JUST TRIED TO TALK US OUT OF IT!
THERE'S A REASON FOR THAT. THE GUN DOESN'T WORK... HASN'T WORKED IN TWENTY YEARS... IT'S--
THAT DOESN'T WASH. WHY WOULD A SERGEANT ON GUARD DUTY BE CARRYING AN INOPERATIVE FIREARM? IT'S AN OLD TRICK, DAREDEVIL, AND IT DOESN'T WORK ANYMORE...
HE WASN'T MEANT TO BE ARMED! BITSY WAS JUST A GOOD LUCK PIECE...
I'VE COME TOO FAR TO BELIEVE A STORY AS OBVIOUS AND DESPERATE AS THAT. GOOD-BYE, DAREDEVIL--
BLAM!


OLD SARGE NEVER HURT ANOTHER HUMAN BEING IN HIS WHOLE LIFE, WILLOW. HE WAS A SUPPLY CLERK. A REAR-ECHELON COMMANDO...
...UNTIL ONE DAY WHEN THE REAR GOT OVERRUN. HE WAS EYE-BALL TO EYEBALL WITH A V.C. MAKING LIKE JOHNNY UNITAS WITH A HAND GRENADE...
EVEN THOUGH IT WAS A CLEAR CHOICE, HE COULDN'T BRING HIMSELF TO PULL THE TRIGGER.
THE GRENADE WENT OFF PREMATURELY.
WHEN HE OPENED HIS EYES, THERE WAS A HUNK OF SHRAPNEL JAMMED IN THE BARREL. THAT SHRAPNEL SHOULD'VE SLICED HIS HEAD OFF, BUT BITSY STOPPED IT. SARGE THOUGHT IT WAS A SIGN...
HE SAWED OFF THE PROTRUDING END, STUCK THAT .45 BACK IN ITS HOLSTER AND THAT'S WHERE IT STAYED...
...UNTIL YOU CAME ALONG.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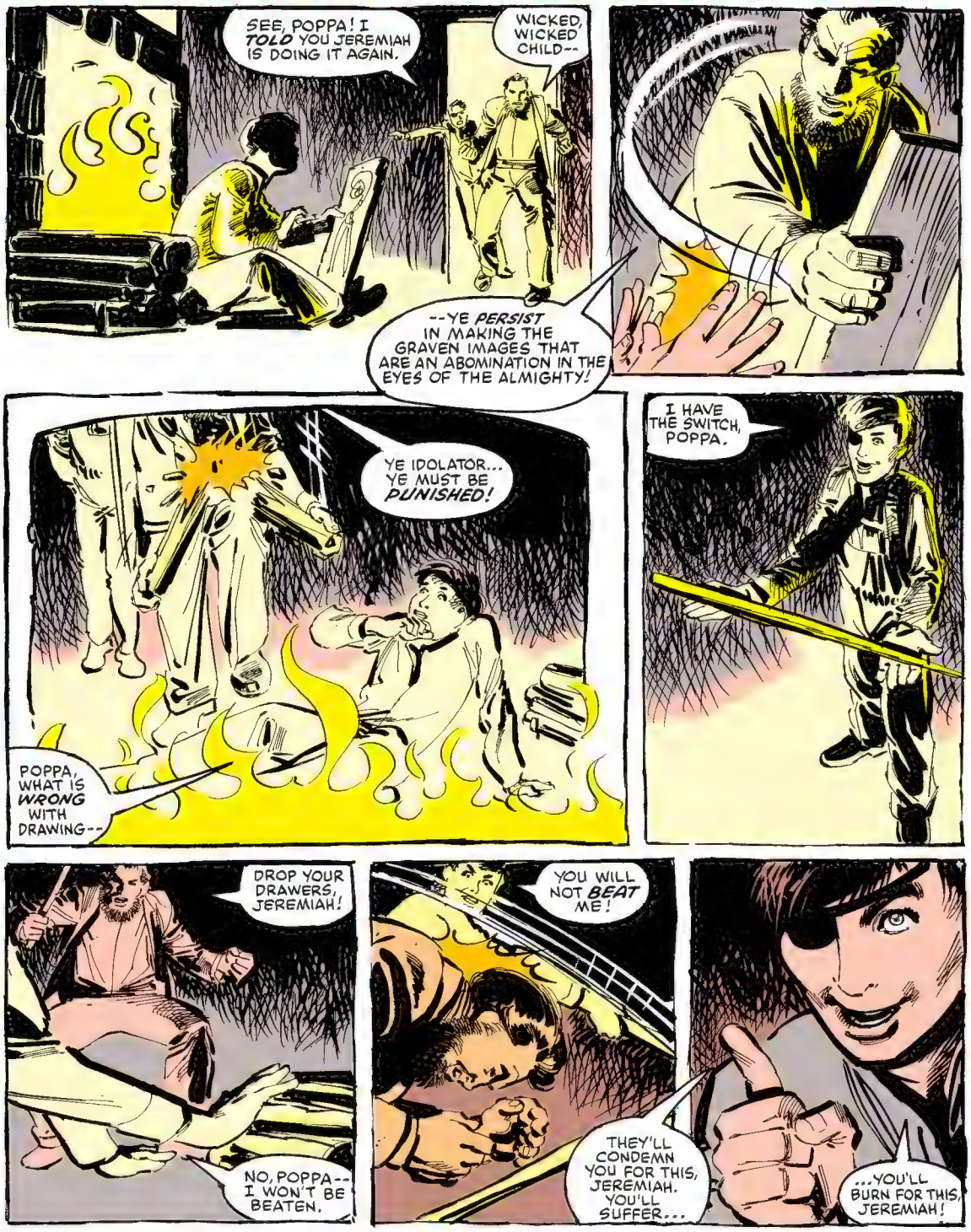

SEE, POPPA! I TOLD YOU JEREMIAH IS DOING IT AGAIN.
WICKED, WICKED CHILD--
--YE PERSIST IN MAKING THE GRAVEN IMAGES THAT ARE AN ABOMINATION IN THE EYES OF THE ALMIGHTY!
YE IDOLATOR... YE MUST BE PUNISHED!
POPPA, WHAT IS WRONG WITH DRAWING--
I HAVE THE SWITCH, POPPA.
DROP YOUR DRAWERS, JEREMIAH!
NO, POPPA-- I WON'T BE BEATEN.
YOU WILL NOT BEAT ME!
THEY'LL CONDEMN YOU FOR THIS, JEREMIAH. YOU'LL SUFFER...
...YOU'LL BURN FOR THIS, JEREMIAH!

SMELL OF HAY. A CERTAIN *OTHER* SMELL. AS UNLIKELY AS IT SEEMS, A HORSE AND BUGGY HAVE JUST STOPPED IN FRONT OF MY HOUSE.

TWO SETS OF FOOTSTEPS. SOMEONE'S VISITING ME -- AT FIVE IN THE MORNING.

HIS EYES STARE FOREVER INTO A BLIZZARD OF EMPTINESS. YET HIS REMAINING SENSES ENCOMPASS THIS FAMILIAR MANHATTAN STREET AND EVERYTHING IN IT.

HE SHIVERS SLIGHTLY -- FROM COLD BECAUSE WINTER STILL CLAIMS THIS FEBRUARY MORNING AND FROM WEARINESS BECAUSE THE NIGHT HAS BEEN LONG.

THEN HE SPRINGS TO A ROOFTOP AND GLIDES TO A SKYLIGHT --

-- AND WITHIN SECONDS IS APPROACHING HIS FRONT DOOR.

NOK NOK

HOLD YOUR HORSES --

THEY SOUND IMPATIENT.

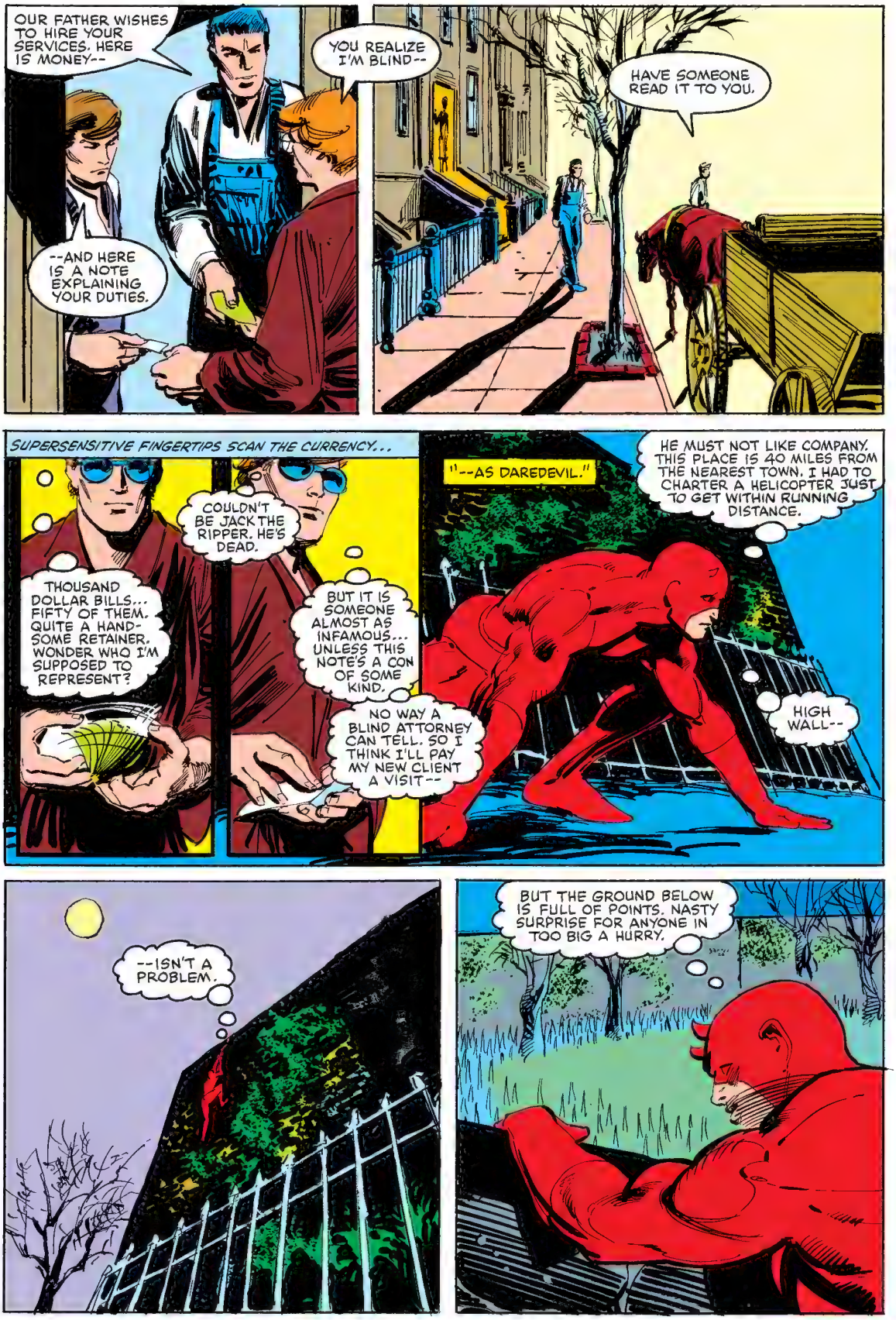
YOU'RE MATTHEW MURDOCK?

THE LAWYER?

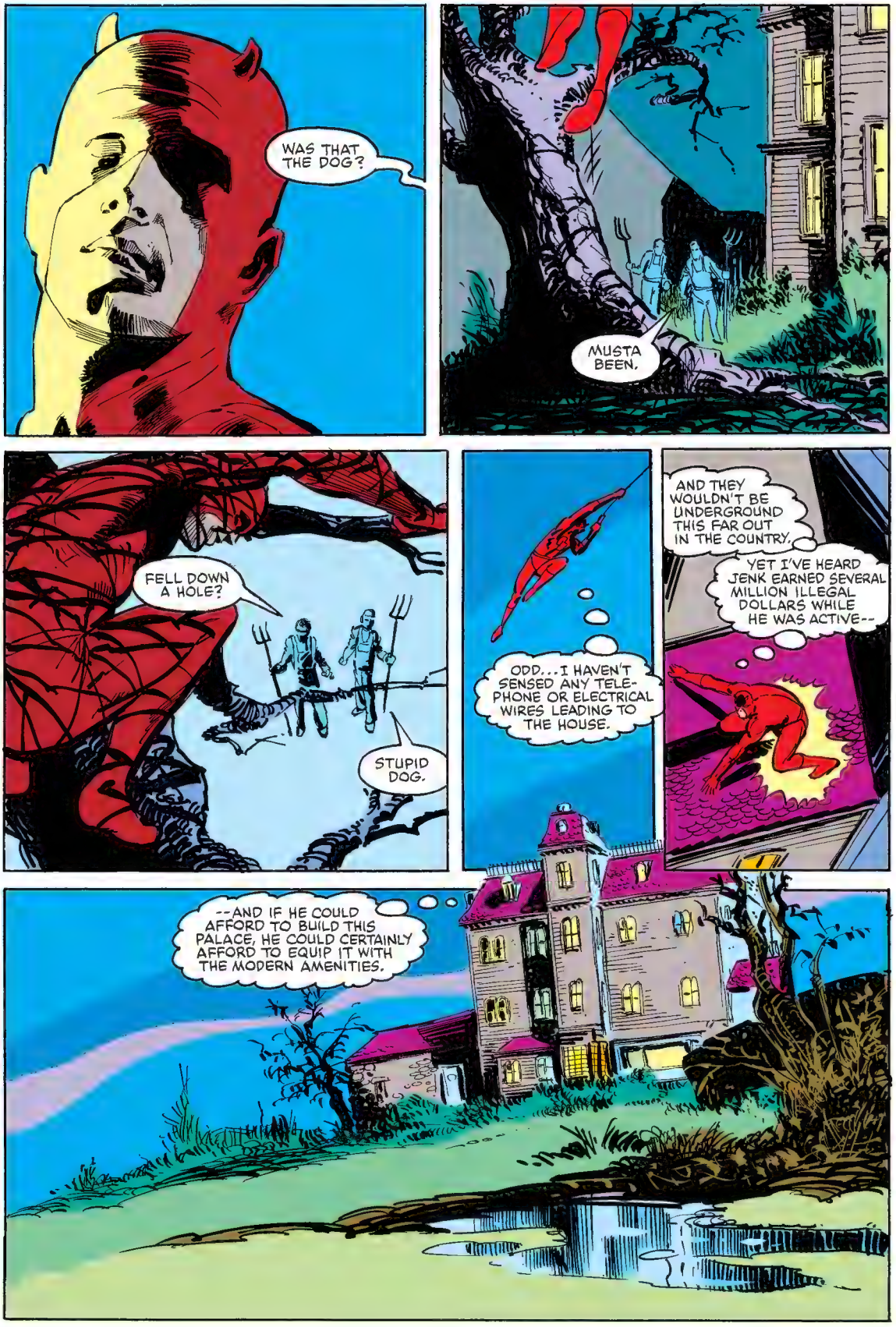
YES, BUT I DON'T RECEIVE CLIENTS IN MY HOME -- AND MY OFFICE HOURS BEGIN AT TEN.

STAN LEE PRESENTS: JUDGEMENT

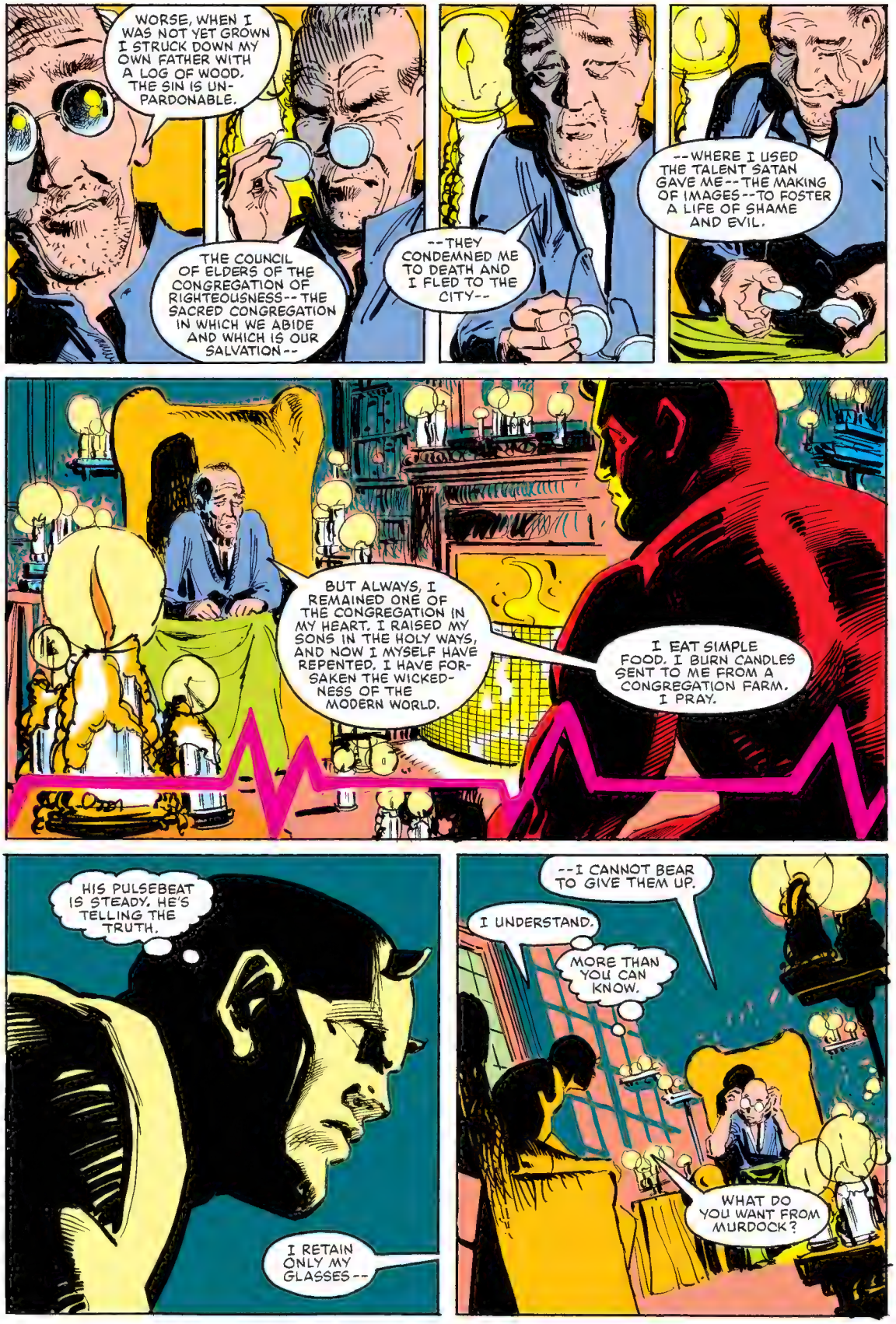
WRITER - DENNY O'NEIL
ARTIST - KLAUS JANSON
LETTERER - JOE ROSEN
COLORIST - GLYNIS WEIN
GUEST EDITOR - LINDA GRANT
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF - JIM SHOOTER


OUR FATHER WISHES TO HIRE YOUR SERVICES. HERE IS MONEY--
YOU REALIZE I'M BLIND--
--AND HERE IS A NOTE EXPLAINING YOUR DUTIES.
HAVE SOMEONE READ IT TO YOU.
SUPERSENSITIVE FINGERTIPS SCAN THE CURRENCY...
THOUSAND DOLLAR BILLS... FIFTY OF THEM. QUITE A HANDSOME RETAINER. WONDER WHO I'M SUPPOSED TO REPRESENT?
COULDN'T BE JACK THE RIPPER. HE'S DEAD.
BUT IT IS SOMEONE ALMOST AS INFAMOUS... UNLESS THIS NOTE'S A CON OF SOME KIND.
NO WAY A BLIND ATTORNEY CAN TELL. SO I THINK I'LL PAY MY NEW CLIENT A VISIT--
"--AS DAREDEVIL."
HE MUST NOT LIKE COMPANY. THIS PLACE IS 40 MILES FROM THE NEAREST TOWN. I HAD TO CHARTER A HELICOPTER JUST TO GET WITHIN RUNNING DISTANCE.
HIGH WALL--
--ISN'T A PROBLEM.
BUT THE GROUND BELOW IS FULL OF POINTS. NASTY SURPRISE FOR ANYONE IN TOO BIG A HURRY.

PRETTY CRUDE TRAP, THOUGH.
I'D EXPECT A BIG-TIME CROOK LIKE JEREMIAH JENKS TO PLANT LAND MINES OR USE AN ELECTRONIC ALARM.
FUN'S NOT OVER YET! I HEAR PAWS ON THE GRASS . . . A SLIGHT PANTING.
A GUARD DOG... THE NASTY KIND THAT'S TRAINED NOT TO BARK A WARNING--
--THE KIND THAT'S TRAINED TO KILL!
AROOOO
I HATED THAT. THE POOR BEAST WAS ONLY DOING WHAT IT HAD TO.
BUT I COULDN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES. I'M NOT SURE HOW TO SUBDUE A DOBERMAN WITHOUT KILLING IT.


WAS THAT THE DOG?
MUSTA BEEN.
FELL DOWN A HOLE?
STUPID DOG.
ODD...I HAVEN'T SENSED ANY TELEPHONE OR ELECTRICAL WIRES LEADING TO THE HOUSE.
AND THEY WOULDN'T BE UNDERGROUND THIS FAR OUT IN THE COUNTRY.
YET I'VE HEARD JENK EARNED SEVERAL MILLION ILLEGAL DOLLARS WHILE HE WAS ACTIVE--
--AND IF HE COULD AFFORD TO BUILD THIS PALACE, HE COULD CERTAINLY AFFORD TO EQUIP IT WITH THE MODERN AMENITIES.

GLASS IS SLIGHTLY WARM--
--WHICH GIVES ME MY STARTING PLACE, I GUESS.
MATTHEW? JOHN? IS THAT YOU?
IS THAT YOU, BOYS?
NO, I'M NOT ONE OF YOUR SONS. WE HAVEN'T MET.
BUT I KNOW WHO YOU ARE, DAREDEVIL, RIGHT? AND, AS YOU ARE AWARE, I AM JEREMIAH JENK.
I CAN'T SAY I'M PLEASED TO MAKE YOUR ACQUAINTANCE, BUT COME IN--
--COME AND WARM YOURSELF.
I WOULDN'T WANT TO ARREST YOU EVEN IF I WERE A LAWMAN --WHICH I'M NOT, EXACTLY.
YOU WANT TO ARREST ME? YOU HAVEN'T HEARD I'M RETIRED?
I'M HERE ON BEHALF OF THE ATTORNEY, MATTHEW MURDOCK. HE'D LIKE TO KNOW THE *REAL* REASON YOU HIRED HIM.
REAL REASON? EH? THE REAL REASON WAS IN THE NOTE. I'M AN OLD MAN. I'M DYING. I CAN *FEEL* MYSELF DYING SECOND BY SECOND.
AND I'VE MUCH TO ATONE FOR, OH YES. THE COUNTERFEIT BILLS I MADE-- THEY CAUSED DEGRADATION AND SUFFERING AND MURDER.


WORSE, WHEN I WAS NOT YET GROWN I STRUCK DOWN MY OWN FATHER WITH A LOG OF WOOD. THE SIN IS UNPARDONABLE.
THE COUNCIL OF ELDERS OF THE CONGREGATION OF RIGHTEOUSNESS-- THE SACRED CONGREGATION IN WHICH WE ABIDE AND WHICH IS OUR SALVATION--
--THEY CONDEMNED ME TO DEATH AND I FLED TO THE CITY--
--WHERE I USED THE TALENT SATAN GAVE ME--THE MAKING OF IMAGES--TO FOSTER A LIFE OF SHAME AND EVIL.
BUT ALWAYS, I REMAINED ONE OF THE CONGREGATION IN MY HEART. I RAISED MY SONS IN THE HOLY WAYS, AND NOW I MYSELF HAVE REPENTED. I HAVE FORSAKEN THE WICKEDNESS OF THE MODERN WORLD.
I EAT SIMPLE FOOD. I BURN CANDLES SENT TO ME FROM A CONGREGATION FARM. I PRAY.
HIS PULSEBEAT IS STEADY. HE'S TELLING THE TRUTH.
I RETAIN ONLY MY GLASSES--
--I CANNOT BEAR TO GIVE THEM UP.
I UNDERSTAND.
MORE THAN YOU CAN KNOW.
WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM MURDOCK?

HE SHOULD PLEAD WITH THE ELDERS TO TAKE ME BACK...TO PUNISH ME AND IN PUNISHING, TO FORGIVE.
MURDOCK WAS ABLE TO FREE MELVIN POTTER--A MASS MURDERER--
--PERHAPS HIS GREAT SKILL AT ARGUING CAN SOFTEN THE ELDERS' WRATH.
DON'T COUNT ON IT. THAT'S NOT MURDOCK'S KIND OF LAW. BUT HE'LL DO HIS BEST--
--AND LATER PROBABLY ASK HIMSELF WHY.
AIR! I ALMOST GAGGED IN THERE...THE STENCH FROM THOSE CANDLES... THE MUSTINESS...THE OVERWHELMING SENSE OF-- TORMENT.
IT'LL BE A RELIEF TO SUCK IN THE POLLUTION OF GOOD OLD MANHATTAN.
MEANWHILE...
POPPA?
THE DOG--
NEVER MIND THAT. GET THE BUGGY. I HAVE ANOTHER ERRAND FOR YOU IN THE CITY. YOU ARE TO SEE AN OLD ASSOCIATE OF MINE--
"--THE KINGPIN."
SO YOUR FATHER WANTS PROTECTION UNTIL THIS COUNCIL MEETS. HE WAS APPROACHED BY DAREDEVIL, AND HE FEARS THAT IF THE MASKED MAN COULD BREACH HIS DEFENSES, ANYONE COULD.
HE UNDERESTIMATES DAREDEVIL.

NONETHELESS, I SHALL GRANT HIS REQUEST. IN FACT, I SHALL MORE THAN GRANT IT.
I SHALL GUARANTEE THAT THE ELDERS HEED YOUR FATHER'S WISHES.
FOR REASONS OF MY OWN. HAVING THE GRATITUDE OF THE FINEST COUNTERFEITER WHO EVER LIVED MIGHT BE USEFUL SOME DAY.
WILSON, I WILL REQUIRE THE SERVICES OF EIGHT LABORERS. THEY NEED NOT BE BRIGHT, BUT THEY SHOULD BE STRONG.
AND MEAN.
YOU WILL SEND THEM--
"--TO UPSTATE NEW YORK."
GOLLY, MATT, YOU'RE REALLY GONNA HAVE TO STRUT YOUR STUFF WITH THESE PEOPLE. THEY'RE SOMETIMES MISTAKEN FOR MENNONITES AND AMISH--
--BUT THEY'RE REALLY MUCH STRICTER. THERE HAVE BEEN RUMORS OF EXECUTION AND TORTURE--LIKE THE INQUISITION IN THE MIDDLE AGES--
YOU BRIEFED ME ON THE RIDE UP HERE, FOGGY. REMEMBER?
WELL, REMINDERS NEVER HURT.
GEE, I LOVE THE SMELL OF THESE CANDLES. TOO BAD MY WIFE COULDN'T--
MATTHEW MURDOCK, ELDER NAHUM WILL RECEIVE YOU.

YOU'RE NAHUM?
BE AWARE THAT YOU ARE NOT WELCOME, MATTHEW MURDOCK. SPEAK YOUR PIECE AND QUICKLY, FOR I HAVE NEITHER TIME NOR PATIENCE TO WASTE ON YOU.
I'M HERE ON BEHALF OF JEREMIAH JENK--
THAT NAME IS CURSED AND SHALL NOT BE UTTERED IN THIS PLACE.
HE WHO IS THUS NAMED WAS CONDEMNED TO PAY THE FINAL PRICE SEVENTY YEARS PAST--
--AND ONCE DEATH HAS BEEN DECREED BY THE COUNCIL, THE DECREE CAN NEVER BE RESCINDED.
YOUR RULES ARE HARSH--
DO NOT SPEAK TO ME OF HARSHNESS-- YOU WHO LIVE IN THE INIQUITY OF WHAT LIES BEYOND OUR LAND!
WE HAVE NO CRIME. WE HAVE NO VIOLENCE. WE HAVE NO DIVORCE. OUR PEOPLE WALK IN PEACE ALL THEIR DAYS ON EARTH.
EXCEPT THOSE WHO MAKE A MISTAKE. THEM YOU JUDGE WITHOUT A TRIAL--
YEA, AND ACT ON THAT JUDGEMENT WHEN GRANTED THE OPPORTUNITY--
--FOR THE BOOK SAYS, "YE SHALL BE SMITTEN, YE WHITED WALL--"
--AND THE BOOK SAYS, "VENGEANCE IS MINE--"
BOY! SOUNDS LIKE THEY'RE REALLY GOING AT IT.

HEY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? YOU'RE ONE OF THE KINGPIN'S THU--
THUDD
GNNH!
FOOTSTEPS. FIVE MEN, THREE WEARING RUBBER SOLES. A GROAN FROM FOGGY. A FALLING BODY --AGAIN FOGGY.
IF YOU HAVE NOTHING FURTHER--
GOT TO MAKE IT LOOK GOOD... AS THOUGH THE POOR BLIND MAN'S STUMBLED--
BE CAREFUL!
--AND IN FLAILING ABOUT ACCIDENTALLY DOUSED THE FIRE...
...FILLING THE ROOM WITH SMOKE, COVERING MY SWITCH TO DAREDEVIL.
MUST BE THROUGH THERE! GRAB THE FIRST GUY YOU SEE--
--AND STOMP ANYBODY ELSE!

HOW DARE YOU?
WANNA SEE HOW I DARE, POPS?
THIS IS HOW!
ANNGH!
MGMF!
LOOK... SOMEBODY DROPPED HIM!
MAX, WHAT'RE YOU DOIN'?
DON'T FEEL NEGLECTED, PUNK! YOUR TURN WILL COME.
UNN!

WHAGF!
MORE STRANGERS ENTERING THE HOUSE OF ELDER NAHUM.
SMOKE COMING FROM THE WINDOW, TOO.
WE HAD BETTER SEE ABOUT IT.
WHAT'S GOIN' ON?
TUNGK
GNKK!
I AM--
--AND YOU'RE GOING OUT!
I GOTCHA IN MY SIGHTS...

BUT BEFORE THE GUNMAN CAN FIRE, DAREDEVIL FLINGS HIS CLUB AND--
TONK
THEN...
OLD WOOD'S DRY... BURNING LIKE TINDER. THERE ARE OTHERS INSIDE.
WE WILL GET THEM.
THEY'RE BOTH HURT. TAKE CARE OF THEM--
--I'LL FIND MURDOCK!
SOON...
THE OUTSIDER IS STILL STRICKEN. WE WILL DO OUR BEST FOR HIM.
THANKS.
GLAD YOU'RE RECOVERING, NAHUM.
LEAVE-- OR FEEL OUR RIGHTEOUS WRATH!
YOU HAVE BROUGHT STRIFE TO OUR LAND, MATTHEW MURDOCK, AND CONFUSION!

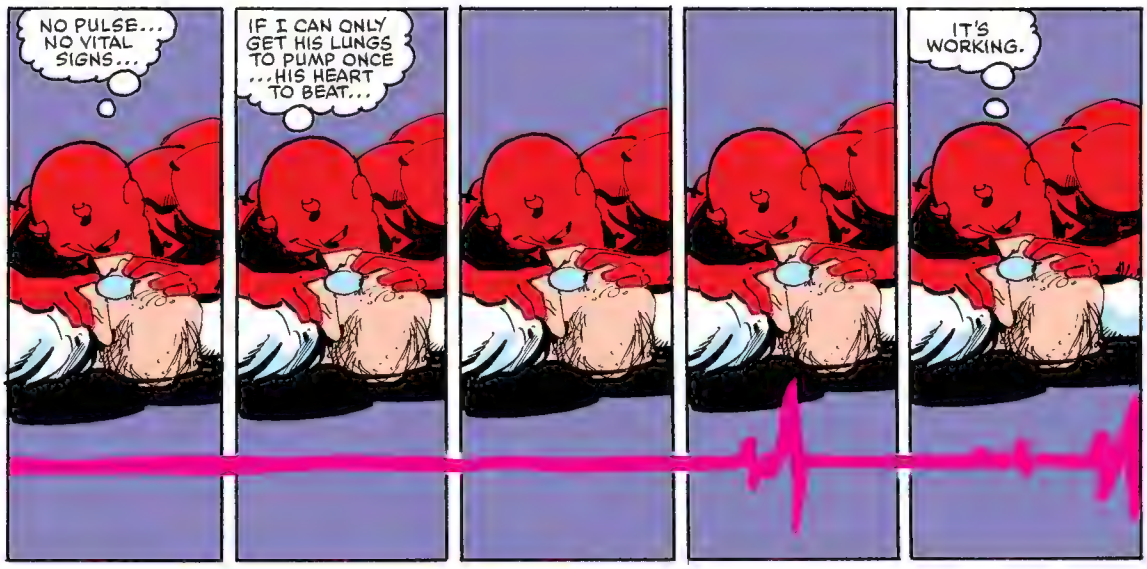
OKAY, I'LL GO, BUT WHAT ABOUT JEREMIAH?
HE IS SMITTEN. HE HAS BEEN JUDGED. THE BOOK SAYS--
I'LL TELL YOU!
THE BOOK SAYS, "WHEREIN THOU JUDGEST ANOTHER, THOU CONDEMNEST THYSELF."
YOU'LL FIND IT SOMEWHERE IN ST. PAUL.
THE DEVIL CAN QUOTE SCRIPTURES FOR HIS OWN PURPOSE.
HOW IS HE?
SWEET SMELLING CANDLES...
DELIRIOUS, I'M AFRAID.
OF COURSE. THE CANDLES. NAHUM SPEAKING OF JEREMIAH AS THOUGH HE'S ALREADY DEAD.
NAHUM! I KNOW WHAT YOU'VE DONE. I'LL TRY TO SAVE HIM. IF I FAIL--
--YOU'LL HAVE NOWHERE TO HIDE, NAHUM JENK...NOWHERE AT ALL.

IT IS TWILIGHT AS DAREDEVIL APPROACHES THE ESTATE OF JEREMIAH JENK, SOME 40 MILES DISTANT, WHERE...
DAREDEVIL!
SOUNDS LIKE MARVIN THE TOOTH-- ONE OF THE KINGPIN'S EMPLOYEES.
AND I SENSE A SECOND PLAYMATE TO HIS LEFT.
NEXT TIME I MEET THE KINGPIN, I'LL ASK HIM TO EXPLAIN HIS INTEREST IN THIS. BUT NOW--
WOULD YOU GENTLEMEN CARE TO STEP ASIDE?
SPECIALLY HIM!
THE BOSS SAYS NOBODY GITS INSIDE... INCLUDIN' YOU.
I DON'T HAVE TIME TO ARGUE--
SOK
SOK
--I MAY ALREADY BE TOO LATE!
AND IF I'M NOT, I PROBABLY WILL BE UNLESS I REACH HIM BEFORE DARK.

LET ME PAST, PLEASE. I DON'T WANT TO HURT YOU--
--AND YOUR FATHER IS IN TERRIBLE DANGER.
FROM YOU!
NOT FROM ME. LET ME EXPLAIN--
FOR 70 YEARS THE CONGREGATION HAS BEEN WANTING TO KILL HIM, BUT THEY COULDN'T! HE WAS A MAJOR CRIMINAL...TOO WELL PROTECTED...
A FEW MONTHS AGO, HE FINALLY GAVE THEM THEIR OPPORTUNITY. HE SENT YOU TO BUY CANDLES FOR HIM--
--CANDLES MADE BY THE CONGREGATION ...ACTUALLY DEADLY WEAPONS.
I SMELLED THEM LAST NIGHT...AND NOTICED THE ODOR WAS ACRID!

ON THE WAY HERE, I FIGURED OUT WHAT THAT SMELL HAS TO BE--
--ARSENIC TRIOXIDE... A POISON USED TO MAKE THE CONGREGATION'S GLASS!
EVERY NIGHT... WITH EVERY BREATH HE TAKES ...YOUR FATHER IS SLOWLY KILLING HIMSELF.
THOSE CANDLES ARE THE CONGREGATION'S INSTRUMENTS OF EXECUTION!
CAN'T YOU UNDERSTAND?
NO, YOU CAN'T.
AIR'S GOTTEN COLDER...THE SUN IS DOWN...

...HE'LL BE ALONE IN THE CANDLELIGHT--
KHRASSH
--SO I MAY NOT HAVE A SECOND TO WASTE!
JENK! JEREMIAH JENK!
HE'S STILL. HE'S NOT BREATHING!
HE'S DEAD.
BUT HIS SKIN IS WARM. THERE'S A CHANCE--
--IF I CAN GET HIM OUT OF THIS FOUL ATMOSPHERE.
YOUR FATHER'S ILL! RUN... GET A DOCTOR!
HURRY!

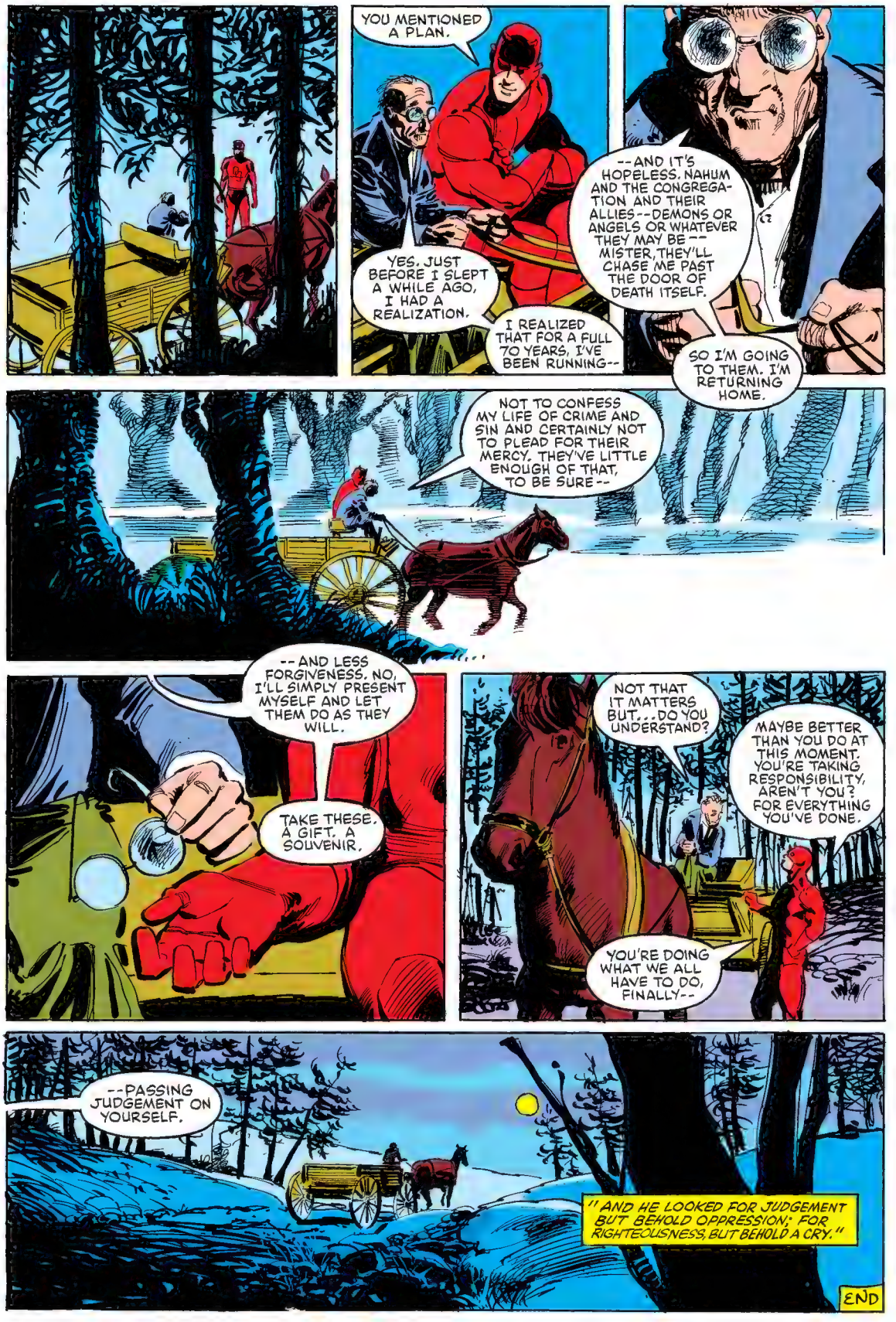

NO PULSE... NO VITAL SIGNS...
IF I CAN ONLY GET HIS LUNGS TO PUMP ONCE ...HIS HEART TO BEAT...
IT'S WORKING.

WELCOME TO THE LAND OF THE LIVING, JEREMIAH!
A DEVIL! I GUESS I SHOULDN'T BE SURPRISED... THE KIND OF LIFE I'VE LED.

FORGIVE ME. I SHOULD THANK YOU--AND INSTEAD I JOKE.
YOU'VE BEEN POISONED. THE CANDLES, I THINK NAHUM'S RESPONSIBLE.
NAHUM? WELL! I HAVEN'T THE ONLY DEVIOUS MIND IN THE FAMILY.

HE COULD BE IN CUSTODY IN AN HOUR AND MURDOCK COULD HELP YOU PREFER CHARGES--
NO. NO LAW. NOT FOR AN OLD CRIMINAL LIKE ME. I HAVE A BETTER PLAN.

BOY...HITCH THE BUGGY.


YOU MENTIONED A PLAN.
YES. JUST BEFORE I SLEPT A WHILE AGO, I HAD A REALIZATION.
I REALIZED THAT FOR A FULL 70 YEARS, I'VE BEEN RUNNING--
--AND IT'S HOPELESS. NAHUM AND THE CONGREGATION AND THEIR ALLIES--DEMONS OR ANGELS OR WHATEVER THEY MAY BE--MISTER, THEY'LL CHASE ME PAST THE DOOR OF DEATH ITSELF.
SO I'M GOING TO THEM. I'M RETURNING HOME.
NOT TO CONFESS MY LIFE OF CRIME AND SIN AND CERTAINLY NOT TO PLEAD FOR THEIR MERCY. THEY'VE LITTLE ENOUGH OF THAT, TO BE SURE--
--AND LESS FORGIVENESS. NO, I'LL SIMPLY PRESENT MYSELF AND LET THEM DO AS THEY WILL.
TAKE THESE. A GIFT. A SOUVENIR.
NOT THAT IT MATTERS BUT...DO YOU UNDERSTAND?
MAYBE BETTER THAN YOU DO AT THIS MOMENT. YOU'RE TAKING RESPONSIBILITY, AREN'T YOU? FOR EVERYTHING YOU'VE DONE.
YOU'RE DOING WHAT WE ALL HAVE TO DO, FINALLY--
--PASSING JUDGEMENT ON YOURSELF.
"AND HE LOOKED FOR JUDGEMENT BUT BEHOLD OPPRESSION; FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS, BUT BEHOLD A CRY."
END

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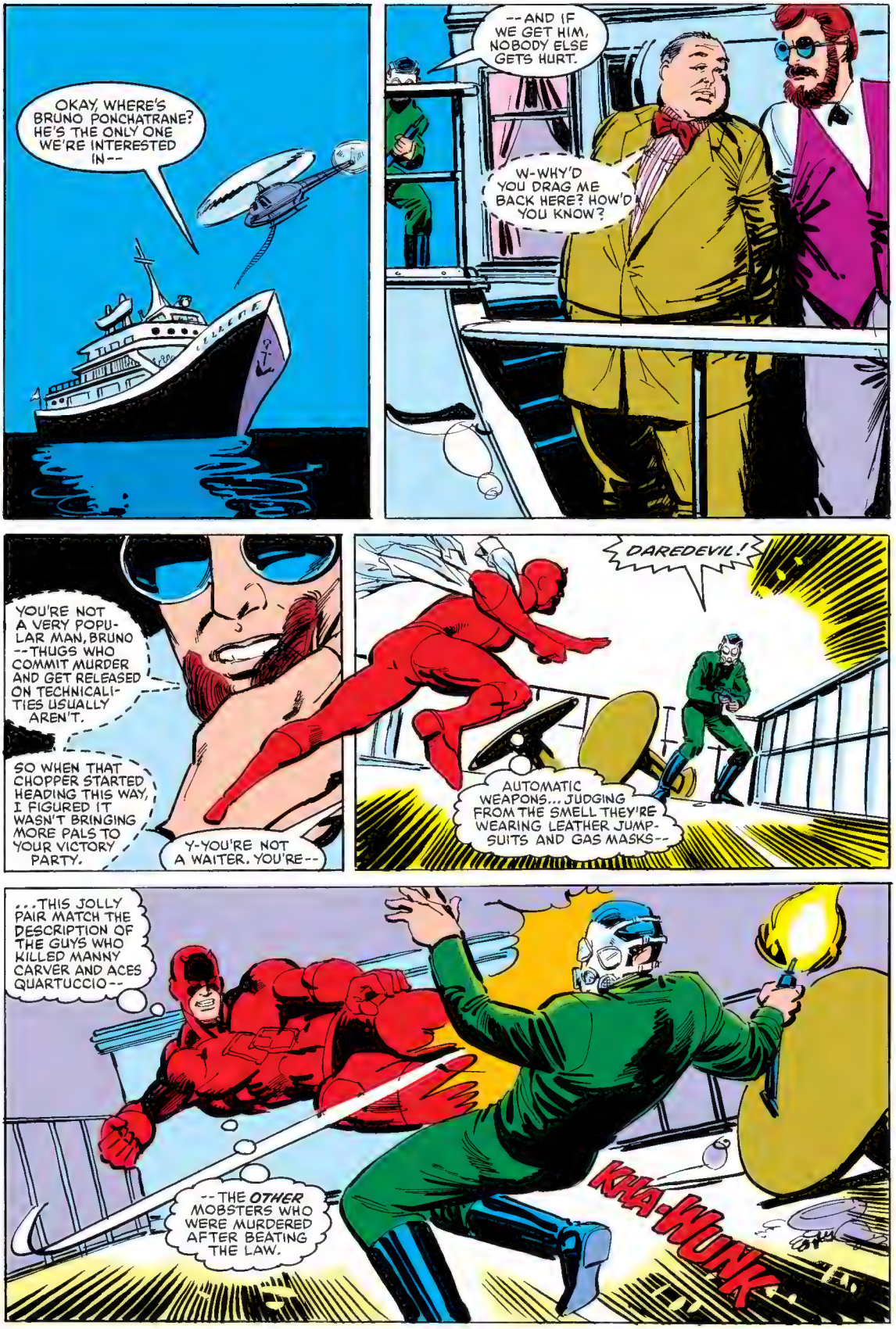
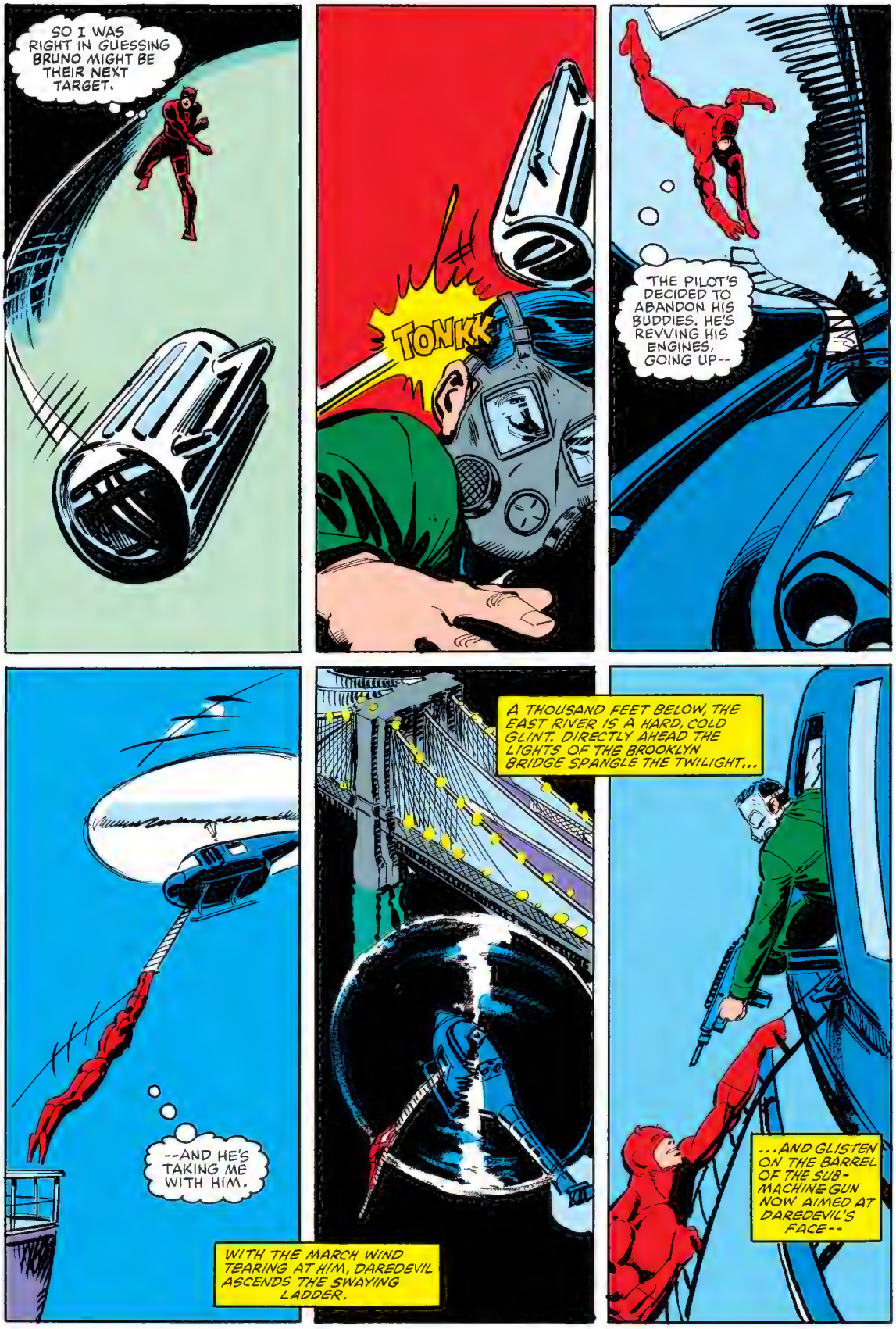
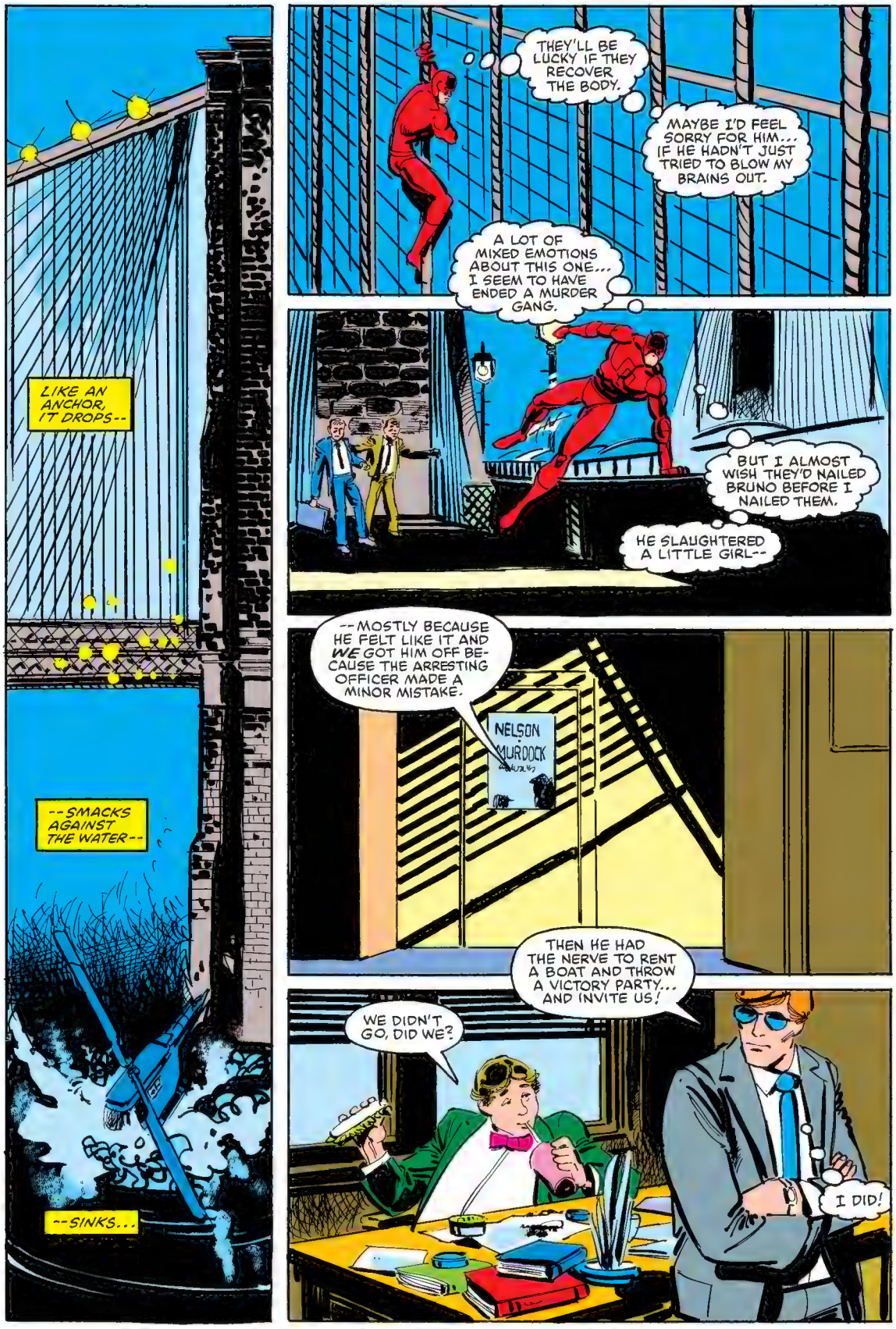
JANSON 82

A MINUTE AGO, THE CAPTAIN OF THIS PLEASURE CRAFT WAS SHOUTING UP AT THE HELICOPTER, "GET AWAY! GET THAT THING AWAY FROM MY BOAT!" HIS WORDS WERE LOST IN THE ROAR OF THE ENGINE.
NOW THERE ARE MORE SOUNDS: SHATTERING GLASS, SCREAMS OF PANIC AND THE STUTTER OF NINE MILLIMETER WEAPONS...
STAN LEE PRESENTS
BETRAYAL
Story-DENNY O'NEIL • Art-KLAUS JANSON
Lettering-JOE ROSEN • Coloring-GLYNIS WEIN
Special Editor-LINDA GRANT
Special thanks to ALAN BRENNERT


OKAY, WHERE'S BRUNO PONCHATRANE? HE'S THE ONLY ONE WE'RE INTERESTED IN--
--AND IF WE GET HIM, NOBODY ELSE GETS HURT.
W-WHY'D YOU DRAG ME BACK HERE? HOW'D YOU KNOW?
YOU'RE NOT A VERY POPULAR MAN, BRUNO --THUGS WHO COMMIT MURDER AND GET RELEASED ON TECHNICALITIES USUALLY AREN'T.
SO WHEN THAT CHOPPER STARTED HEADING THIS WAY, I FIGURED IT WASN'T BRINGING MORE PALS TO YOUR VICTORY PARTY.
Y-YOU'RE NOT A WAITER. YOU'RE--
DAREDEVIL!
AUTOMATIC WEAPONS... JUDGING FROM THE SMELL THEY'RE WEARING LEATHER JUMPSUITS AND GAS MASKS--
...THIS JOLLY PAIR MATCH THE DESCRIPTION OF THE GUYS WHO KILLED MANNY CARVER AND ACES QUARTUCCIO--
--THE OTHER MOBSTERS WHO WERE MURDERED AFTER BEATING THE LAW.
KHA-WUNK

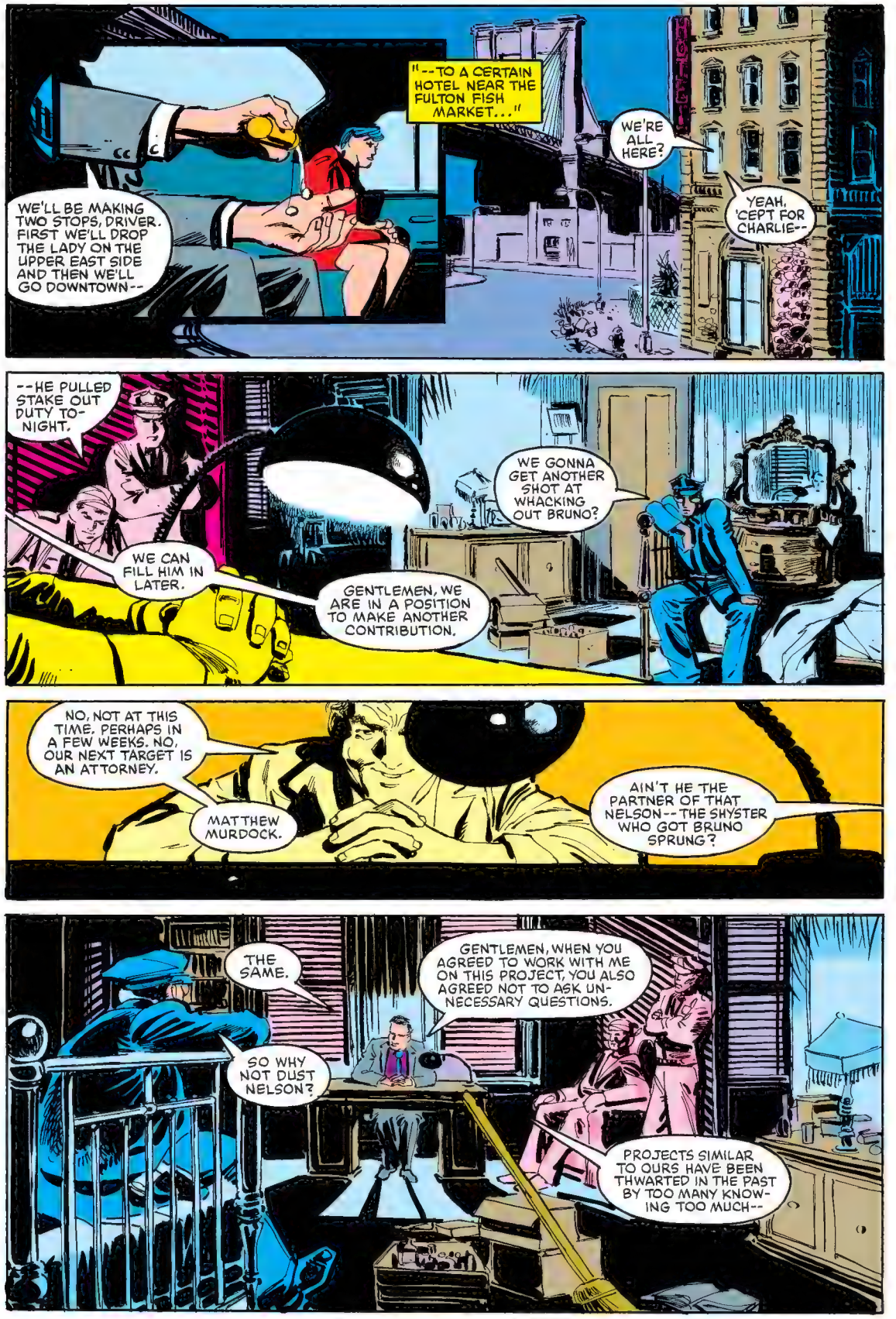

SO I WAS RIGHT IN GUESSING BRUNO MIGHT BE THEIR NEXT TARGET.
TONK!
THE PILOT'S DECIDED TO ABANDON HIS BUDDIES. HE'S REVVING HIS ENGINES, GOING UP--
--AND HE'S TAKING ME WITH HIM.
A THOUSAND FEET BELOW, THE EAST RIVER IS A HARD, COLD GLINT. DIRECTLY AHEAD THE LIGHTS OF THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE SPANGLE THE TWILIGHT...
WITH THE MARCH WIND TEARING AT HIM, DAREDEVIL ASCENDS THE SWAYING LADDER.
...AND GLISTEN ON THE BARREL OF THE SUB-MACHINE GUN NOW AIMED AT DAREDEVIL'S FACE--

CHUNT
OWWWW!
UNNGPF!
HE MUST HAVE FALLEN AGAINST THE CONTROLS... CHOPPER'S SPINNING... LOSING ALTITUDE...MY RADAR SENSE INDICATES WE'RE HEADING STRAIGHT FOR--
--THE BRIDGE!
KHRAKCH


LIKE AN ANCHOR, IT DROPS--
--SMACKS AGAINST THE WATER--
--SINKS...
THEY'LL BE LUCKY IF THEY RECOVER THE BODY.
MAYBE I'D FEEL SORRY FOR HIM... IF HE HADN'T JUST TRIED TO BLOW MY BRAINS OUT.
A LOT OF MIXED EMOTIONS ABOUT THIS ONE... I SEEM TO HAVE ENDED A MURDER GANG.
BUT I ALMOST WISH THEY'D NAILED BRUNO BEFORE I NAILED THEM.
HE SLAUGHTERED A LITTLE GIRL--
--MOSTLY BECAUSE HE FELT LIKE IT AND WE GOT HIM OFF BECAUSE THE ARRESTING OFFICER MADE A MINOR MISTAKE.
NELSON MURDOCK
THEN HE HAD THE NERVE TO RENT A BOAT AND THROW A VICTORY PARTY... AND INVITE US!
WE DIDN'T GO, DID WE?
I DID!

LOOK, MATT, OUR JOB ISN'T TO JUDGE THESE BOZOS. IT'S TO DEFEND THEM. WE DO THAT ANY WAY WE CAN OR WE FIND ANOTHER LINE OF WORK.
I WASN'T HAPPY ABOUT TAKING BRUNO AS A CLIENT, BUT I DIDN'T SEE HOW WE COULD ETHICALLY REFUSE HIM.
I KNOW, FOGGY. I'M NOT QUESTIONING YOUR MOTIVES --AND YOU CERTAINLY MOUNTED AN EFFECTIVE DEFENSE...
HEY, SPEAKING OF PARTIES... YOU SHOWING UP AT NEDDA'S PENTHOUSE TONIGHT?
I DON'T THINK SO. I HEARD HEATHER WILL BE THERE AND...WELL, I'D RATHER NOT MEET HER YET.
THAT EVENING...
TONY, HON, I'M GONNA MINGLE.
OKAY, HEATHER, I'LL JUST LISTEN TO HARRY A LITTLE LONGER. HARRY'S GREAT.
TAKE MY BROTHER-IN-LAW ...I WON'T SAY HE'S A DRUNK...
--BUT LAST WEEK HIS BREATH MELTED MY TIE CLASP.
MS. GLENN? HEATHER GLENN?
I'M SORRY ...I CAN'T 'MEMBER YOUR NAME...I'M SUCH A BUBBLE HEAD...
NOT AT ALL. WE'VE NEVER MET, I'M TARKINGTON BROWN. I'M WITH THE MAYOR'S OFFICE.
DELIGHTED, MR. BROWN.

AN HOUR LATER, IN CENTRAL PARK...
...SO I HAVEN'T SEEN MATT IN SIX WEEKS, SINCE WE BROKE UP.
YOU MISS HIM?
NOT 'ZACKLY, TARK. IT'S MORE LIKE...THINKING ABOUT HIM MAKES ME CRAZY.
I DON'T KNOW WHY I'M TELLIN' YOU ALL THIS STUFF. I GUESS I GOTTA TELL SOMEBODY--
--'N' I FEEL I CAN TRUST YOU SOMEHOW.
YOU CAN.
NOW, THIS NEX' THING I SHOULDN'T TELL EVEN YOU 'N' YOU GOTTA PROMISE NEVER, NEVER TO TELL 'NOTHER SOUL NO MATTER WHAT!
IT'S DAREDEVIL. IF ONLY MATT WEREN'T DAREDEVIL, HE COULD ACCEPT ME! BUT THE HERO PART OF HIM KEEPS WANTING TO PROTECT ME 'N' I NEED HIS LOVE, NOT HIS PROTECTION.
HEATHER... LET ME BE CERTAIN I UNDERSTAND YOU, YOU'RE SAYING THAT MATTHEW MURDOCK IS DAREDEVIL?
UH-HUH. 'N' THAT'S WHY IT DIDN'T WORK OUT FOR US.
YOU BELIEVE ME, DON' YOU?
YES, I DO. YOU'VE HAD A BIT TOO MUCH TO DRINK TO BE LYING.
TAXI!

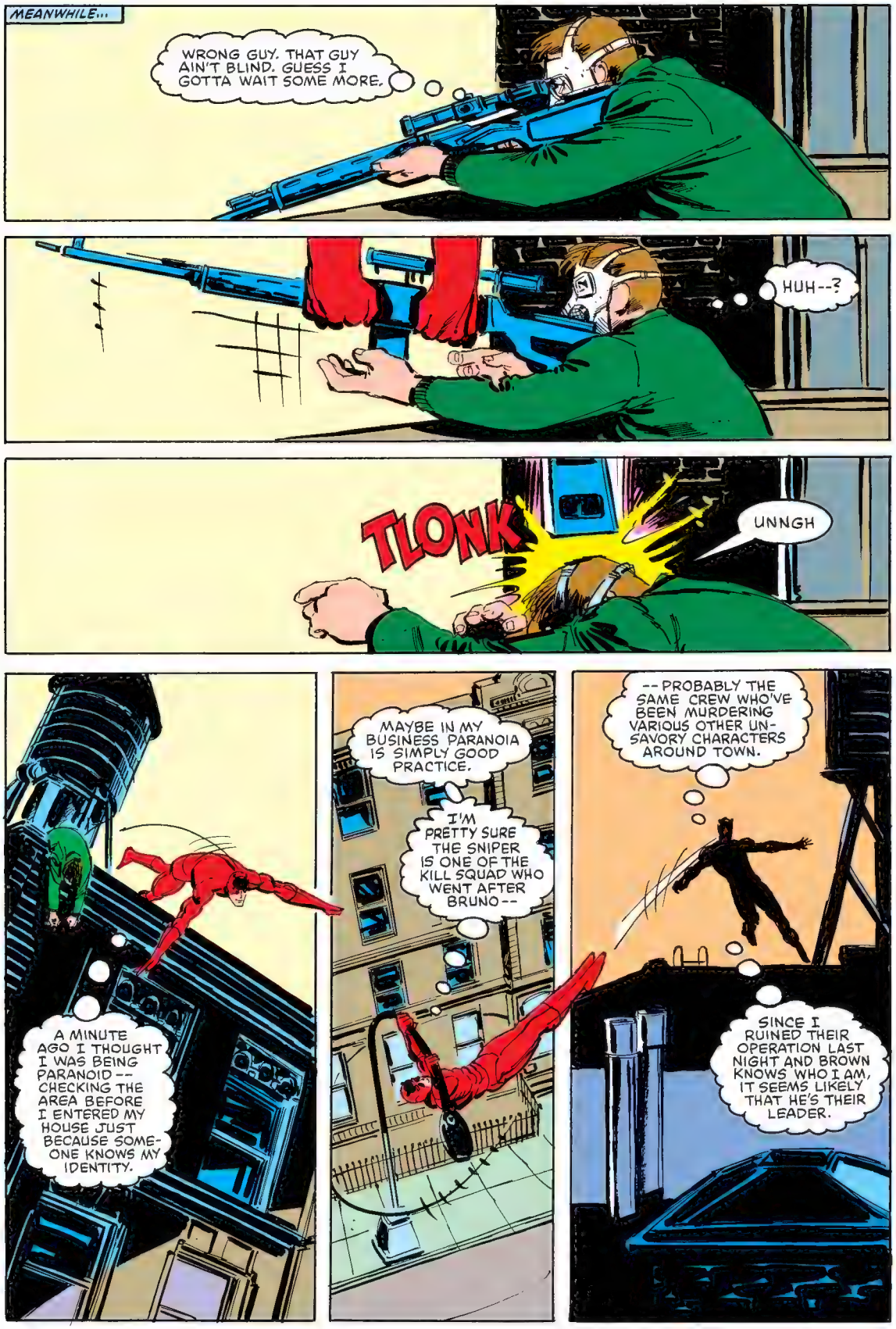

WE'LL BE MAKING TWO STOPS, DRIVER. FIRST WE'LL DROP THE LADY ON THE UPPER EAST SIDE AND THEN WE'LL GO DOWNTOWN--
"--TO A CERTAIN HOTEL NEAR THE FULTON FISH MARKET..."
HOTEL
WE'RE ALL HERE?
YEAH, 'CEPT FOR CHARLIE--
--HE PULLED STAKE OUT DUTY TO-NIGHT.
WE CAN FILL HIM IN LATER.
GENTLEMEN, WE ARE IN A POSITION TO MAKE ANOTHER CONTRIBUTION.
WE GONNA GET ANOTHER SHOT AT WHACKING OUT BRUNO?
NO, NOT AT THIS TIME. PERHAPS IN A FEW WEEKS. NO, OUR NEXT TARGET IS AN ATTORNEY.
MATTHEW MURDOCK.
AIN'T HE THE PARTNER OF THAT NELSON-- THE SHYSTER WHO GOT BRUNO SPRUNG?
THE SAME.
SO WHY NOT DUST NELSON?
GENTLEMEN, WHEN YOU AGREED TO WORK WITH ME ON THIS PROJECT, YOU ALSO AGREED NOT TO ASK UN-NECESSARY QUESTIONS.
PROJECTS SIMILAR TO OURS HAVE BEEN THWARTED IN THE PAST BY TOO MANY KNOW-ING TOO MUCH--

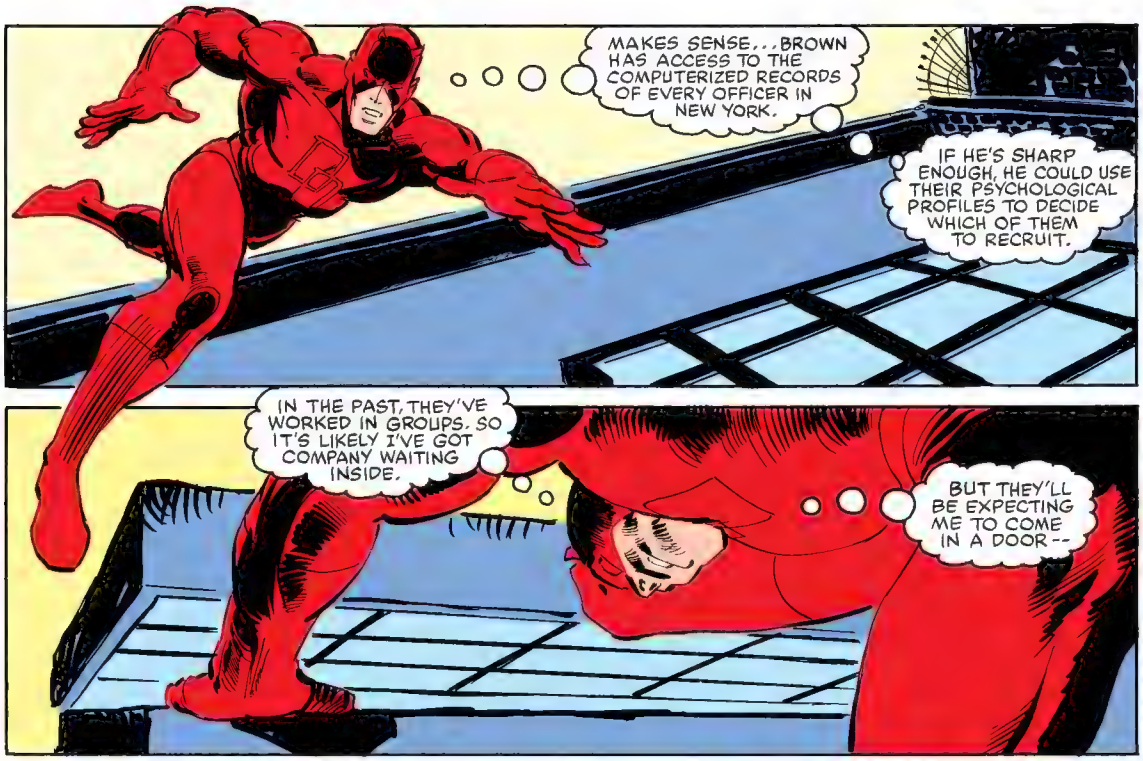
--THE SO-CALLED MURDER SQUAD IN ARGENTINA AND THE GROUP IN SAN FRANCISCO, FOR EXAMPLE.
MUST I REMIND YOU OF YOUR VOW OF OBEDIENCE TO ME? HAVE I FAILED YOU YET?
THEN TRUST ME, MURDOCK IS A FAR GREATER THREAT TO A FREE SOCIETY THAN NELSON.
YOU ARE EXPERTS. USE YOUR EXPERTISE. KILL HIM.
THE FOLLOWING MORNING...
I BETRAYED HIM. I TOLD THAT GUY WHAT'S-HIS-NAME MATT'S SECRET.
O MY GOD
AND ACROSS TOWN --
DARNDEST THING, MATT. THE PASSENGERS ON BRUNO'S BOAT SWORE THAT THE GUNMEN DAREDEVIL ACED WERE TAKEN ASHORE BY COPS--
WHAT SHOULD THEY BE TAKEN ASHORE BY? GIRL SCOUTS?
BECKY, AS A COMEDIAN YOU'RE A TERRIFIC SECRETARY.
DON'T INTERRUPT.
ANYWAY, MATT, THE BOYS AT HEADQUARTERS HAVE ABSOLUTELY NO RECORD OF THEM BEING BOOKED ...OR EVEN HELD.
WEIRD, HUH?

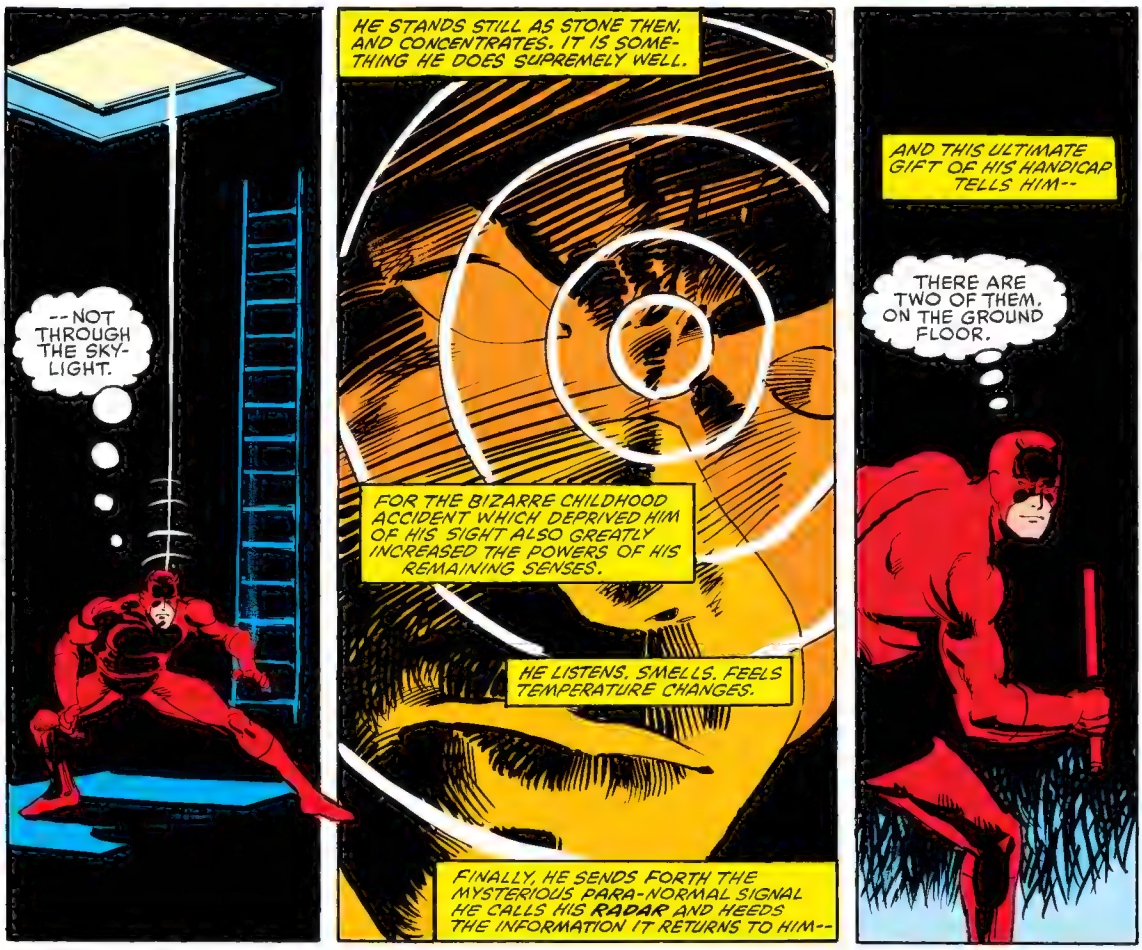
MAYBE NOT. I'M BEGINNING TO GET AN IDEA...
MATT! I'VE GOT TO SPEAK WITH YOU--
--IN PRIVATE.
IF IT'S REALLY IMPORTANT, HEATHER ...I GUESS WE CAN USE MY OFFICE.
YOU THINK THERE'S A RECONCILIATION IN THE OFFING?
I HOPE NOT.
YOU DID WHAT?
I SAID I TOLD TARKINGTON BROWN THAT YOU'RE DAREDEVIL. I WAS DRUNK.
I'M SORRY.
YOUR BEING SORRY DOES NOT EXACTLY DO ME A FAT LOT OF GOOD.
YOU SHOULD BE HAPPY, MATT. I'VE PROVEN YOU WERE RIGHT. I'VE SHOWN YOU I'M THE BRAINLESS LITTLE LOSER YOU CLAIM I AM.
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT? KILL ME?
GET OUT OF HERE, HEATHER.
BECKY, GET ME EVERYTHING ON TARKINGTON BROWN. HE'S THE MAYOR'S COMPUTER EXPERT... CURRENTLY ASSIGNED TO THE POLICE DEPARTMENT.
EVERYTHING, BECKY.

THEN--
I'LL LEVEL WITH YOU, TARK. THERE'S BEEN NO CHANGE IN YOUR CONDITION, BUT IF YOU'D SLOW DOWN, YOU MIGHT LIVE AN EXTRA YEAR -- OR TWO.
NO THANKS, DOCTOR! I'D RATHER MAKE WHAT CONTRIBUTIONS I CAN *WHILE* I CAN.
THAT'S YOUR CHOICE. I'LL SEE YOU NEXT WEEK.
'SCUSE ME.
MR. BROWN... TARKINGTON--I HATE TO BARGE IN WITHOUT AN APPOINTMENT--
NOT AT ALL, HEATHER. COME IN. WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?
IT'S ABOUT WHAT I TOLD YOU LAST NIGHT.
ABOUT MATTHEW MURDOCK AND DAREDEVIL?
I LIED. I WAS TRYING TO IMPRESS YOU. THERE ISN'T A BIT OF TRUTH IN WHAT I SAID. IT'S ABSURD, IN FACT. ABSOLUTE NONSENSE.
ON THE CONTRARY, HEATHER MY DEAR--
I'M CONVINCED EVERY WORD WAS TRUE. I RAN SEVERAL CHECKS THROUGH THE COMPUTERS AND FOUND ABSOLUTELY NO REASON WHY MURDOCK *COULDN'T* BE DAREDEVIL.
MATT'S BLIND.
POSITIVELY *BRILLIANT* PLOY, BY PRETENDING TO BE SIGHTLESS, HE INSURES THAT *NO ONE* WILL GUESS HIS IDENTITY.
ARE YOU GOING TO TELL?
NOT UNTIL HE'S DEAD. NOT UNTIL YOU'RE BOTH DEAD!

YOU DO REALIZE YOU MUST DIE? YOU'RE A BIT FLIGHTY, BUT YOU'RE NOT STUPID...SO WHEN MURDOCK IS KILLED TODAY, YOU'RE LIKELY TO RECALL WHAT YOU TOLD ME--
MATT KILLED?
YES. AT THIS MOMENT HIS ASSASSINS ARE WAITING--
"--ONE ON A ROOFTOP ACROSS FROM HIS BUILDING WITH A HIGH-POWER MILITARY SNIPER RIFLE--
"--TWO INSIDE THE HOUSE ARMED WITH SUBMACHINE GUNS AND MAGNUM REVOLVERS--
"--AND A FOURTH WITH A POISON GAS WEAPON--"
--A COLORLESS, ODORLESS GAS WHICH A VICTIM CANNOT DETECT UNTIL IT DROPS HIM.
WHY?
TO MAKE, MY DEAR HEATHER, A CONTRIBUTION. IT IS UNFORTUNATE THAT FOR MY PLANS TO SUCCEED--
--DAREDEVIL MUST BE ELIMINATED.

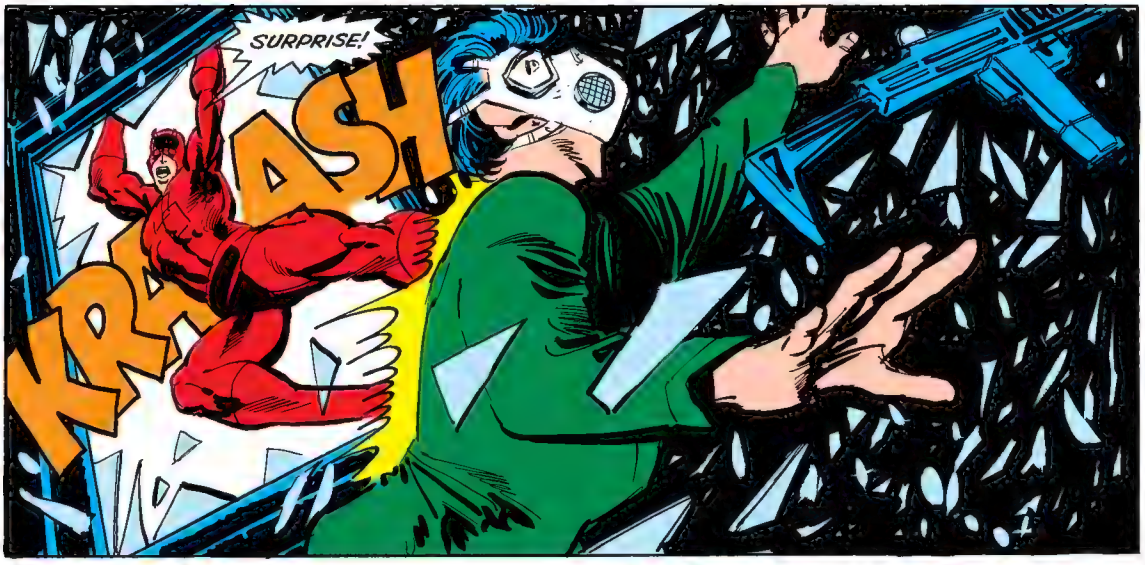

MEANWHILE...
WRONG GUY. THAT GUY AIN'T BLIND. GUESS I GOTTA WAIT SOME MORE.
HUH--?
TLONK
UNNGH
A MINUTE AGO I THOUGHT I WAS BEING PARANOID -- CHECKING THE AREA BEFORE I ENTERED MY HOUSE JUST BECAUSE SOMEONE KNOWS MY IDENTITY.
MAYBE IN MY BUSINESS PARANOIA IS SIMPLY GOOD PRACTICE.
I'M PRETTY SURE THE SNIPER IS ONE OF THE KILL SQUAD WHO WENT AFTER BRUNO --
-- PROBABLY THE SAME CREW WHO'VE BEEN MURDERING VARIOUS OTHER UNSAVORY CHARACTERS AROUND TOWN.
SINCE I RUINED THEIR OPERATION LAST NIGHT AND BROWN KNOWS WHO I AM, IT SEEMS LIKELY THAT HE'S THEIR LEADER.


MAKES SENSE... BROWN HAS ACCESS TO THE COMPUTERIZED RECORDS OF EVERY OFFICER IN NEW YORK.
IF HE'S SHARP ENOUGH, HE COULD USE THEIR PSYCHOLOGICAL PROFILES TO DECIDE WHICH OF THEM TO RECRUIT.
IN THE PAST, THEY'VE WORKED IN GROUPS. SO IT'S LIKELY I'VE GOT COMPANY WAITING INSIDE.
BUT THEY'LL BE EXPECTING ME TO COME IN A DOOR--


--NOT THROUGH THE SKY-LIGHT.
HE STANDS STILL AS STONE THEN, AND CONCENTRATES. IT IS SOMETHING HE DOES SUPREMELY WELL.
FOR THE BIZARRE CHILDHOOD ACCIDENT WHICH DEPRIVED HIM OF HIS SIGHT ALSO GREATLY INCREASED THE POWERS OF HIS REMAINING SENSES.
HE LISTENS, SMELLS, FEELS TEMPERATURE CHANGES.
FINALLY, HE SENDS FORTH THE MYSTERIOUS PARA-NORMAL SIGNAL HE CALLS HIS RADAR AND HEEDS THE INFORMATION IT RETURNS TO HIM--
AND THIS ULTIMATE GIFT OF HIS HANDICAP TELLS HIM--
THERE ARE TWO OF THEM, ON THE GROUND FLOOR.

ONE IN THE FOYER BY THE FRONT DOOR--
--THE SECOND A FEW FEET TO THE RIGHT IN MY PRIVATE OFFICE.
THE MAN IN THE FOYER WILL BE NO PROBLEM. HE'S LOCATED AT THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIR-CASE--IN A DIRECT LINE FROM WHERE I'M STANDING.
THONK!
MY CLUB WILL TAKE HIM OUT.
UNNG
I HEARD A NOISE. YOU OK--
HE'S BEEN ZAPPED...BY THAT BATON LYING THERE.
THAT SPELLS DAREDEVIL.

IT HADDA COME FROM THE TOP OF THE STEPS.
takakatakakatakakata
KRA-TZZH
HE'S WELL TRAINED. REACTED ALMOST INSTANTLY, COVERING THE AREA WITH FIRE--AND BLOWING AWAY SOME OF MY BEST KNICK-KNACKS IN THE PROCESS.
PERILS OF BEING A HOMEOWNER.
HE'LL FIRE FOR ANOTHER SECOND OR TWO--
--THEN WAIT A SECOND TO SEE IF MY BODY COMES TUMBLING DOWN--
--BEFORE DECIDING ON HIS NEXT MOVE, WHICH GIVES ME PLENTY OF TIME TO--


SURPRISE!
KRASH

A BADGE AND A UNIFORM BENEATH HIS JUMP SUIT. SO MY SUSPICIONS ARE CONFIRMED. THE ASSASSINS *ARE* COPS.
LOOKS LIKE TARKINGTON BROWN *IS* THE BRAINS BEHIND THEM--
WONDER WHY THE GAS MASKS. TO CONCEAL THEIR FACES OR--

EH--?

FOOTSTEPS ON THE BASEMENT STAIRS.

BUT THIS ONE'S ARMED DIFFERENTLY. NO SUBMACHINE GUN. A HEAVY TANK ON HIS BACK. HOSE. NOZZLE.

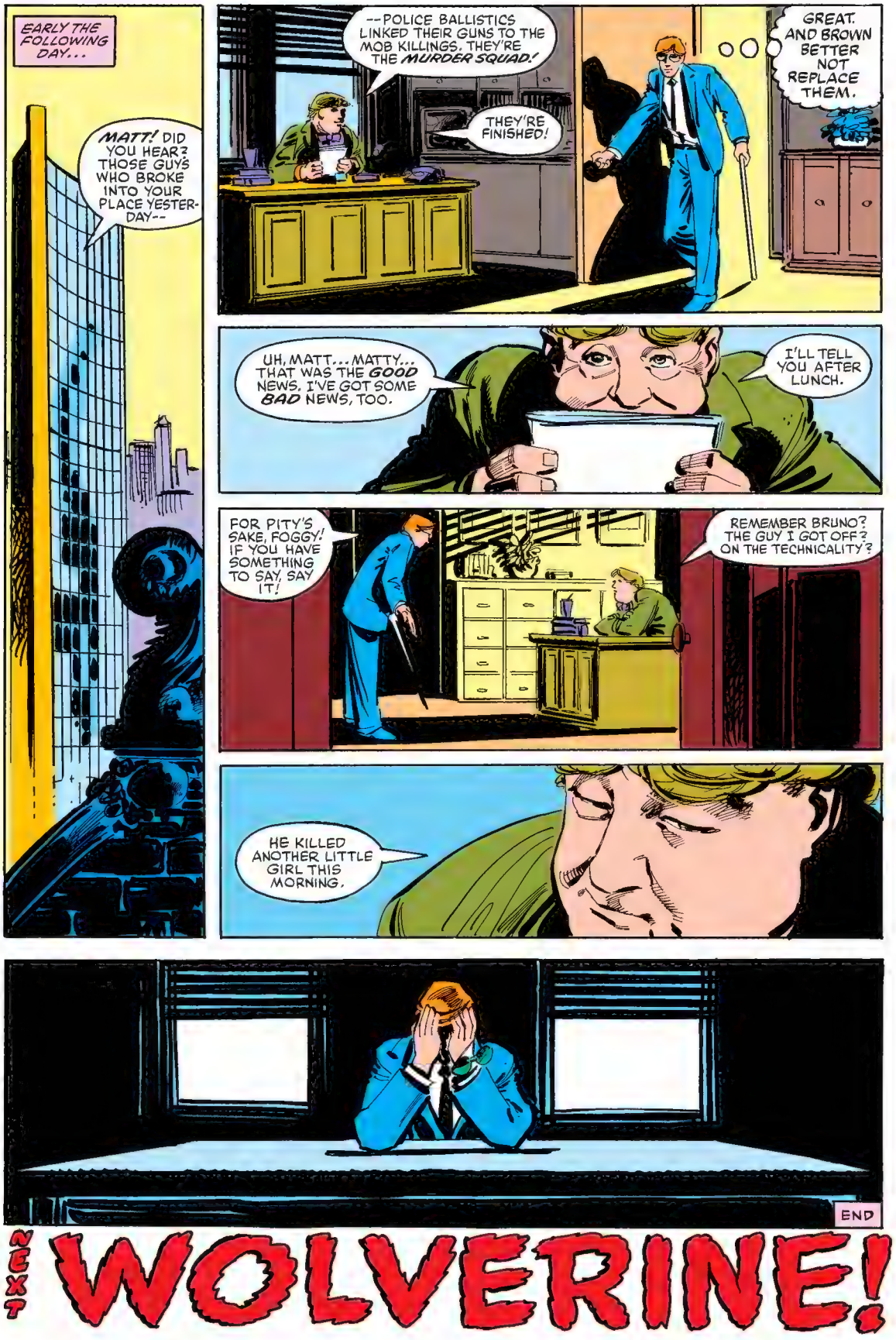
GAS...UNDER TREMENDOUS PRESSURE ...SHOOTING OUT AS FAST AS WATER FROM A FIRE HOSE.

YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN MORE QUIET. I HEARD YOU COMING. I HAD TIME TO BORROW YOUR PAL'S BREATHING APPARATUS.
UNNGHF
NOW TO GET THAT ONE OUTSIDE BEFORE THE GAS AFFECTS HIM.
AND...
THAT'S DAREDEVIL, ISN'T IT? COMIN' OUTTA MURDOCK'S?
YEAH. LOOKS LIKE.
ANY TROUBLE, MISTER?
NO...NONE AT ALL, OFFICERS. MY FRIEND HERE'S JUST A BIT UNDER THE WEATHER.
SHOULD I TRUST THEM? THEY COULD BE WITH THE MURDER SQUAD.
I SUPPOSE I HAVE TO-- UNLESS I WANT TO DRAG THIS KILLER AROUND WITH ME.
IF I GET BROWN, I CAN GET THE LOT OF THEM.

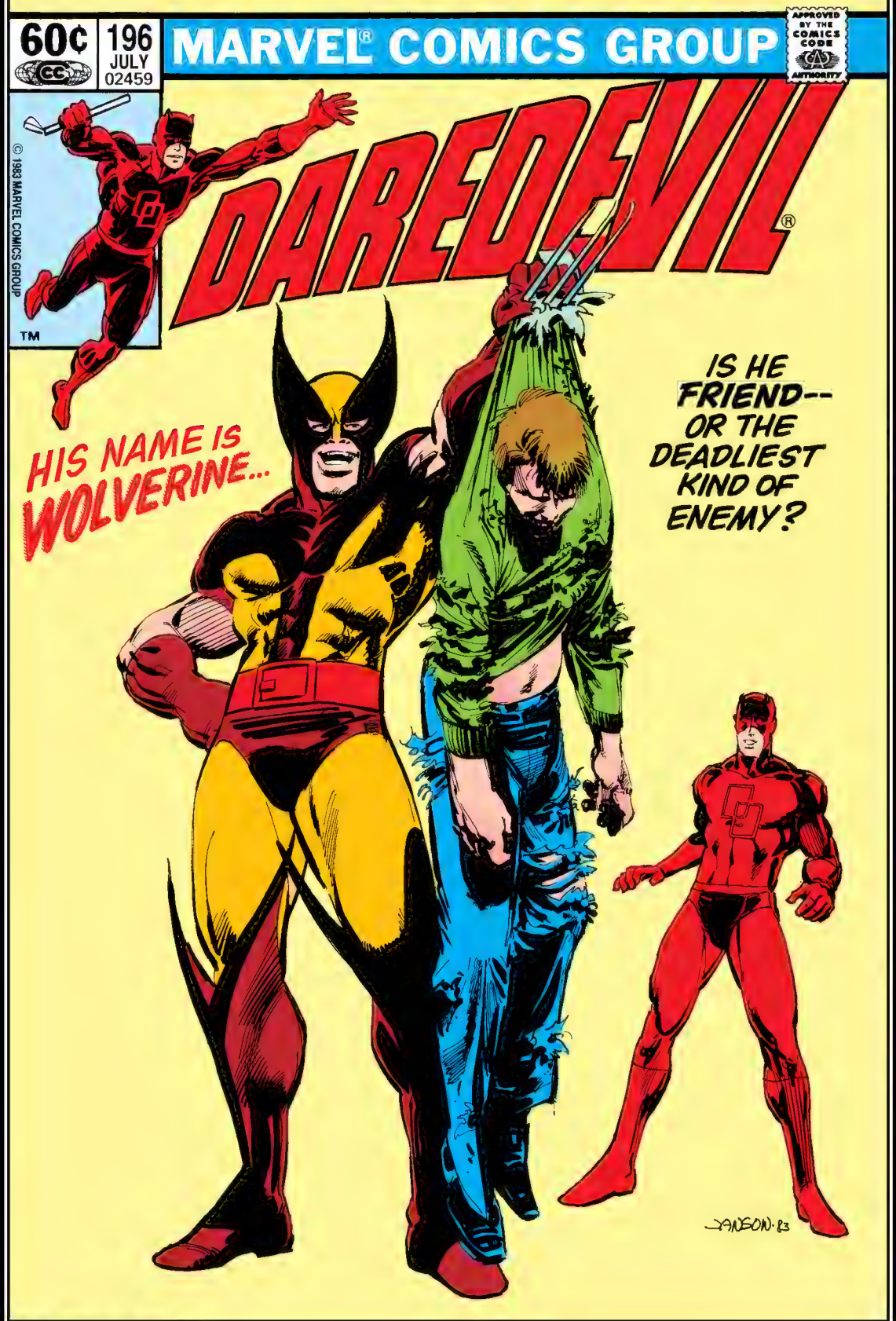
AND--
SOON, MY ASSOCIATES SHOULD PHONE TO SAY THE BUSINESS WITH MURDOCK-- OR, IF YOU PREFER-- DAREDEVIL IS CONCLUDED.
THEN I SHALL BE FORCED TO CONCLUDE MY BUSINESS WITH YOU.
WHY ME? I'M NOT A CRIMINAL.
I'M NOT ONE OF YOUR SCUM OF THE EARTH. I'M AN INNOCENT BYSTANDER. I'M AS INNOCENT AS ANYONE.
TRUE. BUT UNFORTUNATELY, YOU ARE IN THE WAY.
YOU ARE IN A POSITION TO INTERFERE--AS IS DAREDEVIL. THEREFORE, TO MY GREAT REGRET, YOU MUST BE ELIMINATED. KILLED.
MORE COFFEE?
TARK?
YES?
OWWW

HELP! HELP! SAVE ME SOMEBODY! HELP!
LOUSY, STINKING LITTLE--
HEEELLLP!
WACKT!
INSIDE, BROWN. WE'RE GOING TO TALK FOR A MINUTE OR TWO, THEN I'M GOING TO BOUNCE YOU DOWNTOWN.
IF YOU'RE LUCKY, YOU'LL BE ALIVE WHEN YOU ARRIVE!
HOW DID YOU--?
I'LL ASK THE QUESTIONS. I ONLY HAVE ONE: WHY? WHY TRY TO ICE ME?
WE'RE ON THE SAME SIDE.
NO, WE'RE NOT. YOU'RE ON *THEIR* SIDE...THE WEAKLINGS. YOU SEE THE PROBLEM BUT YOU DON'T HAVE THE COURAGE TO SOLVE IT.
NOT YOU. NOT THE POLITICIANS. NOT THE POLICE.
THERE'S A WAR AND WE'RE LOSING. AND THE PUNKS AND THE TERRORISTS AND THE HOODLUMS ARE WINNING.
THERE'S ONLY ONE SOLUTION. BE MORE RUTHLESS THAN THEY ARE.
ELIMINATE THEM. KILL THEM.

IN THE PROCESS, YOU'RE WILLING TO KILL PEOPLE LIKE HEATHER.
THERE ARE ALWAYS CIVILIAN CASUALTIES IN A WAR.
THAT'S THE KIND OF CHEAP-JACK EXCUSE MEN LIKE YOU ALWAYS USE--
--TO JUSTIFY THEIR OWN INSANITY.
YOU'RE A LOONEY-TUNE, TARK. YOU'RE ROUND THE BEND.
WHAT GOT YOU STARTED ON YOUR GRAND CRUSADE ANYWAY?
THE DOCTORS SAY I HAVE ONLY A FEW MONTHS TO LIVE.
I WANT TO MAKE A CONTRIBUTION. I... WANT TO MAKE THIS CITY A BETTER PLACE TO LIVE IN.
OH, BOY.
I'LL OFFER YOU A DEAL. YOU KEEP QUIET ABOUT MY IDENTITY AND I'LL KEEP YOUR SECRET.
UNTIL I DIE, EH?
THAT'S RIGHT.
IF I READ ABOUT MYSELF IN THE MORNING PAPER, I'LL KNOW YOU BLEW THE WHISTLE ON ME.
I'LL RETURN THE FAVOR BY BLOWING IT ON YOU, LOUDER. MUCH LOUDER.


EARLY THE FOLLOWING DAY...
MATT! DID YOU HEAR? THOSE GUYS WHO BROKE INTO YOUR PLACE YESTERDAY--
--POLICE BALLISTICS LINKED THEIR GUNS TO THE MOB KILLINGS. THEY'RE THE MURDER SQUAD!
THEY'RE FINISHED!
GREAT. AND BROWN BETTER NOT REPLACE THEM.
UH, MATT... MATTY... THAT WAS THE GOOD NEWS. I'VE GOT SOME BAD NEWS, TOO.
I'LL TELL YOU AFTER LUNCH.
FOR PITY'S SAKE, FOGGY! IF YOU HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY, SAY IT!
REMEMBER BRUNO? THE GUY I GOT OFF? ON THE TECHNICALITY?
HE KILLED ANOTHER LITTLE GIRL THIS MORNING.
END

NEXT WOLVERINE!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JULY
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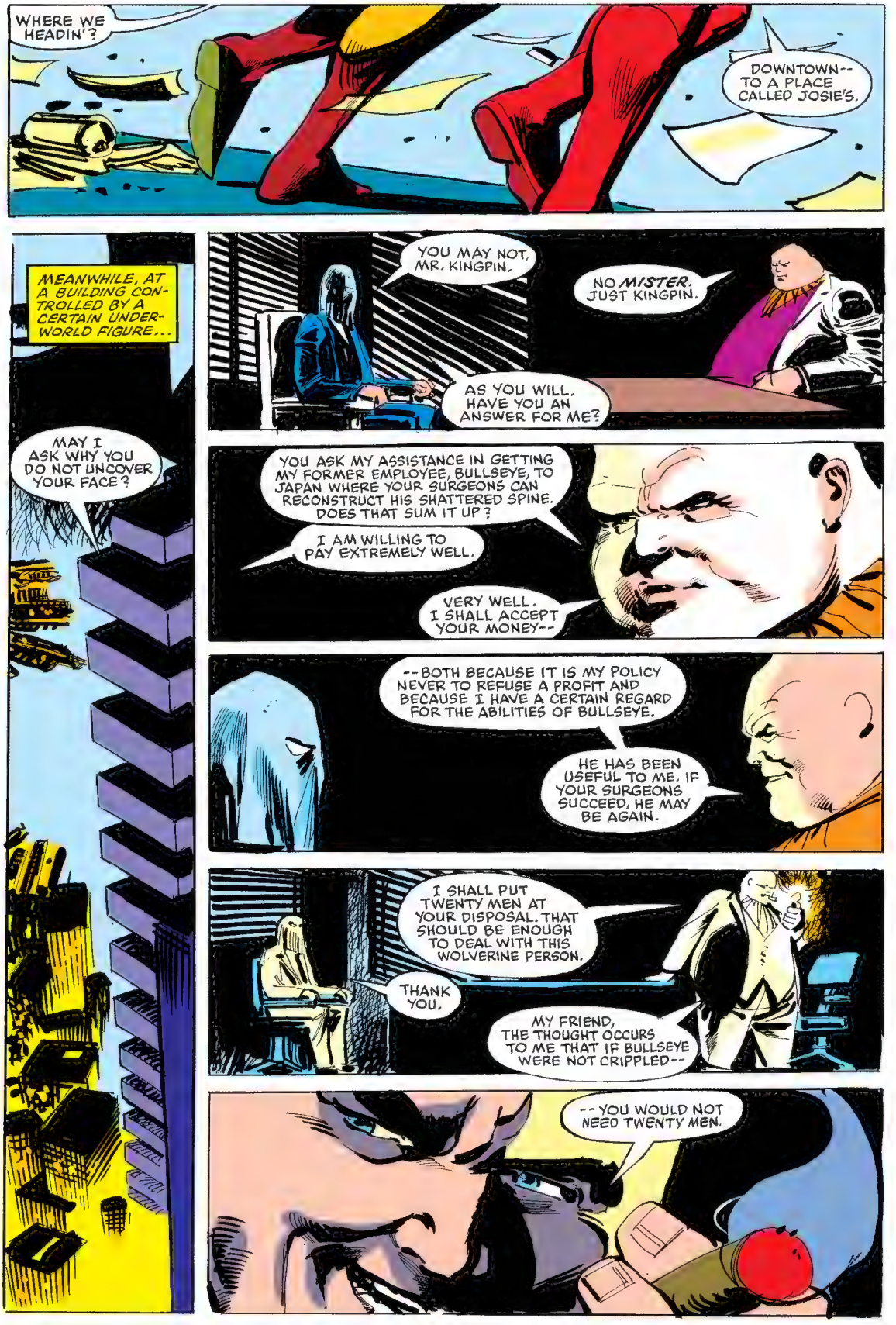
TM
HIS NAME IS WOLVERINE...
IS HE FRIEND-- OR THE DEADLIEST KIND OF ENEMY?
JANSON·83

Stan Lee PRESENTS:
ENEMIES
THERE'S A B-BOMB--
--BACK THERE AND IT'S GOING TO EXPLODE!
ANY SECOND!
DENNY O'NEIL · WRITER
LARRY HAMA · BREAKDOWNS
KLAUS JANSON · ARTIST
JOE ROSEN · LETTERER
CHRISTIE SCHEELE · COLORIST
LINDA GRANT · EDITOR
JIM SHOOTER · CHIEF

DOWNTOWN GENERAL HOSPITAL
KA-WHOOMF
THERE'S ANOTHER ONE...
NOW HOW WOULD YOU KNOW THAT, SUCKER--
--UNLESS YOU SET IT?
WHERE'S BULLSEYE'S ROOM, SISTER?
FUH-FUH- FIFTH FLOOR ...PRISON WARD.
ELEVATORS'LL BE OUT OF ORDER...GOTTA TAKE THE STAIRS, HOPE I'M IN TIME...
GAS! SHOULDA FIGURED THAT... BE THE BEST WAY TO TAKE OUT THE GUARDS.
I'LL JUST HAVE TO HOLD MY BREATH--

THERE'S THE PAYOFF... A TRIO OF CUTIES PUTTIN' THE GRAB ON BULLSEYE.
DROP 'IM, PUNKS-- HARD, IF YOU WANT.
OUCH!
BRAKBRAKBRAKBRAKBRAKBRAK
THEN--
INCREDIBLE. HE'S COMING AROUND--
--AND HE SEEMS TO BE FULLY RECOVERED, DESPITE BEING STRUCK BY AT LEAST THREE BULLETS...
THEY WERE ONLY NINE MILLIMETERS, DOC. NOTHIN' WORTH WORRYIN' ABOUT.
I WOULDN'T HAVE GONE DOWN EXCEPT I ACCIDENTALLY BREATHED A LUNGFUL OF GAS.
DUMB.
BEIN' A MUTANT HAS A COUPLE OF ADVANTAGES-- LIKE HAVIN' A BODY THAT HEALS ALMOST INSTANTLY. ADD TO THAT AN ADAMANTIUM SKELETON AN'--
AW, YOU AIN'T INTERESTED.
BUT I AM.

DAREDEVIL, RIGHT?
AND YOU'RE WOLVERINE, OF THE FAMOUS X-MEN.
NOT TO MENTION A COUPLE OF OTHER OUTFITS, SOME OF 'EM NOT SO NICE!
THAT BULLSEYE WAS ONE OF YOUR SPARRIN' PARTNERS, HUH?
RIGHT AGAIN. I HEARD YOU TRIED TO STOP HIM.
AN' I BLEW IT! I MUST BE GETTIN' OLD.
MAY I ASK WHAT *YOUR* INTEREST IS?
WHY NOT? I GOT THIS CALL FROM A GUY ON THE LOCAL COPS. SEEMS *HE* GOT WORD FROM A CIA CONTACT THAT A BUNCH FROM JAPAN WERE COMIN' TO SNATCH YOUR BUDDY.
THE JAPANESE JUST MIGHT BE CONNECTED WITH THE PEOPLE WHO GAVE ME MY ADAMANTIUM BONES--AN' THEY MIGHT NOT.
ANYWAY, I FIGURED IT WOULDN'T HURT TO CHECK IT OUT. IF I WAS LUCKY, I MIGHT FIND A LITTLE ACTION--
--WHICH I DID. TRIP WASN'T A *TOTAL* LOSS.
THAT'S THE MAN YOU HIT? YOU REALLY DID A NUMBER ON HIM.
EVERY BOY NEEDS A HOBBY.
IF YOU'D TAKEN IT A LITTLE EASIER, WE MIGHT BE ABLE TO QUESTION HIM.
TRY NOT TO BE TOO HARSH ON ME, BUB. I GOT A DELICATE SENSIBILITY.
LISTEN. I KNOW THE JAPANESE AN' YOU KNOW THE NEW YORK CRIME SCENE AN' WE *BOTH* WANNA FIND BULLSEYE. WHAT SAY WE JOIN FORCES FOR A DAY OR TWO?
MISTER, TO RECAPTURE BULLSEYE I'D JOIN FORCES WITH THE DEVIL HIMSELF.
YOU SURE CAN MAKE A MAN FEEL WANTED!

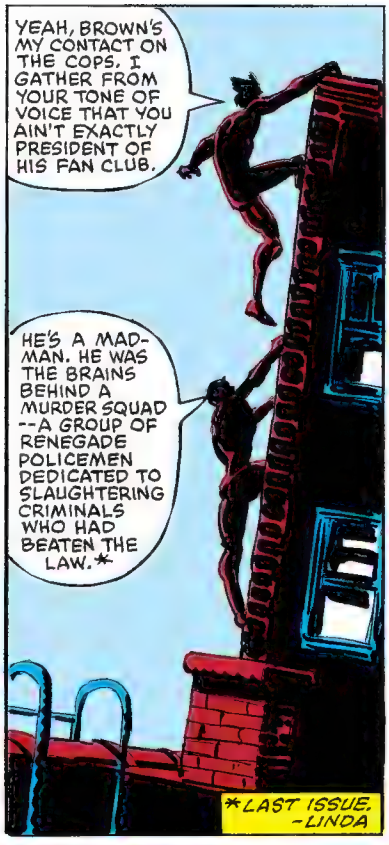

WHERE WE HEADIN'?
DOWNTOWN-- TO A PLACE CALLED JOSIE'S.
MEANWHILE, AT A BUILDING CONTROLLED BY A CERTAIN UNDERWORLD FIGURE...
MAY I ASK WHY YOU DO NOT UNCOVER YOUR FACE?
YOU MAY NOT, MR. KINGPIN.
NO MISTER. JUST KINGPIN.
AS YOU WILL. HAVE YOU AN ANSWER FOR ME?
YOU ASK MY ASSISTANCE IN GETTING MY FORMER EMPLOYEE, BULLSEYE, TO JAPAN WHERE YOUR SURGEONS CAN RECONSTRUCT HIS SHATTERED SPINE. DOES THAT SUM IT UP?
I AM WILLING TO PAY EXTREMELY WELL.
VERY WELL. I SHALL ACCEPT YOUR MONEY--
--BOTH BECAUSE IT IS MY POLICY NEVER TO REFUSE A PROFIT AND BECAUSE I HAVE A CERTAIN REGARD FOR THE ABILITIES OF BULLSEYE.
HE HAS BEEN USEFUL TO ME. IF YOUR SURGEONS SUCCEED, HE MAY BE AGAIN.
I SHALL PUT TWENTY MEN AT YOUR DISPOSAL. THAT SHOULD BE ENOUGH TO DEAL WITH THIS WOLVERINE PERSON.
THANK YOU.
MY FRIEND, THE THOUGHT OCCURS TO ME THAT IF BULLSEYE WERE NOT CRIPPLED--
--YOU WOULD NOT NEED TWENTY MEN.

AND--
I TELL YA, TURK, IT'LL NEVER WORK.
SHADDUP, GROTTO.
JOSIE'S BAR
YOU DON'T KNOW NOTHIN'. BESIDES, IT'S GOT A GUARANTEE.
WHAT KINDA GUARANTEE CAN THERE BE AGAINST DAREDEVIL?
ONE LITTLE SQUIRT OF THIS AN' HORNHEAD WILL BE GASPIN' AN' CHOKIN'. HE'LL ALSO BE BLIND.
WILL I?
YOU!
MAKE YOU A SMALL BET, TURK. IF YOUR SPRAY STUFF WORKS, YOU GET TO BEAT ME SILLY. IF IT DOESN'T, YOU SING LIKE THE GOOD BIRDY YOU'VE BEEN SO OFTEN IN THE PAST.
LET'S GET IN POSITION. WE DON'T WANT ANY OF YOUR PALS SPRAYED.
NAW.
WHEN I COUNT THREE. ONE... TWO...
FSSST
...THREE!
WINDY OUT THERE, ISN'T IT?
GHAAAK

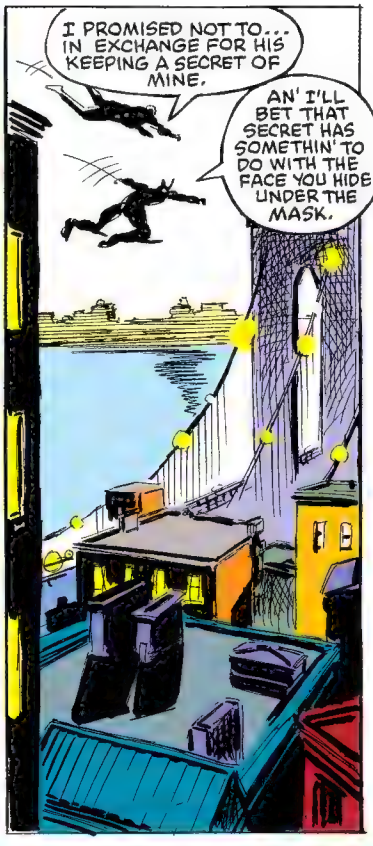
GASPING... CHOKING...
GRISPACH
...AND BLIND!
KHASPF
WONDERFUL PRODUCT YOU'VE GOT THERE, TURK. PERFORMS EXACTLY AS PROMISED.
NOW, SHALL WE CONVERSE? I'D LIKE TO KNOW HOW AN ORIENTAL MIGHT SMUGGLE AN INVALID OUT OF THE COUNTRY. ANY IDEAS?
PUH PUH PUH PUH
PIER ON THE BROOKLYN SIDE OF THE RIVER...SHIP CALLED THE OSAMA MARU...PH-PH-PHONY P-PAPERS A GUY SOLD 'EM...
AS ALWAYS, MISTER TURK, IT HAS BEEN A PLEASURE.
HOLD IT. WE AIN'T LEAVIN' JUST YET.
LEMME SEE THIS.
NOT BAD. LITTLE-ON THE SISSY SIDE.
FSSSST

NOW PAY ATTENTION TO THIS NEXT PART. I AIN'T GONNA REPEAT MYSELF.
THESE HERE ARE ADAMANTIUM CLAWS. HARDEST METAL THERE IS.
RAZOR SHARP.
CHUNNK
I FIND OUT YOU LIED, I'M COMIN' BACK TO USE 'EM ON YOU, PUNK. I'M GONNA SLICE YOU INTO PIECES AN' LEAVE YOU FOR THE STRAY CATS.
UNDERSTAND?
HAVE A REAL NICE DAY, Y'HEAR?
YOU ENJOY BRUTALITY, DON'T YOU?
IT'S THAT KINDA WORLD, BUB.

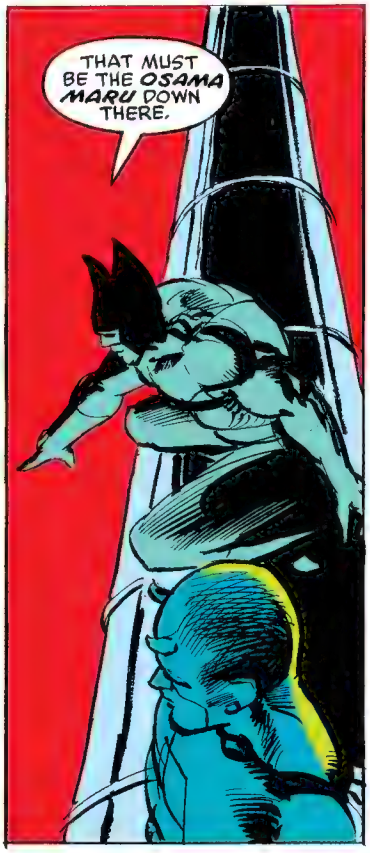
YOU STAND HERE AN' NURSE YOUR BLEEDIN' HEART WHILE I MAKE A QUICK CALL.
PRESENTLY--
-- SO WE'RE GONNA SHAKE THE BOAT AN' SEE WHAT COMES LOOSE.
I THANK YOU FOR THE INFORMATION, SIR.
THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE TO KNOW.
YER SMILIN', MR. BROWN. WAS THAT MAYBE THE DOCTOR ON THE PHONE--WITH GOOD NEWS?
DO YOU MEAN AM I CURED? AM I IN REMISSION? DO I HAVE MORE THAN A FEW MONTHS TO LIVE?
NO, BERTHA, I'M AFRAID NOT. IT WAS MERELY AN ASSOCIATE PHONING WITH WORD--
-- OF A MAN I HATE.
YOU WERE TALKING TO TARKINGTON BROWN.
YOU GOT GOOD EARS, BUB.

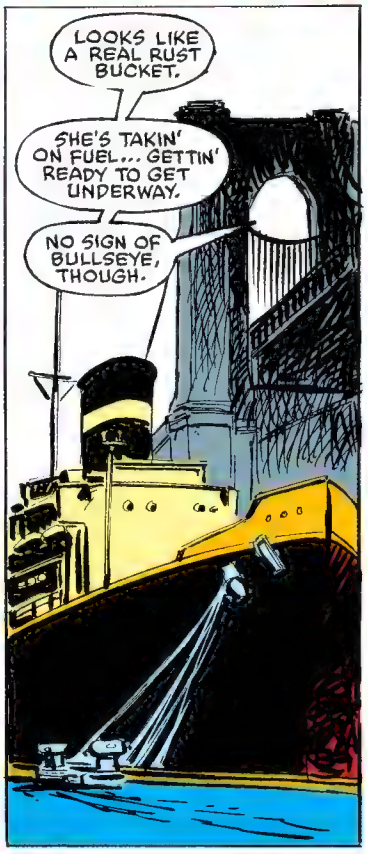

YEAH, BROWN'S MY CONTACT ON THE COPS. I GATHER FROM YOUR TONE OF VOICE THAT YOU AIN'T EXACTLY PRESIDENT OF HIS FAN CLUB.
HE'S A MAD-MAN. HE WAS THE BRAINS BEHIND A MURDER SQUAD --A GROUP OF RENEGADE POLICEMEN DEDICATED TO SLAUGHTERING CRIMINALS WHO HAD BEATEN THE LAW.*
*LAST ISSUE. -LINDA

SOUNDS LIKE MY KINDA FOLKS.
WHY DON'T YOU TURN HIM IN?

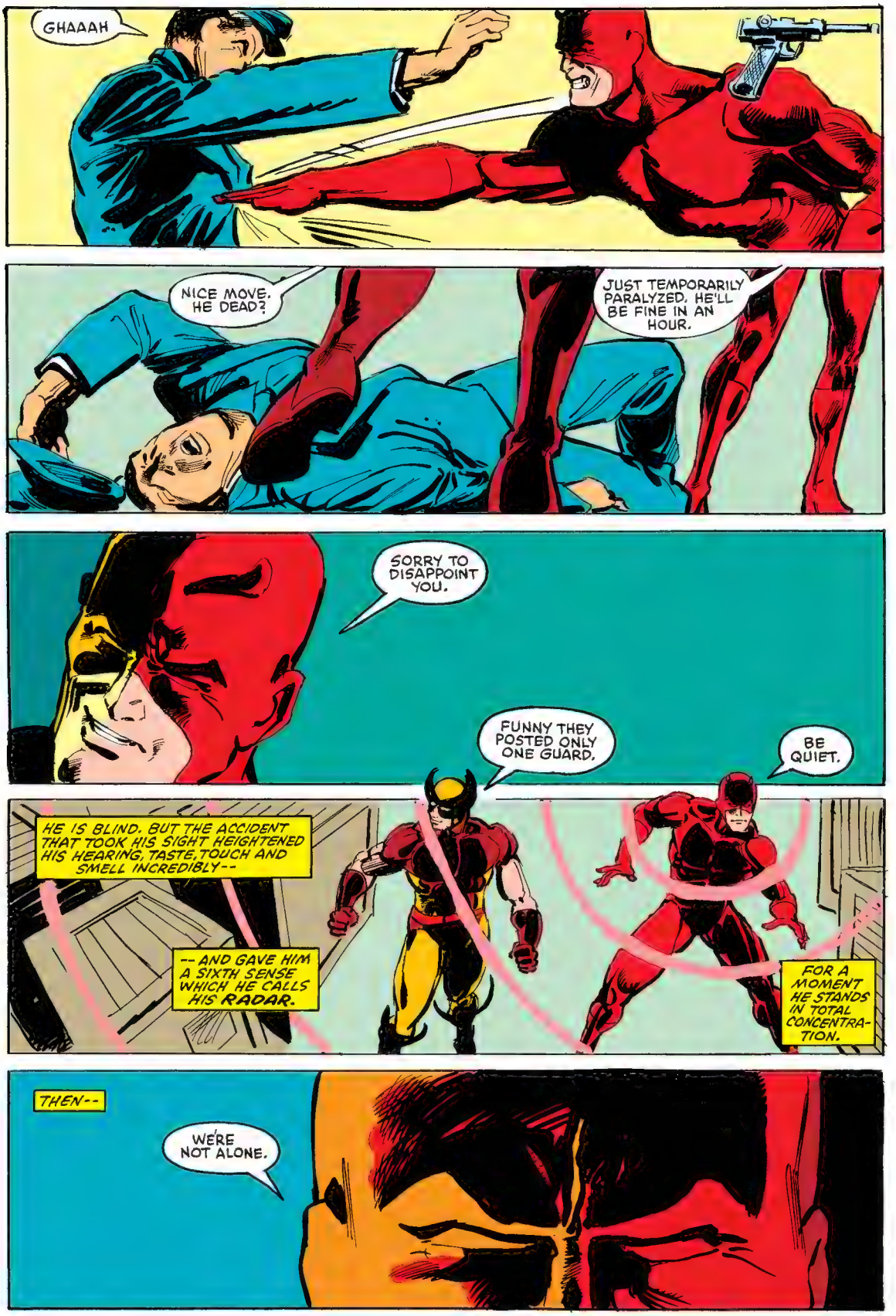

I PROMISED NOT TO... IN EXCHANGE FOR HIS KEEPING A SECRET OF MINE.
AN' I'LL BET THAT SECRET HAS SOMETHIN' TO DO WITH THE FACE YOU HIDE UNDER THE MASK.

YOU'RE NOT AS DUMB AS YOU SOUND.
I COULDN'T BE, COULD I?

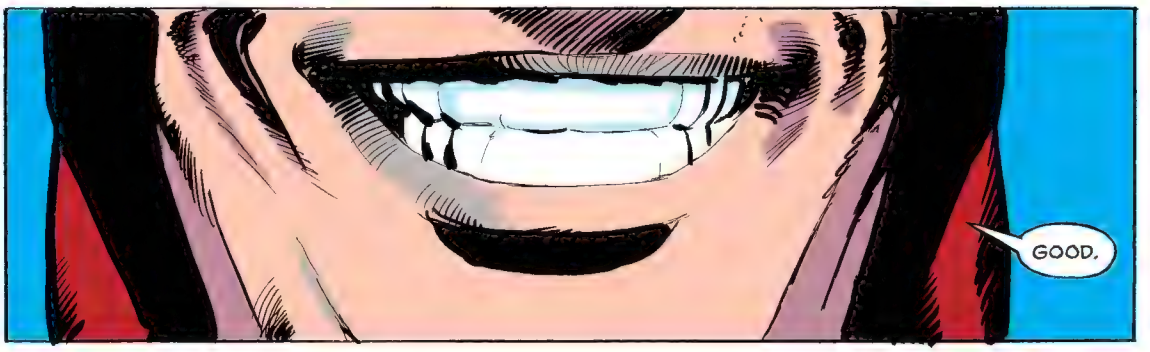

THAT MUST BE THE OSAMA MARU DOWN THERE.


LOOKS LIKE A REAL RUST BUCKET.
SHE'S TAKIN' ON FUEL... GETTIN' READY TO GET UNDERWAY.
NO SIGN OF BULLSEYE, THOUGH.

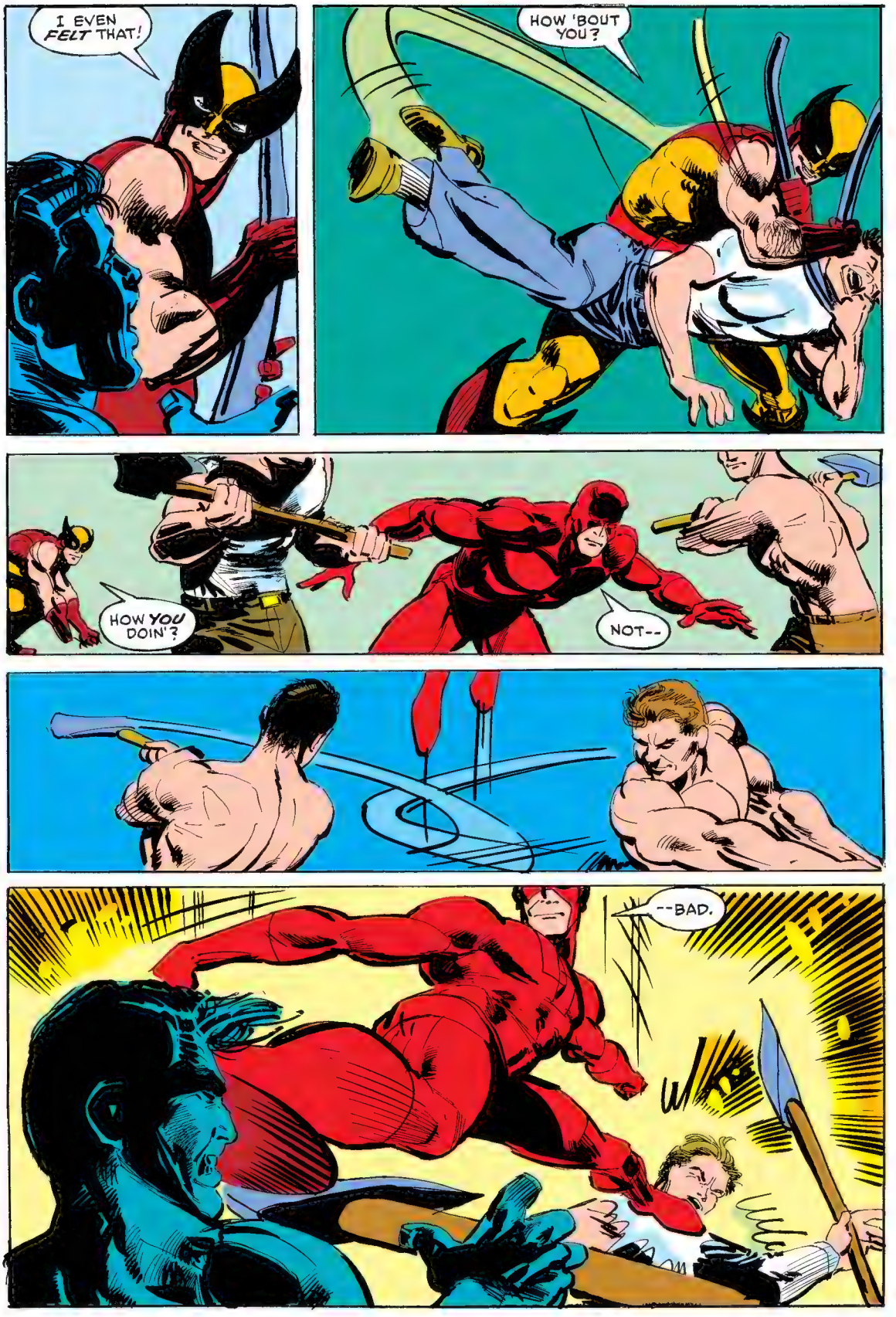
HOWEVER, IN THE SHIP'S SICK BAY--
WE GO TO SEA SOON. AN HOUR. YOU HAVE QUESTIONS, BUT YOU CAN NOT SPEAK. I WILL TRY TO ANSWER.
WE TRAVEL TO MY ISLAND. MY DOCTORS WORK ON YOU--
--REPLACE BROKEN BONE WITH METAL. PUT HEALTH IN TISSUES. SPECIAL EXERCISE FOR LIMBS.
YOU RECOVER, STRONGER THAN BEFORE. THEN YOU SERVE ME. YOU TRAIN MY PEOPLE IN YOUR SKILLS.
YOU KILL FOR ME.
TOGETHER WE WILL NOT BE STOPPED.
YOU COME NO FURTHER.

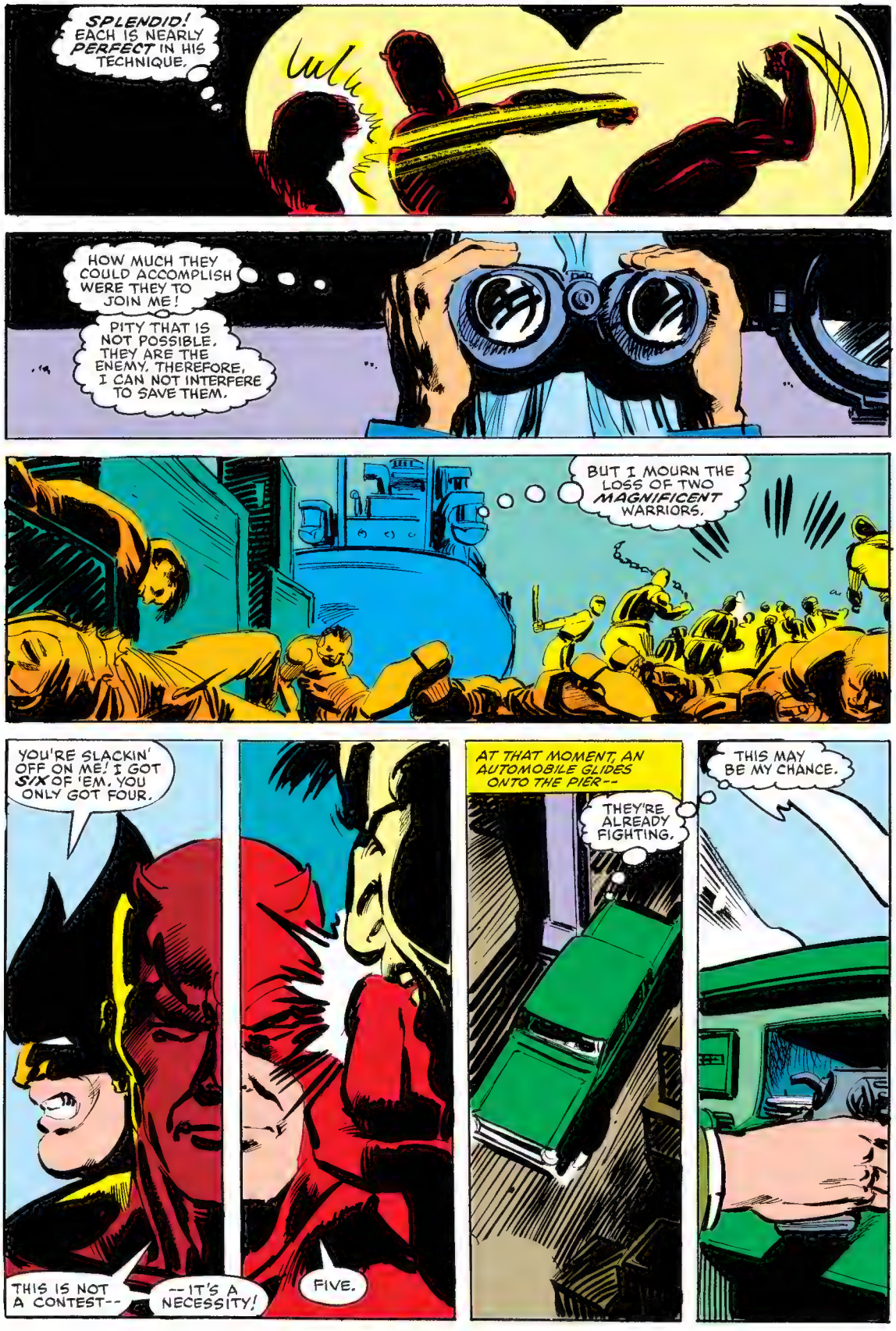

GHAAAH
NICE MOVE. HE DEAD?
JUST TEMPORARILY PARALYZED. HE'LL BE FINE IN AN HOUR.
SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU.
FUNNY THEY POSTED ONLY ONE GUARD.
BE QUIET.
HE IS BLIND. BUT THE ACCIDENT THAT TOOK HIS SIGHT HEIGHTENED HIS HEARING, TASTE, TOUCH AND SMELL INCREDIBLY--
-- AND GAVE HIM A SIXTH SENSE WHICH HE CALLS HIS RADAR.
FOR A MOMENT HE STANDS IN TOTAL CONCENTRATION.
THEN--
WE'RE NOT ALONE.

ANY IDEA HOW MANY?
I COUNT TWENTY.


GOOD.

THE BOSS SAID NO GUNS. WE DON'T WANT THIS TO LOOK LIKE HE HAD ANYTHING TO WITH IT.
WITH THESE ODDS...WHO NEEDS GUNS?
YOU DO! YOU NEED CANNONS!
AN' ARMIES TO BACK 'EM UP!
AN' YOU'D STILL LOSE!
BLONK

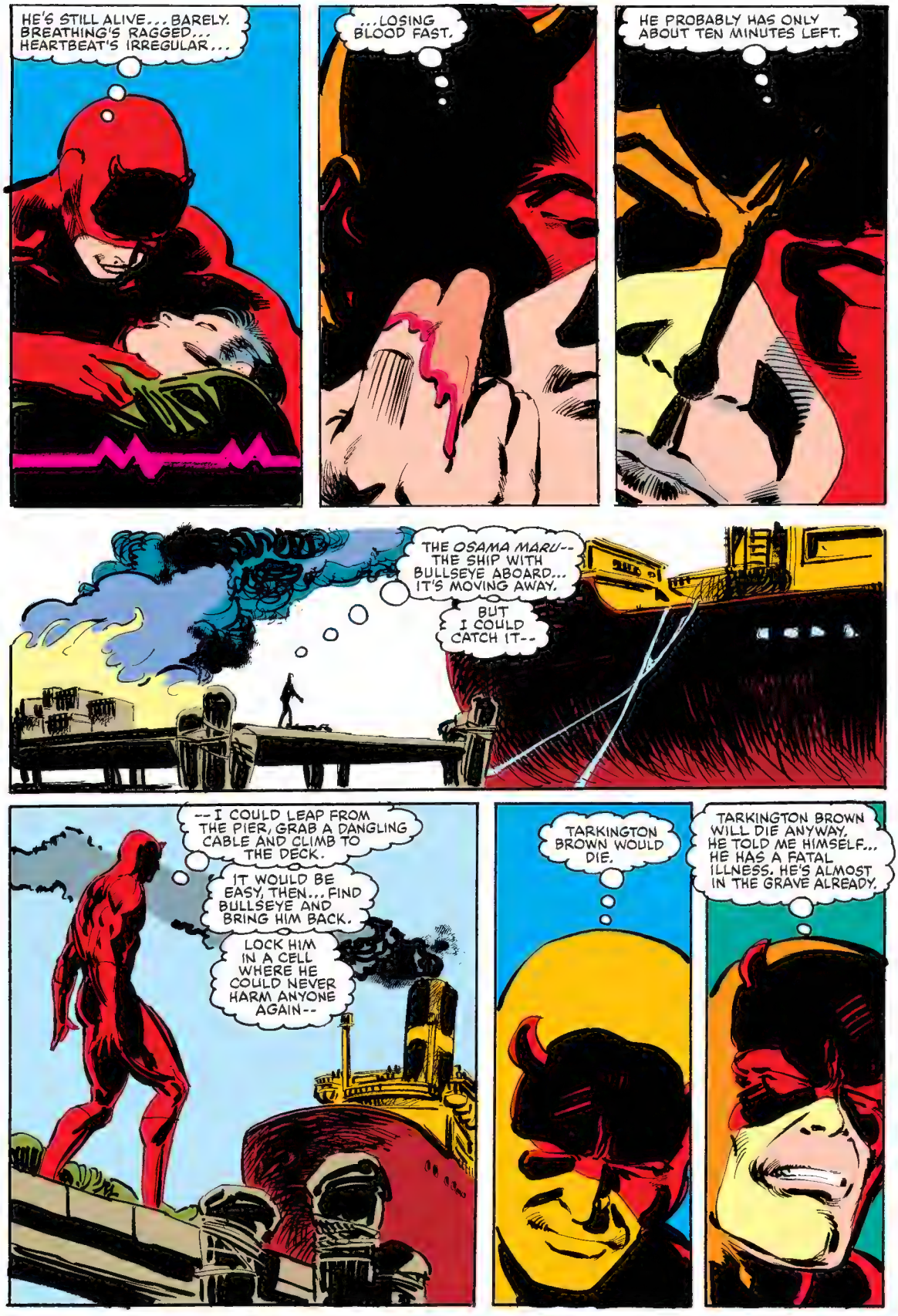

I EVEN FELT THAT!
HOW 'BOUT YOU?
HOW YOU DOIN'?
NOT--
--BAD.


SPLENDID! EACH IS NEARLY PERFECT IN HIS TECHNIQUE.
HOW MUCH THEY COULD ACCOMPLISH WERE THEY TO JOIN ME!
PITY THAT IS NOT POSSIBLE. THEY ARE THE ENEMY. THEREFORE, I CAN NOT INTERFERE TO SAVE THEM.
BUT I MOURN THE LOSS OF TWO MAGNIFICENT WARRIORS.
YOU'RE SLACKIN' OFF ON ME! I GOT SIX OF 'EM. YOU ONLY GOT FOUR.
THIS IS NOT A CONTEST--
--IT'S A NECESSITY!
FIVE.
AT THAT MOMENT, AN AUTOMOBILE GLIDES ONTO THE PIER--
THEY'RE ALREADY FIGHTING.
THIS MAY BE MY CHANCE.

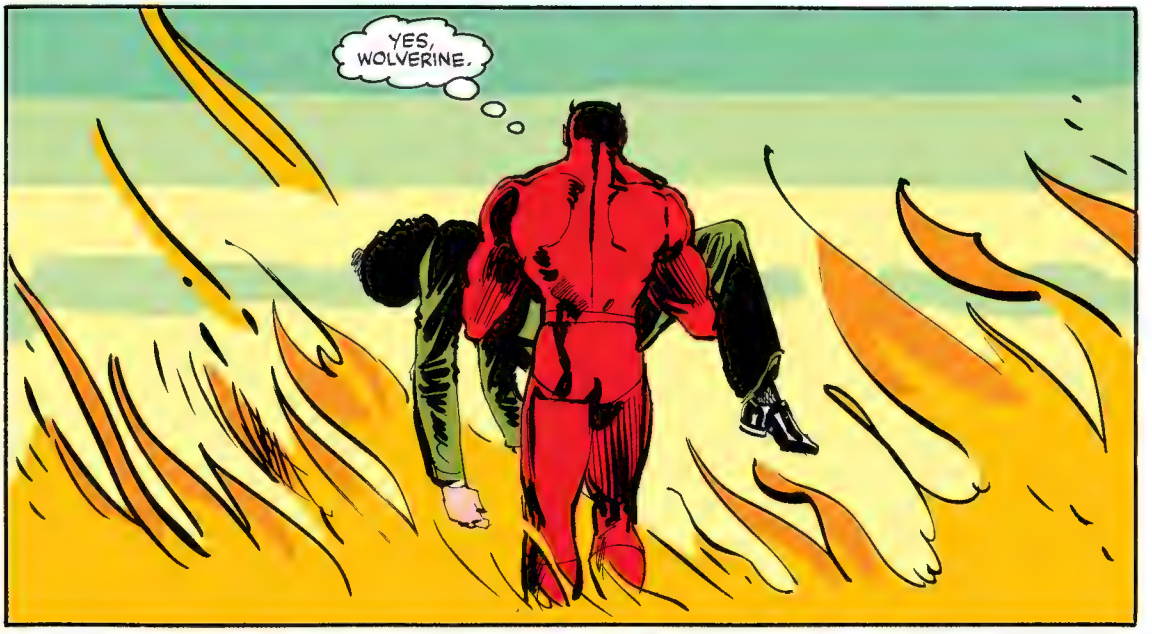
MAYBE YOU HAVEN'T NOTICED, BUB... BUT THE SAILORS ARE CASTIN' OFF THE MOORIN' LINES --
--THAT TUB'S GETTIN' READY TO LEAVE!
WE BETTER *END* OUR LITTLE FROLIC--
WOLVERINE... *BEHIND YOU!*
THANKS FOR THE WARNIN', BUB.
FRACKH
AS FOR *YOU*, SONNY... WHEN YOU SWUNG THAT AXE, YOU MADE THE BIGGEST MISTAKE OF YOUR LIFE--
--AN' THE *LAST!*

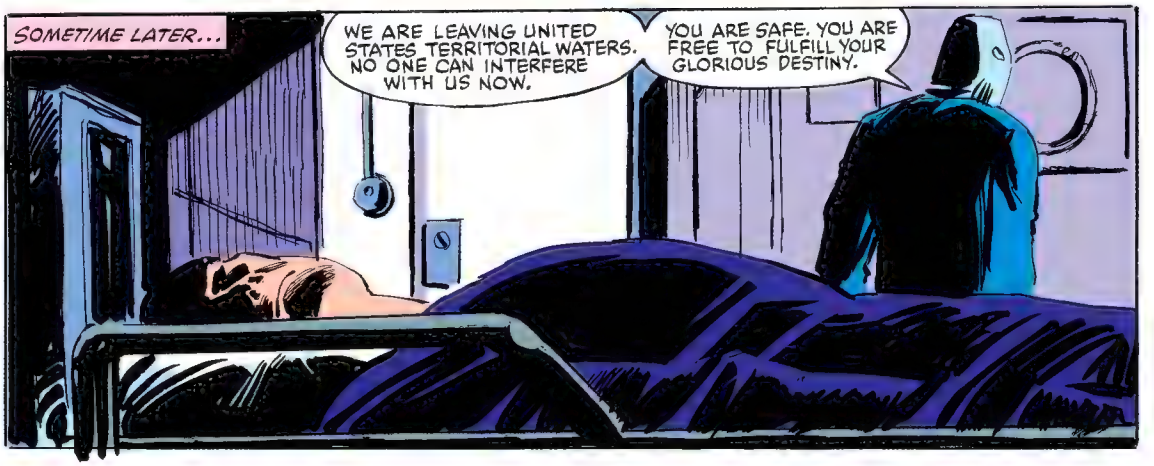
HE'S ENGAGED. HE ISN'T AWARE I'M HERE.
I CAN PAY HIM BACK FOR INTERFERING... FOR RUINING MY PLANS.
FOR MAKING MY FEW REMAINING WEEKS MEANINGLESS.
I CAN KILL HIM.
AAAGHH
BLAM BLAM

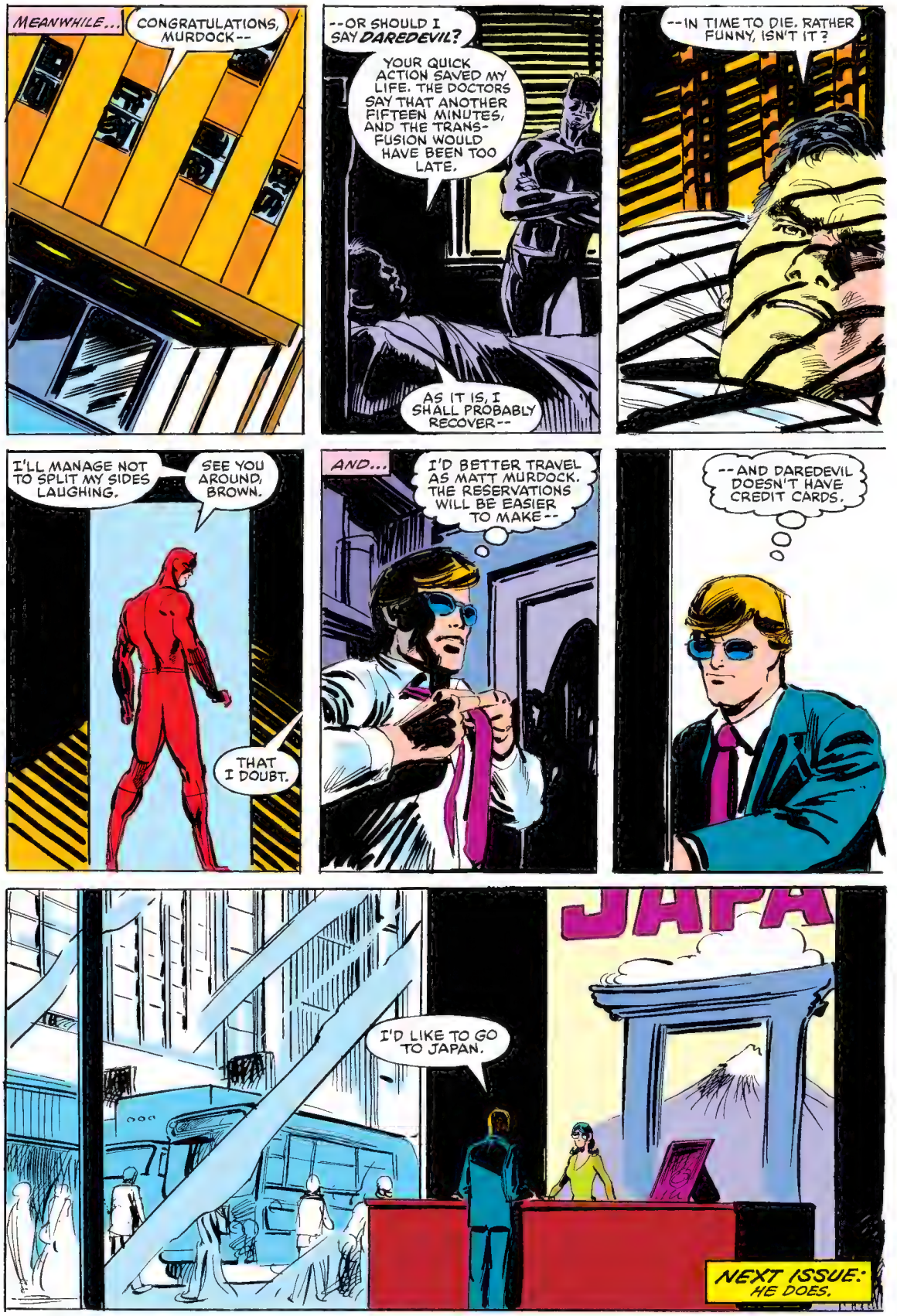
THE SHOTS SET THE LEAKING FUEL AFIRE. FORTUNATELY THE HOSE IS DISCONNECTED FROM BOTH THE TANK AND THE SHIP.
IT'LL BURN, BUT IT WON'T EXPLODE.
A LATECOMER JOINED OUR LITTLE PARTY... YOUR PAL TARKINGTON BROWN.
AND YOU STRUCK HIM DOWN IN COLD BLOOD.
HEY, THERE WASN'T TIME TO LET HIM WARM UP. HE WAS GONNA SHOOT YOU.
I SAVED YOUR LIFE, BUT DON'T THANK ME--
--JUST BUY A TICKET TO THE MUTANTS' BALL.
YOU'VE DONE... THAT--
--AND YOU CAN JOKE?
YEAH, I CAN.
I'LL TELL YOU... YOUR HOLIER-THAN-THOU ROUTINE IS BEGINNIN' TO GIVE ME THE QUEASIES.
THE LAST THREE OF OUR PLAYMATES ARE MAKIN' A RUN FOR IT AN' I THINK ONE OF 'EM'S THE GUY WHO MACHINE-GUNNED ME AT THE HOSPITAL.
I OWE HIM.


HE'S STILL ALIVE... BARELY. BREATHING'S RAGGED... HEARTBEAT'S IRREGULAR...
...LOSING BLOOD FAST.
HE PROBABLY HAS ONLY ABOUT TEN MINUTES LEFT.
THE *OSAMA MARU*-- THE SHIP WITH BULLSEYE ABOARD... IT'S MOVING AWAY.
BUT I COULD CATCH IT--
-- I COULD LEAP FROM THE PIER, GRAB A DANGLING CABLE AND CLIMB TO THE DECK.
IT WOULD BE EASY, THEN... FIND BULLSEYE AND BRING HIM BACK.
LOCK HIM IN A CELL WHERE HE COULD NEVER HARM ANYONE AGAIN--
TARKINGTON BROWN WOULD DIE.
TARKINGTON BROWN WILL DIE ANYWAY. HE TOLD ME HIMSELF... HE HAS A FATAL ILLNESS. HE'S ALMOST IN THE GRAVE ALREADY.

BESIDES, HE'S NO BETTER THAN BULLSEYE...
...HE'S A MADMAN...
...A MURDERER...
...HE TRIED TO MURDER ME...
...IF WOLVERINE HADN'T STOPPED HIM...


YES, WOLVERINE.


SOMETIME LATER...
WE ARE LEAVING UNITED STATES TERRITORIAL WATERS. NO ONE CAN INTERFERE WITH US NOW.
YOU ARE SAFE. YOU ARE FREE TO FULFILL YOUR GLORIOUS DESTINY.


MEANWHILE...
CONGRATULATIONS, MURDOCK--
--OR SHOULD I SAY DAREDEVIL?
YOUR QUICK ACTION SAVED MY LIFE. THE DOCTORS SAY THAT ANOTHER FIFTEEN MINUTES, AND THE TRANS-FUSION WOULD HAVE BEEN TOO LATE.
AS IT IS, I SHALL PROBABLY RECOVER--
--IN TIME TO DIE. RATHER FUNNY, ISN'T IT?
I'LL MANAGE NOT TO SPLIT MY SIDES LAUGHING.
SEE YOU AROUND, BROWN.
THAT I DOUBT.
AND...
I'D BETTER TRAVEL AS MATT MURDOCK. THE RESERVATIONS WILL BE EASIER TO MAKE--
--AND DAREDEVIL DOESN'T HAVE CREDIT CARDS.
JAPA
I'D LIKE TO GO TO JAPAN.
NEXT ISSUE: HE DOES.

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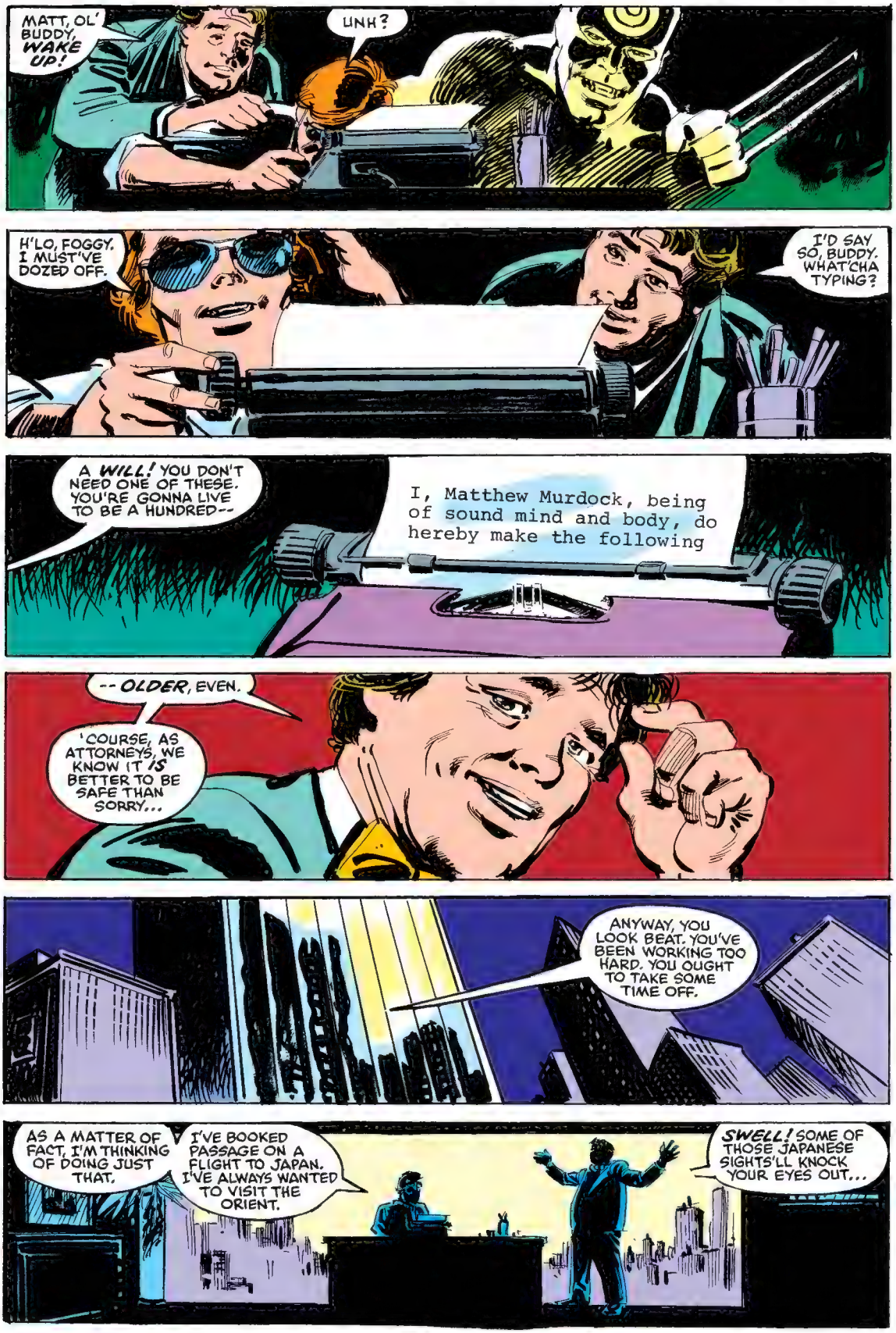
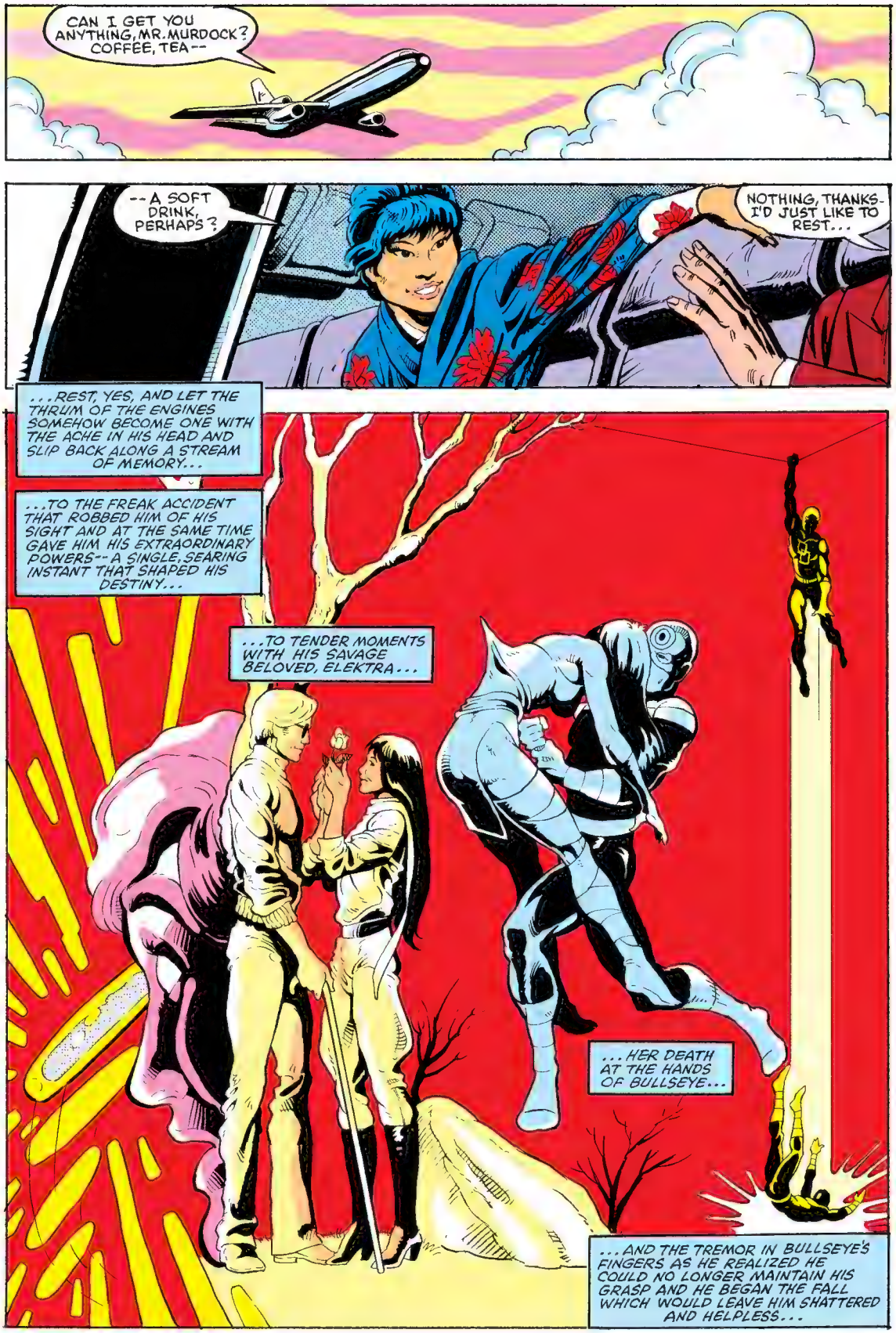

MATT, OL' BUDDY, WAKE UP!
UNH?
H'LO, FOGGY. I MUST'VE DOZED OFF.
I'D SAY SO, BUDDY. WHAT'CHA TYPING?
A WILL! YOU DON'T NEED ONE OF THESE. YOU'RE GONNA LIVE TO BE A HUNDRED--
I, Matthew Murdock, being of sound mind and body, do hereby make the following
-- OLDER, EVEN.
'COURSE, AS ATTORNEYS, WE KNOW IT IS BETTER TO BE SAFE THAN SORRY...
ANYWAY, YOU LOOK BEAT. YOU'VE BEEN WORKING TOO HARD. YOU OUGHT TO TAKE SOME TIME OFF.
AS A MATTER OF FACT, I'M THINKING OF DOING JUST THAT.
I'VE BOOKED PASSAGE ON A FLIGHT TO JAPAN. I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO VISIT THE ORIENT.
SWELL! SOME OF THOSE JAPANESE SIGHTS'LL KNOCK YOUR EYES OUT...

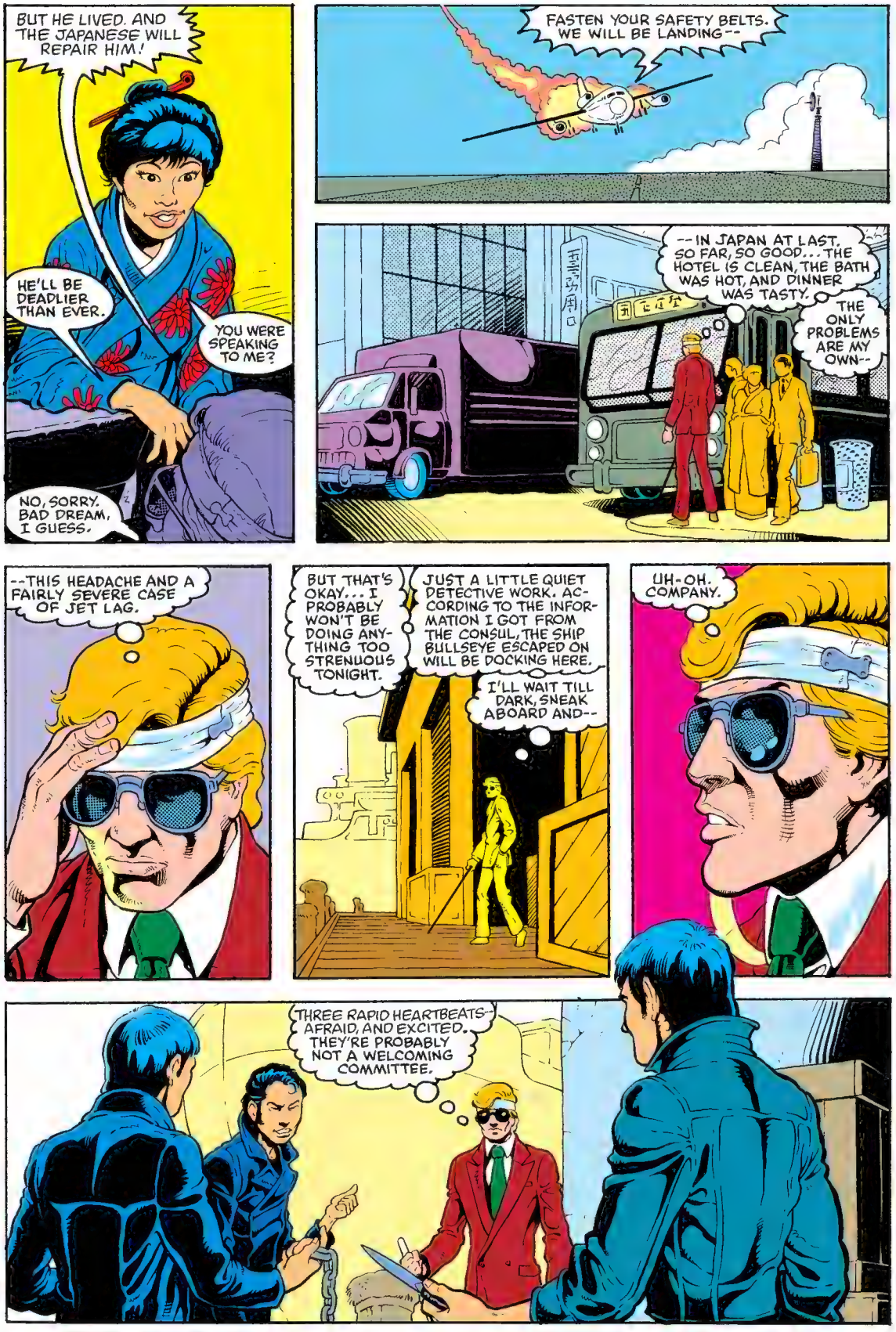
OH, GOSH, MATT, I'M SORRY. I FORGOT...
SOMETIMES I WISH YOU WOULD FORGET I'M BLIND, OLD FRIEND. IT WOULD SAVE US BOTH EMBARRASSMENT.
WELL, I JUST STOPPED UP TO GET MY BRIEFCASE. GOTTA RUN... WIFE'S WAITING IN A CAB.
THERE WAS SOMETHING ELSE...PROBABLY NOT IMPORTANT. I'LL SEE...UH-- TALK TO YOU IN A COUPLE OF WEEKS.
BYE.
BELOW--
WHAT TOOK YOU SO LONG, FRANKLIN?
STOPPED TO JAW A MINUTE WITH MATT.
OH MY GOSH, I FORGOT TO TELL HIM ONE OF THOSE NUTTY COPS WHO TRASHED HIS HOUSE*--ONE OF THE VIGILANTES-- ESCAPED! MAYBE I SHOULD GO BACK...
FRANKLIN, DON'T EVEN THINK IT. IT'S AFTER MIDNIGHT AND WE ARE GOING HOME.
*ISSUE #195. -LINDA
YOU'RE RIGHT. IT'LL KEEP TILL MORNING.
THAT WAS NELSON. MURDOCK'S GOT TO COME OUT SOONER OR LATER--
--AND THAT'S WHEN HE PAYS FOR LURING US INTO THAT TRAP ...SETTING US UP FOR DARE-DEVIL!
I COULDN'T GET MY HANDS ON A PIECE ...BUT THIS STICK OF DYNAMITE I SWIPED FROM THAT CONSTRUCTION SHACK WILL DO JUST AS WELL.

WHILE...
REALLY DUMB, FALLING ASLEEP LIKE THAT. IF FOGGY HAD BEEN AN ENEMY--OR EVEN A COMMON MUGGER--I'D'VE BEEN IN DEEP TROUBLE.
I'M BEAT.
MY PLANE LEAVES IN LESS THAN TEN HOURS. I'D BETTER HEAD HOME AND TRY TO CATCH SOME SLEEP.
--AND HOPE I DON'T HAVE ANY MORE DREAMS...AT LEAST NOT OF BULLSEYE AND WHAT HE MIGHT BECOME IF THOSE JAPANESE SURGEONS PUT HIM BACK TOGETHER AGAIN.
AND WHAT HE MIGHT DO TO ME.
NOT MUCH TRAFFIC. NOT LIKELY I'LL GET A CAB AT THIS HOUR.
OH WELL, THE WALK WON'T HURT ME.

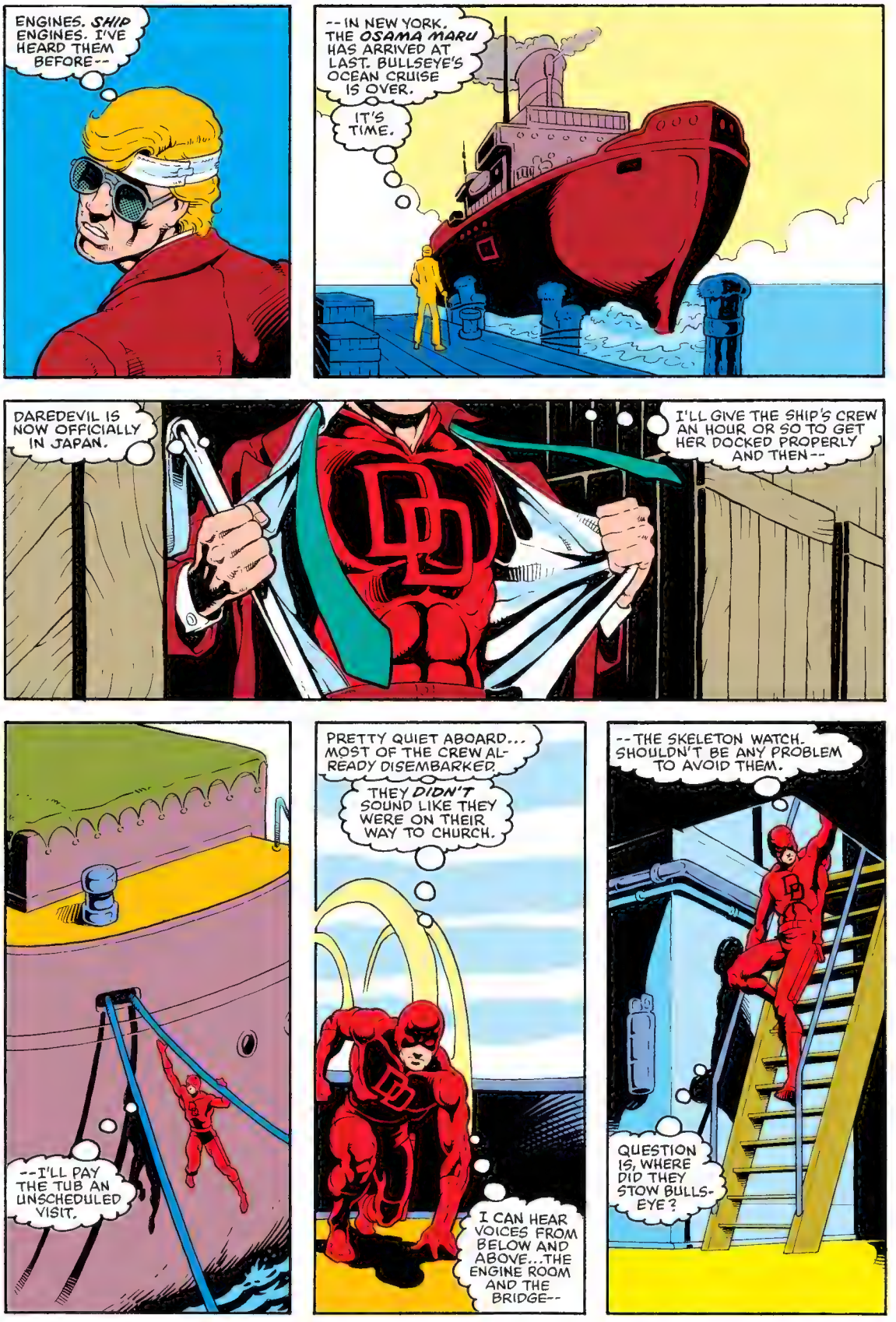
WHAT'S THAT GREAT LINE FROM "GUYS AND DOLLS"? "MY TIME OF DAY IS THE DARK TIME, A COUPLE OF DEALS BEFORE DAWN..."
EH--?
FOOTSTEPS... OBJECT HURTLING TOWARD ME... HISSING SOUND... A FUSE--
--DANGER!
THOK
B-WHOAMMM

BRRR-RRRINGGG!
HUH
WHAZZAT? MATT MURDOCK? I'LL BE RIGHT THERE.
MATT'S IN THE HOSPITAL. THE EMERGENCY WARD. I GOTTA GO.
...WAIT TILL MORNING...
AND--
THE DOC SAYS YOU'RE LUCKY, MATT. AS FAR AS HE CAN TELL--
--YOU ONLY GOT A SLIGHT CONCUSSION, BUT HE SAYS YOU SHOULD STAY IN BED FOR A FEW DAYS TO BE SAFE--
I CAN'T.
I'M GOING TO JAPAN.

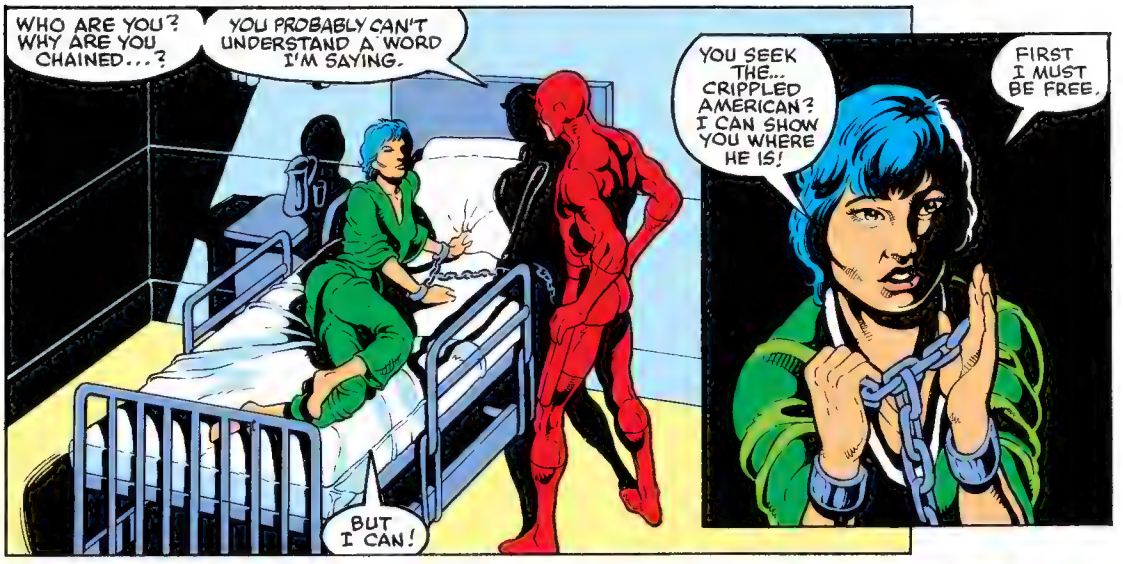

CAN I GET YOU ANYTHING, MR. MURDOCK? COFFEE, TEA--
--A SOFT DRINK, PERHAPS?
NOTHING, THANKS- I'D JUST LIKE TO REST...
...REST, YES, AND LET THE THRUM OF THE ENGINES SOMEHOW BECOME ONE WITH THE ACHE IN HIS HEAD AND SLIP BACK ALONG A STREAM OF MEMORY...
...TO THE FREAK ACCIDENT THAT ROBBED HIM OF HIS SIGHT AND AT THE SAME TIME GAVE HIM HIS EXTRAORDINARY POWERS--A SINGLE, SEARING INSTANT THAT SHAPED HIS DESTINY...
...TO TENDER MOMENTS WITH HIS SAVAGE BELOVED, ELEKTRA...
...HER DEATH AT THE HANDS OF BULLSEYE...
...AND THE TREMOR IN BULLSEYE'S FINGERS AS HE REALIZED HE COULD NO LONGER MAINTAIN HIS GRASP AND HE BEGAN THE FALL WHICH WOULD LEAVE HIM SHATTERED AND HELPLESS...


BUT HE LIVED. AND THE JAPANESE WILL REPAIR HIM!
HE'LL BE DEADLIER THAN EVER.
YOU WERE SPEAKING TO ME?
NO, SORRY. BAD DREAM, I GUESS.
FASTEN YOUR SAFETY BELTS. WE WILL BE LANDING--
--IN JAPAN AT LAST. SO FAR, SO GOOD... THE HOTEL IS CLEAN, THE BATH WAS HOT, AND DINNER WAS TASTY.
THE ONLY PROBLEMS ARE MY OWN--
--THIS HEADACHE AND A FAIRLY SEVERE CASE OF JET LAG.
BUT THAT'S OKAY... I PROBABLY WON'T BE DOING ANY-THING TOO STRENUOUS TONIGHT.
JUST A LITTLE QUIET DETECTIVE WORK. ACCORDING TO THE INFORMATION I GOT FROM THE CONSUL, THE SHIP BULLSEYE ESCAPED ON WILL BE DOCKING HERE.
I'LL WAIT TILL DARK, SNEAK ABOARD AND--
UH-OH. COMPANY.
THREE RAPID HEARTBEATS-- AFRAID, AND EXCITED. THEY'RE PROBABLY NOT A WELCOMING COMMITTEE.

WAIT A MINUTE, GUYS...THIS WON'T DO A THING FOR JAPANESE-AMERICAN RELATIONS...
THEY DON'T SPEAK ENGLISH--AND IT PROBABLY WOULDN'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE IF THEY DID.
ZATOICHI!!
JUVENILE RIP-OFF ARTISTS ...ALMOST LIKE I NEVER LEFT HOME.

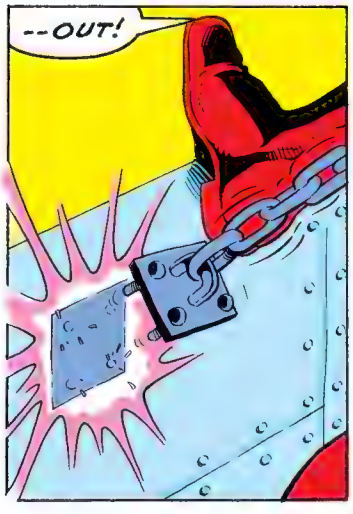

ENGINES. SHIP ENGINES. I'VE HEARD THEM BEFORE--
--IN NEW YORK, THE OSAMA MARU HAS ARRIVED AT LAST. BULLSEYE'S OCEAN CRUISE IS OVER.
IT'S TIME.
DAREDEVIL IS NOW OFFICIALLY IN JAPAN.
I'LL GIVE THE SHIP'S CREW AN HOUR OR SO TO GET HER DOCKED PROPERLY AND THEN--
--I'LL PAY THE TUB AN UNSCHEDULED VISIT.
PRETTY QUIET ABOARD... MOST OF THE CREW ALREADY DISEMBARKED.
THEY DIDN'T SOUND LIKE THEY WERE ON THEIR WAY TO CHURCH.
I CAN HEAR VOICES FROM BELOW AND ABOVE...THE ENGINE ROOM AND THE BRIDGE--
--THE SKELETON WATCH. SHOULDN'T BE ANY PROBLEM TO AVOID THEM.
QUESTION IS, WHERE DID THEY STOW BULLSEYE?

A ROW OF EMPTY STATEROOMS... ALL EXCEPT FOR THE ONE AT THE END.
UNLOCKED.
I CAN SMELL DISINFECTANT. ALCOHOL.
A SICK BAY.
SOMEONE'S ON THE BED. I'VE HIT THE JACKPOT.
BULLS--
--EYE?

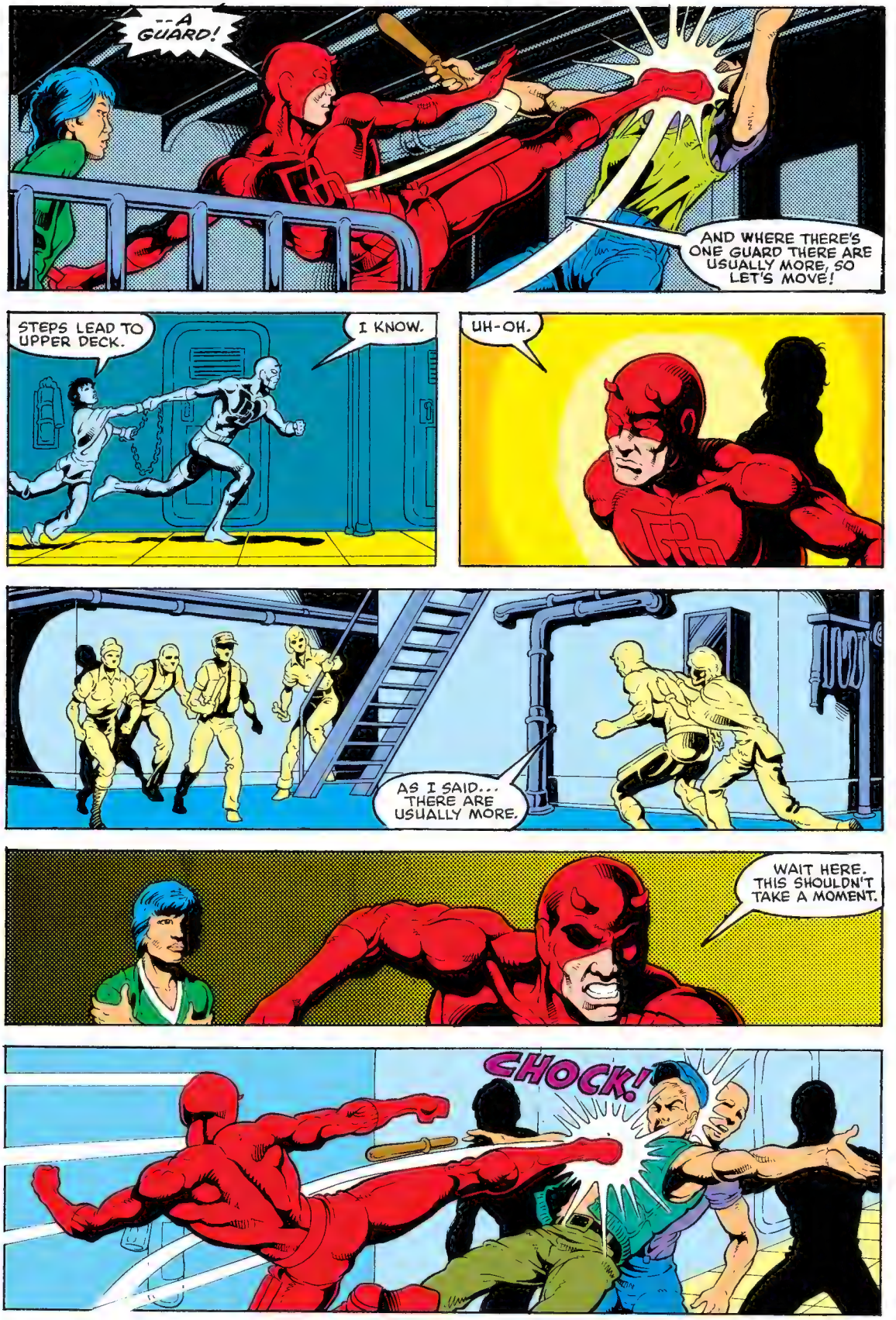

WHO ARE YOU? WHY ARE YOU CHAINED...?
YOU PROBABLY CAN'T UNDERSTAND A WORD I'M SAYING.
BUT I CAN!
YOU SEEK THE... CRIPPLED AMERICAN? I CAN SHOW YOU WHERE HE IS!
FIRST I MUST BE FREE.

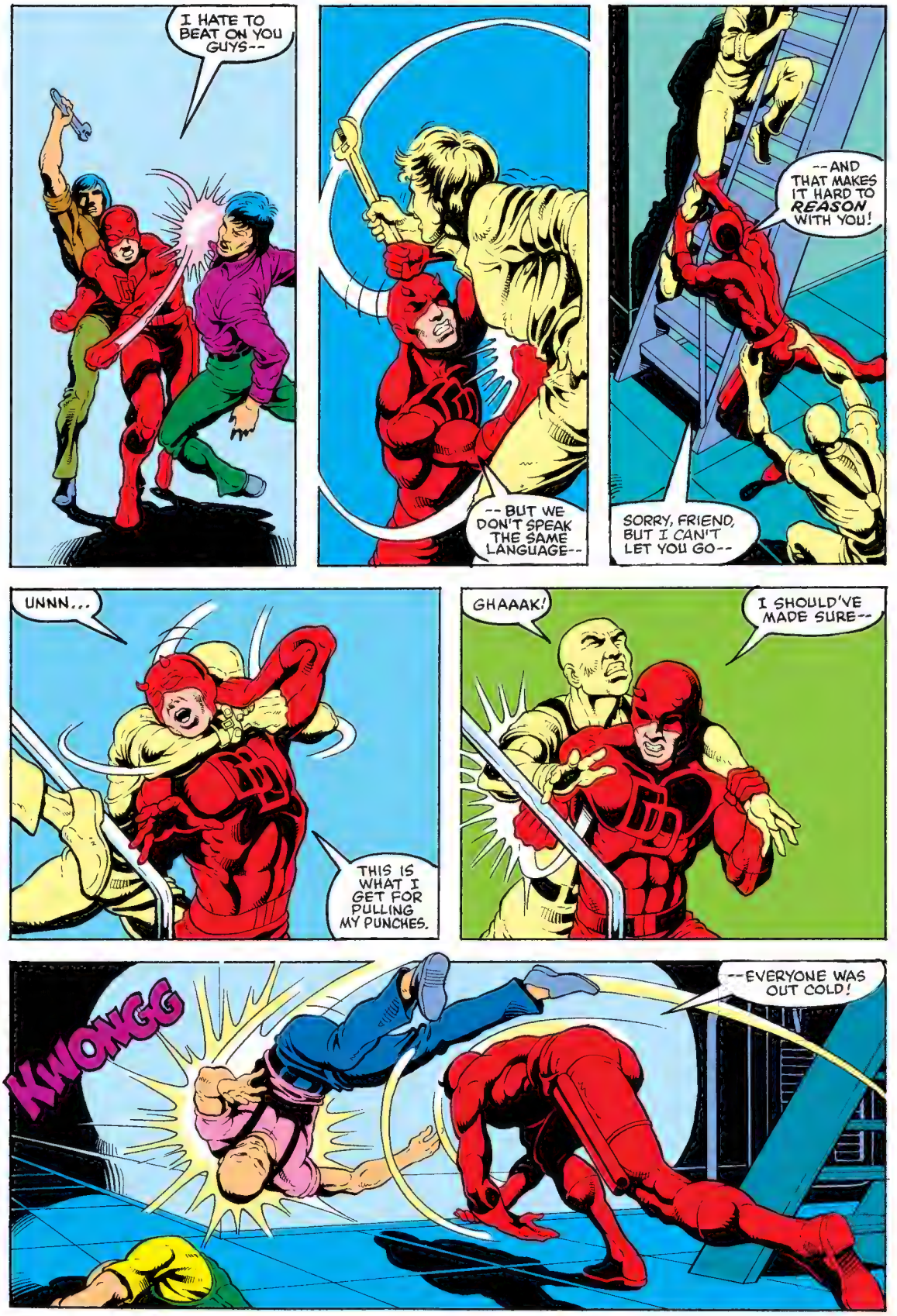
NO PROBLEM. AT LEAST, I DON'T THINK IT IS. THOSE FASTENINGS ARE LOOSE IN THE WALL.

I SHOULD BE ABLE TO--
--PULL--
--THEM--


--OUT!

BEHIND YOU!
DON'T TELL ME. LET ME GUESS. A GUARD.
WHERE THERE'S A PRISONER THERE'S USUALLY--


--A GUARD!
AND WHERE THERE'S ONE GUARD THERE ARE USUALLY MORE, SO LET'S MOVE!
STEPS LEAD TO UPPER DECK.
I KNOW.
UH-OH.
AS I SAID... THERE ARE USUALLY MORE.
WAIT HERE. THIS SHOULDN'T TAKE A MOMENT.
CHOCK!


I HATE TO BEAT ON YOU GUYS--
-- BUT WE DON'T SPEAK THE SAME LANGUAGE--
SORRY, FRIEND, BUT I CAN'T LET YOU GO--
--AND THAT MAKES IT HARD TO REASON WITH YOU!
UNNN...
THIS IS WHAT I GET FOR PULLING MY PUNCHES.
GHAAAK!
I SHOULD'VE MADE SURE--
KWONGG
--EVERYONE WAS OUT COLD!

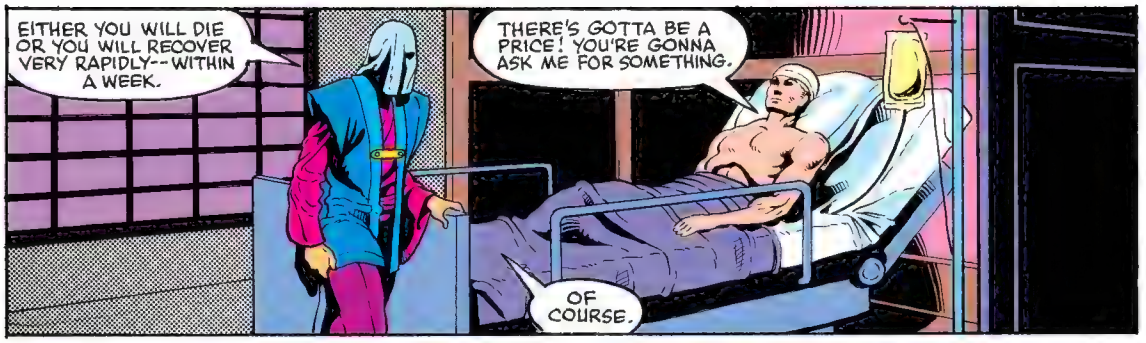
I WAS WRONG. IT TOOK LONGER THAN A MOMENT.
DO NOT APOLOGIZE.
I'M NOT. I'M TELLING YOU TO *HURRY*. THE ONE WHO GOT AWAY WILL SPREAD THE ALARM AND--
WHAT IS WRONG?
I...I'M NOT SURE...
FOR A SECOND, I THOUGHT I SAW A VERY POWERFUL ENEMY...
NO... I THOUGHT I *WAS* THAT ENEMY.
A DAY AGO, I SUSTAINED A NASTY HEAD INJURY. THAT PROBABLY EXPLAINS IT.
WE HAVEN'T TIME TO WORRY ABOUT IT NOW. LET'S SHAKE IT.
SHAKE...?
MOVE. RUN. FLEE. SKEDADDLE.
SKE... DAD-DLE?
NEVER MIND.

OKAY, WHERE'S BULLSEYE?
HE IS NOT ON THE SHIP.
THEN WHERE IS--
HEAT.
A SPOTLIGHT.
[GET THEM.]*
WHAT CAN WE DO?
STAY READY-- FOR ANYTHING!
KWREEZOK
I FIGURED THIS MONKEY WRENCH--
--MIGHT COME IN HANDY.
*TRANSLATED FROM THE JAPANESE.

THE LAST OF THE CREWMEN--
--AT LEAST I *HOPE* IT'S THE LAST OF THEM.
THEY COULDN'T BE AT MORE OF A DISADVANTAGE.
DARKNESS IS MY ELEMENT.
I *MAY* BE MAKING A MISTAKE. THE LADY I'M HELPING COULD BE THE ORIENT'S ANSWER TO LIZZIE BORDEN--
--BUT IF SHE'LL LEAD ME TO BULLSEYE, I DON'T CARE!

TZOK
SHE'S ESCAPING... DIVING INTO THE OCEAN--
SORRY, FRIEND. I CAN'T STAY ANY LONGER.
SHE SWIMS LIKE AN OTTER. BUT THAT CHAIN SHE'S DRAGGING IS SLOWING HER DOWN--
--OTHERWISE, I MIGHT NOT HAVE CAUGHT HER.
OKAY, LADY--
MY NAME IS YURIKO.
YURIKO, THEN. WHAT'S THE IDEA OF RUNNING OUT ON ME?--SWIMMING OUT ON ME?
I FEARED YOU WOULD LOSE THE FIGHT...THE OTHERS WERE SO MANY AND ...I OVERHEARD THEM TALKING. THEY PLANNED TERRIBLE THINGS FOR ME.
HER HEARTBEAT IS STEADY. SHE'S TELLING THE TRUTH.
I BELIEVE YOU. THIS IS A RESTAURANT, RIGHT?
A RICE SHOP.
LET'S DUCK IN HERE BEFORE WE FREEZE TO DEATH.

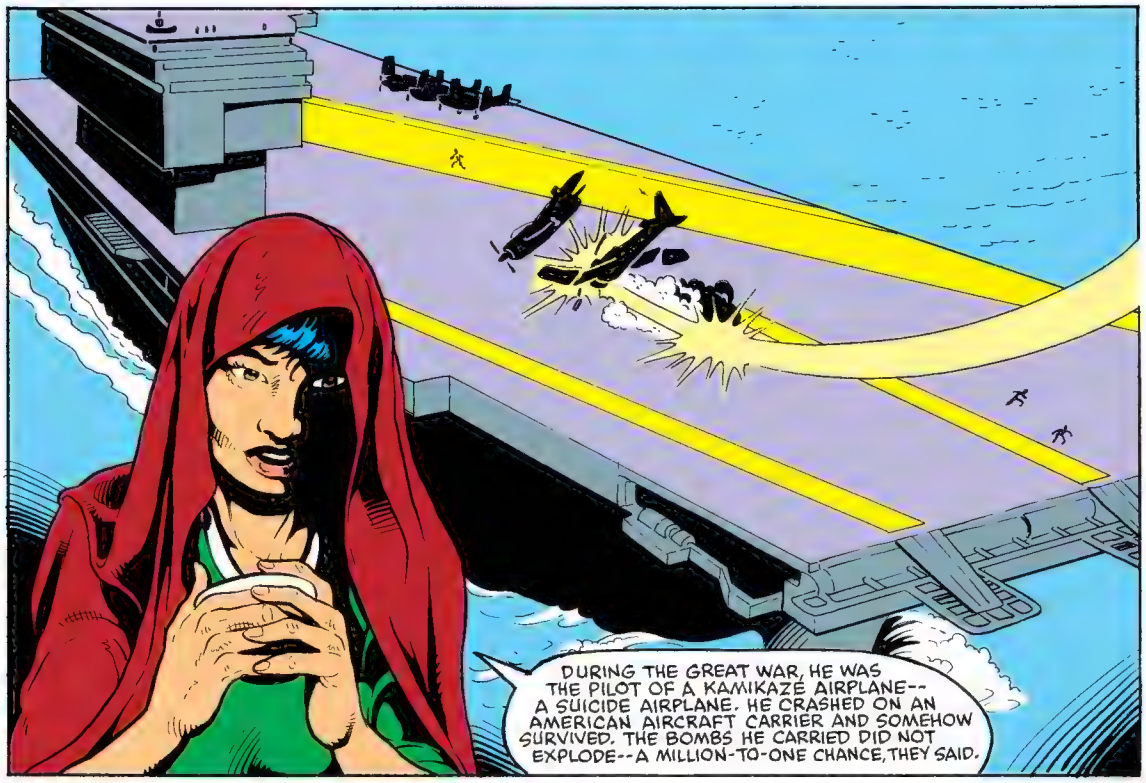
THEN--
SHE SAYS SHE IS SORRY WE ARE CLUMSY FOOLS AND FELL INTO THE WATER AND WE CAN PAY HER LATER.
THANKS... I GUESS. NOW--
--BULLSEYE.
THE SHIP STOPPED ABOUT TEN KILOMETERS FROM SHORE AND THE AMERICAN WAS TAKEN OFF BY BOAT.
HE WAS BEING CARRIED TO AN ISLAND--
"--NEAR THE COAST OF HOKKIDO...
YOU ARE AWAKE, BULLSEYE?
TREATMENT WITH HERBS TO INSURE THAT YOUR BODY WILL NOT REJECT THE ARTIFICIAL PARTS--
--AND PRAYER TO THIS KAMI...THE GOD OF MY HOUSEHOLD.
EXCELLENT! THIS MEANS THAT THE TREATMENT YOU WERE GIVEN DURING THE VOYAGE WAS SUCCESSFUL.
YEAH, SO WHAT'S NEXT ON THE PROGRAM?
YOU CAN SPEAK. BETTER AND BETTER.
WHAT IS NEXT IS A COMBINATION OF THE OLD AND THE NEW. YOU WILL SUBMIT TO SURGERY. YOUR DAMAGED BONE WILL BE REPLACED BY METAL. THAT IS THE NEW.
AN' THE OLD?
A WARRIOR GOD.


EITHER YOU WILL DIE OR YOU WILL RECOVER VERY RAPIDLY--WITHIN A WEEK.
THERE'S GOTTA BE A PRICE! YOU'RE GONNA ASK ME FOR SOMETHING.
OF COURSE.

HEY...YOU AIN'T TOLD ME YOUR NAME--

HE CALLS HIMSELF DARK WIND, THIS MAN WHO HAS THE AMERICAN KILLER.
ELSEWHERE

WHO EXACTLY IS HE?
A FANATIC. A MADMAN.


DURING THE GREAT WAR, HE WAS THE PILOT OF A KAMIKAZE AIRPLANE--A SUICIDE AIRPLANE. HE CRASHED ON AN AMERICAN AIRCRAFT CARRIER AND SOMEHOW SURVIVED. THE BOMBS HE CARRIED DID NOT EXPLODE--A MILLION-TO-ONE CHANCE, THEY SAID.

HE CONSIDERS HIS SURVIVAL A GREAT DISGRACE, AND HE HAS SPENT HIS LIFE IN TRYING TO ATONE FOR IT.
AND FOR THAT HE NEEDS BULLSEYE?
YES. HE WILL USE THE AMERICAN IN A SCHEME HE HAS.
YOU KNOW A LOT ABOUT HIM.
I DO, BUT YOU MUST NOT QUESTION ME--
[THERE THEY ARE!]
EXCUSE ME.
YOU REALLY SHOULD HAVE STAYED ON THE SHIP.
NOW YOU--
KRASHH

SHE DOES NOT LIKE SAILORS.
CHECK.
I WILL LEAD YOU TO DARK WIND'S ISLAND.
FIRST, WE'LL STOP AT THE HOTEL ROOM OF... A FRIEND OF MINE TO PICK UP SOME CLOTHING AND MONEY.
AS YOU WILL.
YURIKO, I NOTICE YOU KEEP THE LEFT SIDE OF YOUR FACE HIDDEN. WHY?
DO NOT ASK THAT! YOU HAVE NO RIGHT -- YOU WHO KEEP YOUR OWN FACE MASKED...
NO. I AM BEING FOOLISH. I WILL SHOW YOU.
AM I NOT... UGLY?
TO MY EYES? NO.
BE HERE IN 30 DAYS FOR "TOUCH OF A STRANGER!"

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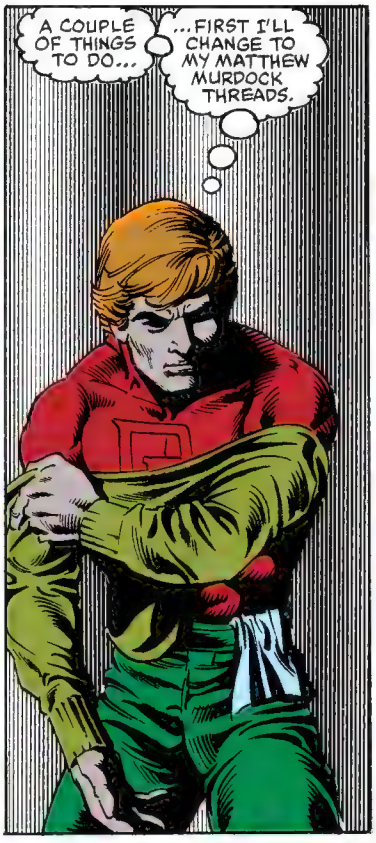
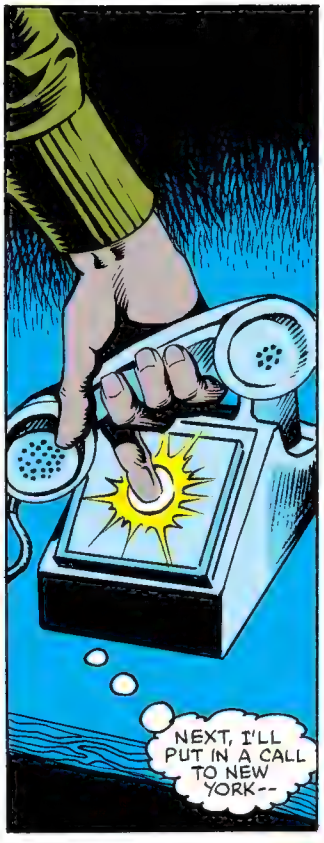
STAN LEE PRESENTS:
TOUCH OF A STRANGER
JAPAN...
THIS IS A FIRST... BREAKING INTO MY OWN HOTEL ROOM.
NOT MY IDEA OF A GOOD TIME-- BUT IT BEATS HAVING TO EXPLAIN MY COSTUME TO THE MANAGE-MENT.
DENNY O'NEIL - STORY
WILLIAM JOHNSON - PENCILS
DANNY BULANADI - INKS
JOE ROSEN - LETTERING
GLYNIS WEIN - COLORS
LINDA GRANT - EDITOR
JIM SHOOTER - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
SPECIAL THANKS TO LARRY HAMA

AT LEAST I DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT BEING SEEN. THE ROOM TO THE LEFT IS EMPTY AND THE COUPLE ON THE RIGHT ARE SNORING LOUD ENOUGH TO RATTLE MY MOLARS.
RADAR SENSE INDICATES NO ACTIVITY IN THE CORRIDOR OUTSIDE, EITHER.


A COUPLE OF THINGS TO DO...
...FIRST I'LL CHANGE TO MY MATTHEW MURDOCK THREADS.


NEXT, I'LL PUT IN A CALL TO NEW YORK--

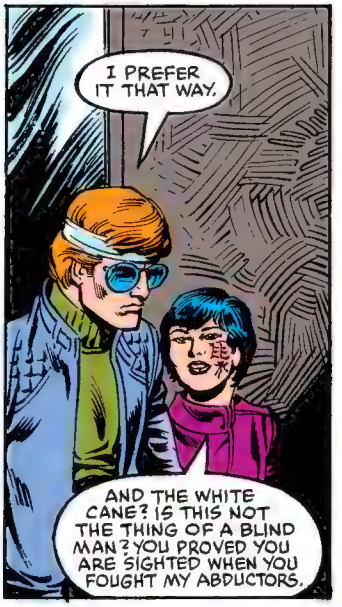
AND--
YURIKO? IT'S ME--THE MAN WHO RESCUED YOU FROM THE SHIP.* I HOPE I HAVEN'T KEPT YOU WAITING TOO LONG.
YOU NO LONGER WEAR THE STRANGE RED CLOTHING.
*LAST ISSUE - LINDA.

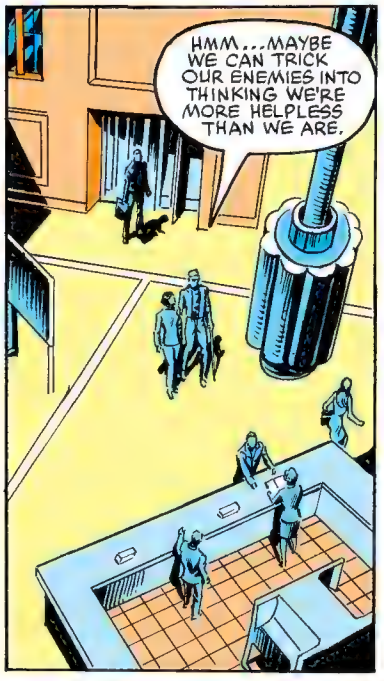
YES, WELL, IT'S EASIER TO MOVE AROUND UNNOTICED THIS WAY.
I SEE. COME, WE MUST HURRY. OUR TRAIN LEAVES IN AN HOUR.

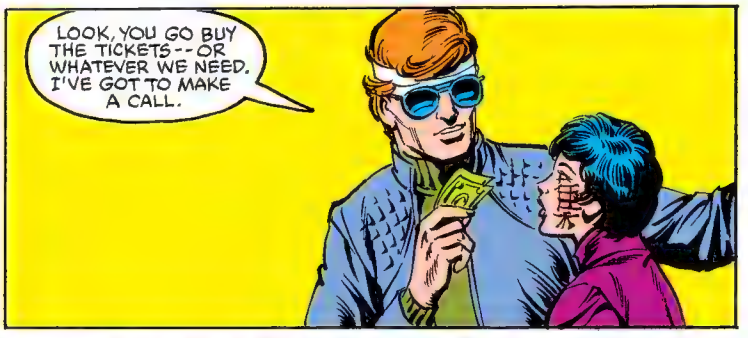
[I FOLLOWED THEM FROM THE DOCK TO THE HOTEL. A SECOND MAN--AN AMERICAN--HAS JOINED THE WOMAN. SHE MENTIONED THE RAILROAD.]*
[YOU HAVE DONE WELL. YOU WILL BE REWARDED.]*
*TRANSLATED FROM THE JAPANESE. -L.

YOU HEARD. OUR CLIENT DOES NOT WISH THE WOMAN HARMED. AS FOR THE MAN...
...TRY TO MAKE HIS DEATH APPEAR A COMMON STREET CRIME.

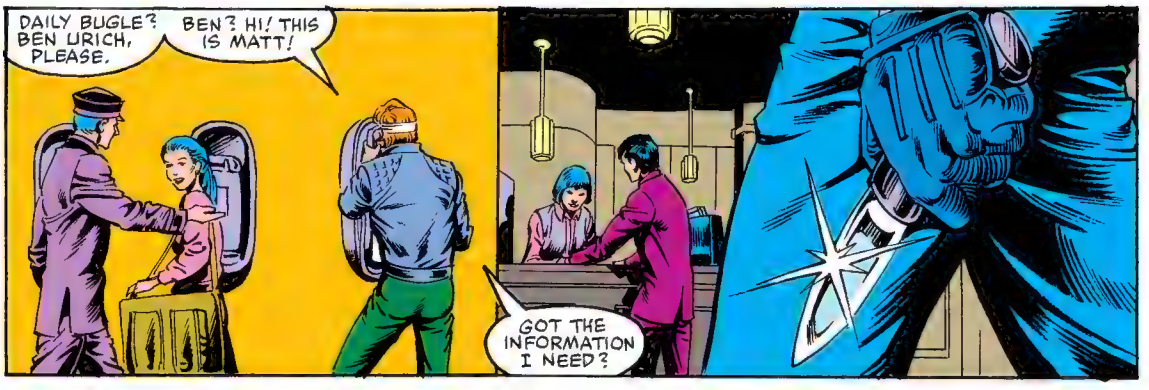
MEANWHILE--
IT IS NIGHT YET YOU WEAR DARK GLASSES. I DO NOT UNDERSTAND.
IT'S BECAUSE I'M--
SHE DOESN'T KNOW I'M BLIND. SHE DOESN'T NEED TO KNOW.

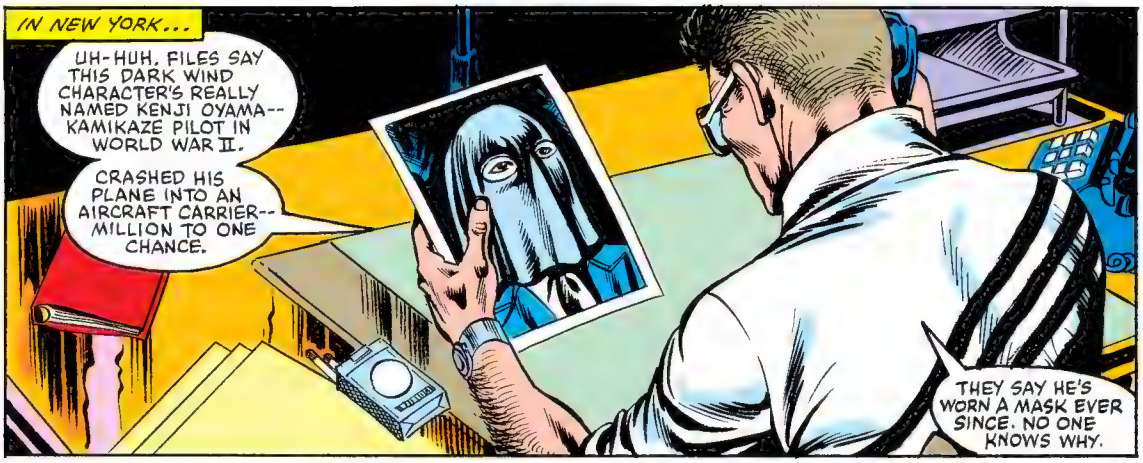

I PREFER IT THAT WAY.
AND THE WHITE CANE? IS THIS NOT THE THING OF A BLIND MAN? YOU PROVED YOU ARE SIGHTED WHEN YOU FOUGHT MY ABDUCTORS.

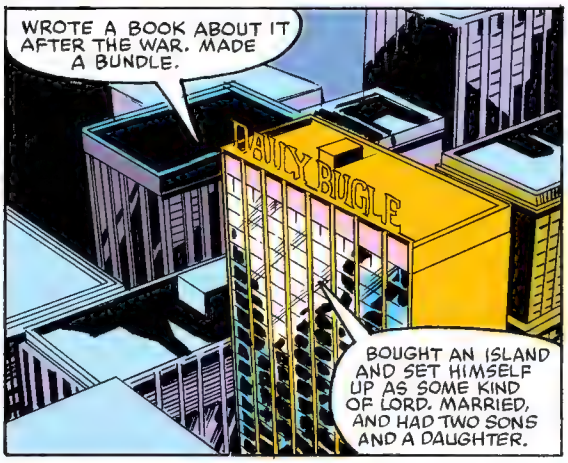

HMM...MAYBE WE CAN TRICK OUR ENEMIES INTO THINKING WE'RE MORE HELPLESS THAN WE ARE.


LOOK, YOU GO BUY THE TICKETS--OR WHATEVER WE NEED. I'VE GOT TO MAKE A CALL.

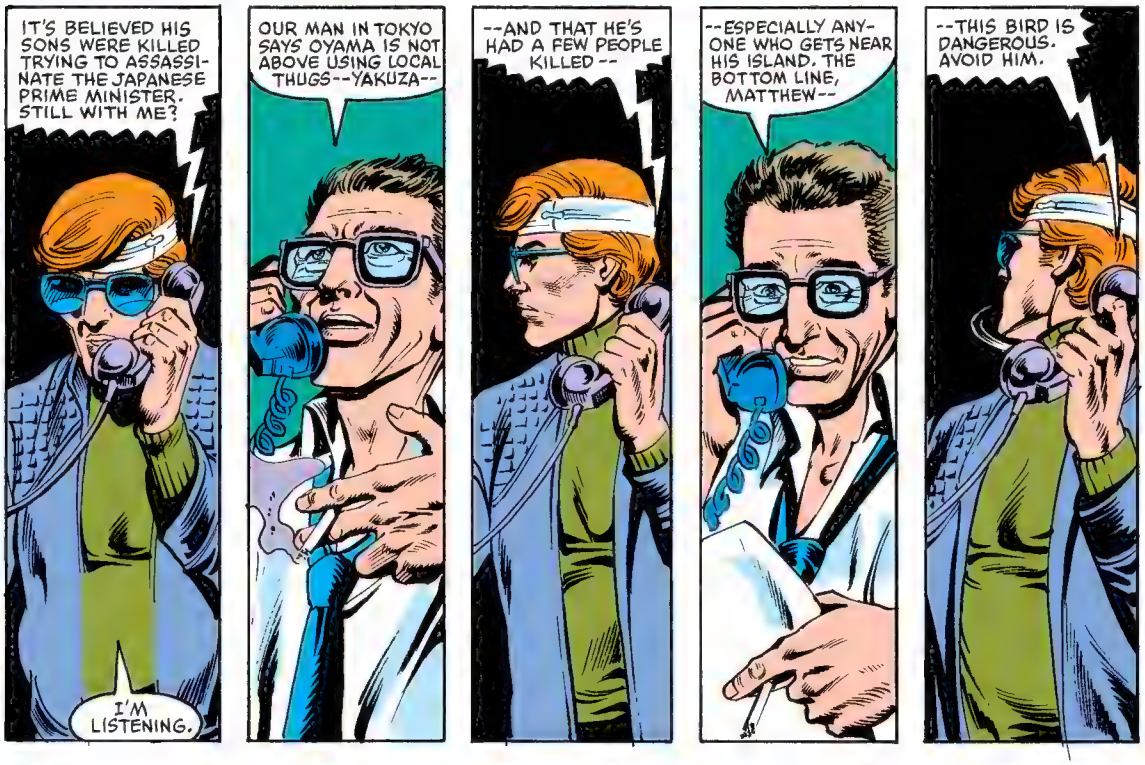
THEN--
YOUR CALL TO NEW YORK, SIR. GO AHEAD, PLEASE.


DAILY BUGLE? BEN URICH, PLEASE.
BEN? HI! THIS IS MATT!
GOT THE INFORMATION I NEED?

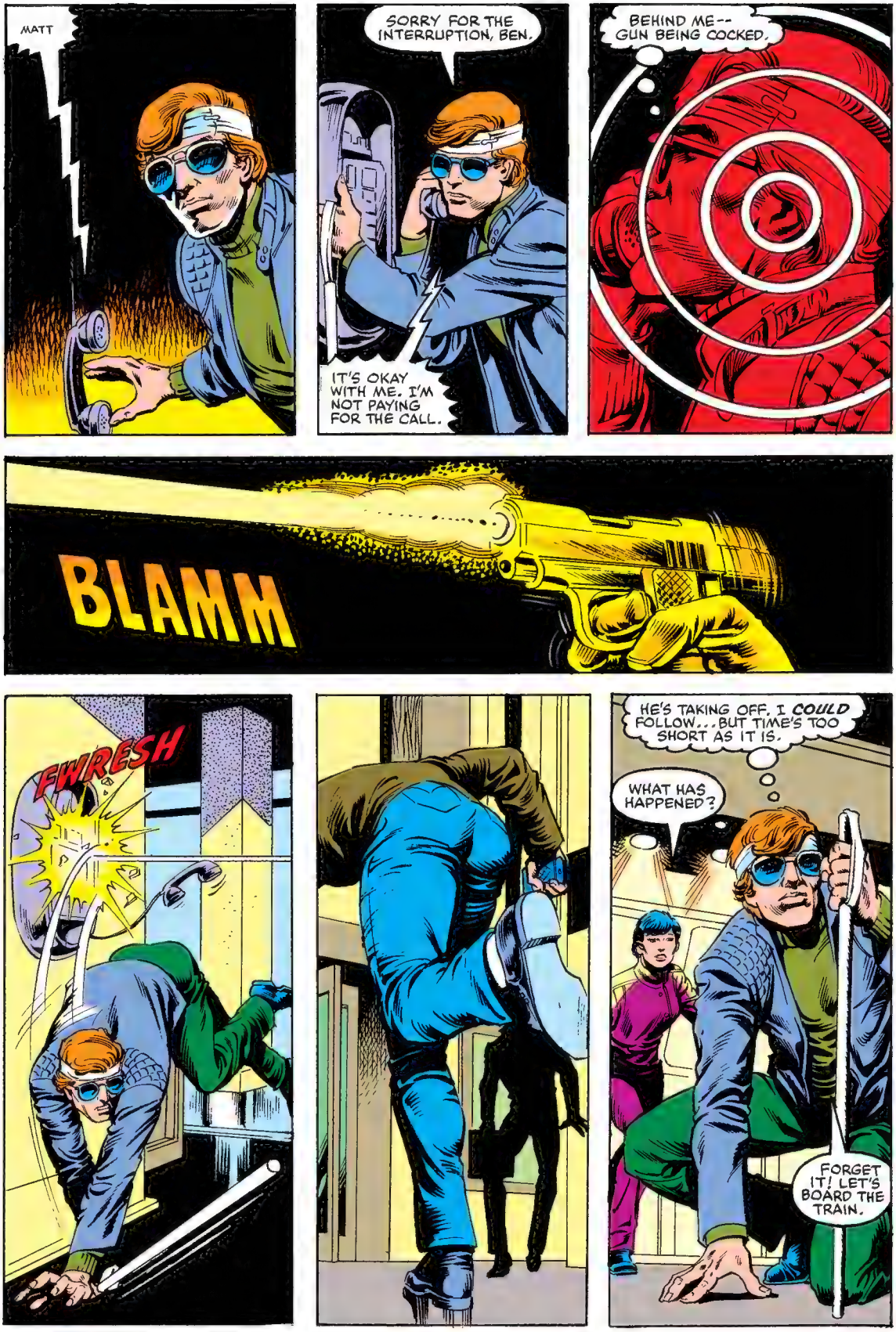

IN NEW YORK...
UH-HUH. FILES SAY THIS DARK WIND CHARACTER'S REALLY NAMED KENJI OYAMA--KAMIKAZE PILOT IN WORLD WAR II.
CRASHED HIS PLANE INTO AN AIRCRAFT CARRIER--MILLION TO ONE CHANCE.
THEY SAY HE'S WORN A MASK EVER SINCE. NO ONE KNOWS WHY.


WROTE A BOOK ABOUT IT AFTER THE WAR. MADE A BUNDLE.
DAILY BUGLE
BOUGHT AN ISLAND AND SET HIMSELF UP AS SOME KIND OF LORD. MARRIED, AND HAD TWO SONS AND A DAUGHTER.

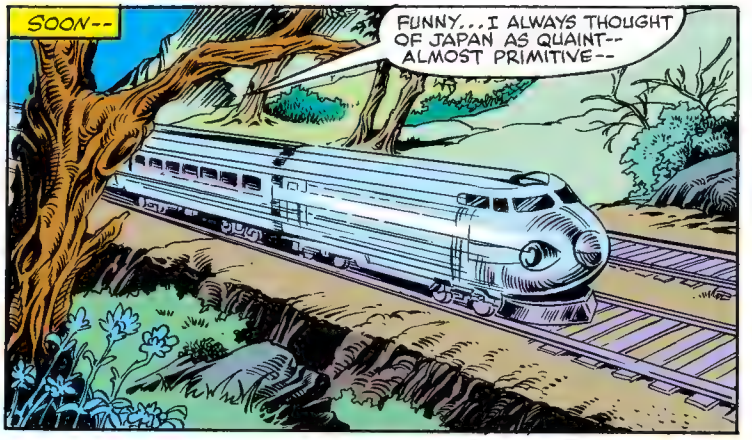
THAT'S ALL I HAVE. INTERESTED IN SOME CONJECTURES?
GO AHEAD, BEN.
OKAY. THEY SAY HE FINANCES A LOT OF REACTIONARY POLITICAL ACTIVITY.

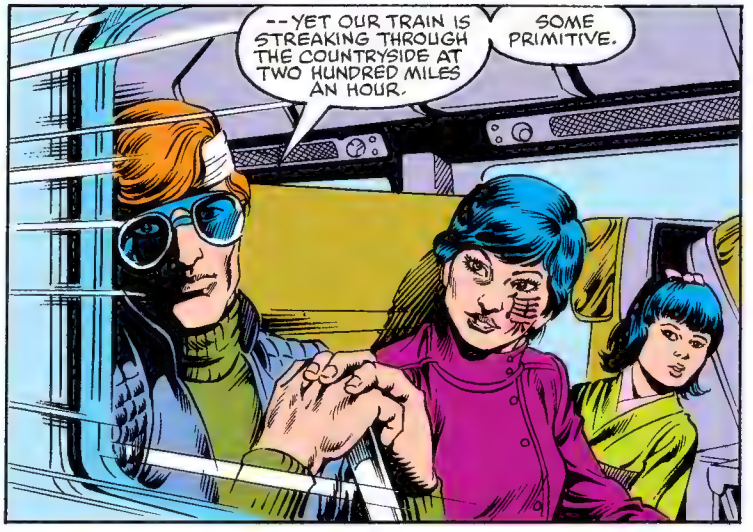

IT'S BELIEVED HIS SONS WERE KILLED TRYING TO ASSASSINATE THE JAPANESE PRIME MINISTER. STILL WITH ME?
I'M LISTENING.
OUR MAN IN TOKYO SAYS OYAMA IS NOT ABOVE USING LOCAL THUGS--YAKUZA--
--AND THAT HE'S HAD A FEW PEOPLE KILLED --
--ESPECIALLY ANYONE WHO GETS NEAR HIS ISLAND. THE BOTTOM LINE, MATTHEW--
--THIS BIRD IS DANGEROUS. AVOID HIM.

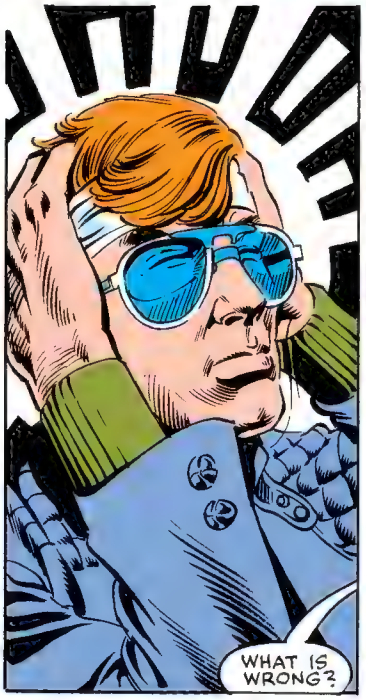
HERE'S SOMETHING ELSE...
...OUR TOKYO STRINGER HEARD..
..THAT OYAMA SCARS HIS CHILDREN'S FACES...
...MAYBE LIKE HIS IS SCARRED.
PRETTY TWISTED, HUH?
MATT... MATT! YOU STILL THERE?


MATT
SORRY FOR THE INTERRUPTION, BEN.
IT'S OKAY WITH ME. I'M NOT PAYING FOR THE CALL.
BEHIND ME-- GUN BEING COCKED.
BLAMM
FWRESH
HE'S TAKING OFF. I COULD FOLLOW... BUT TIME'S TOO SHORT AS IT IS.
WHAT HAS HAPPENED?
FORGET IT! LET'S BOARD THE TRAIN.

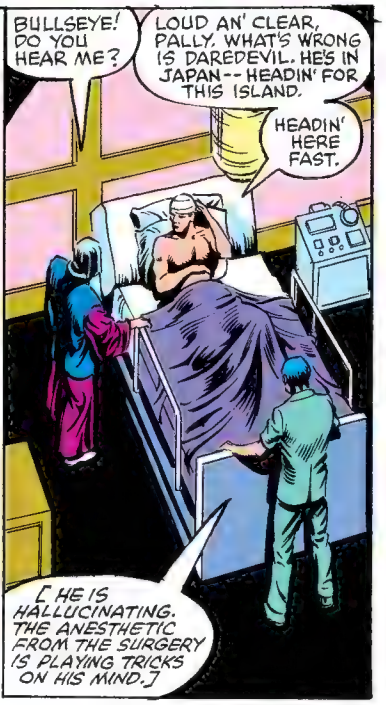
STRANGE CITY. STRANGE COUNTRY! NOT MUCH CHANCE OF CATCHING HIM ANYWAY--AND REACHING OYAMA'S ISLAND AND BULLSEYE IS THE MOST IMPORTANT THING.
LEAD ON, YURIKO.

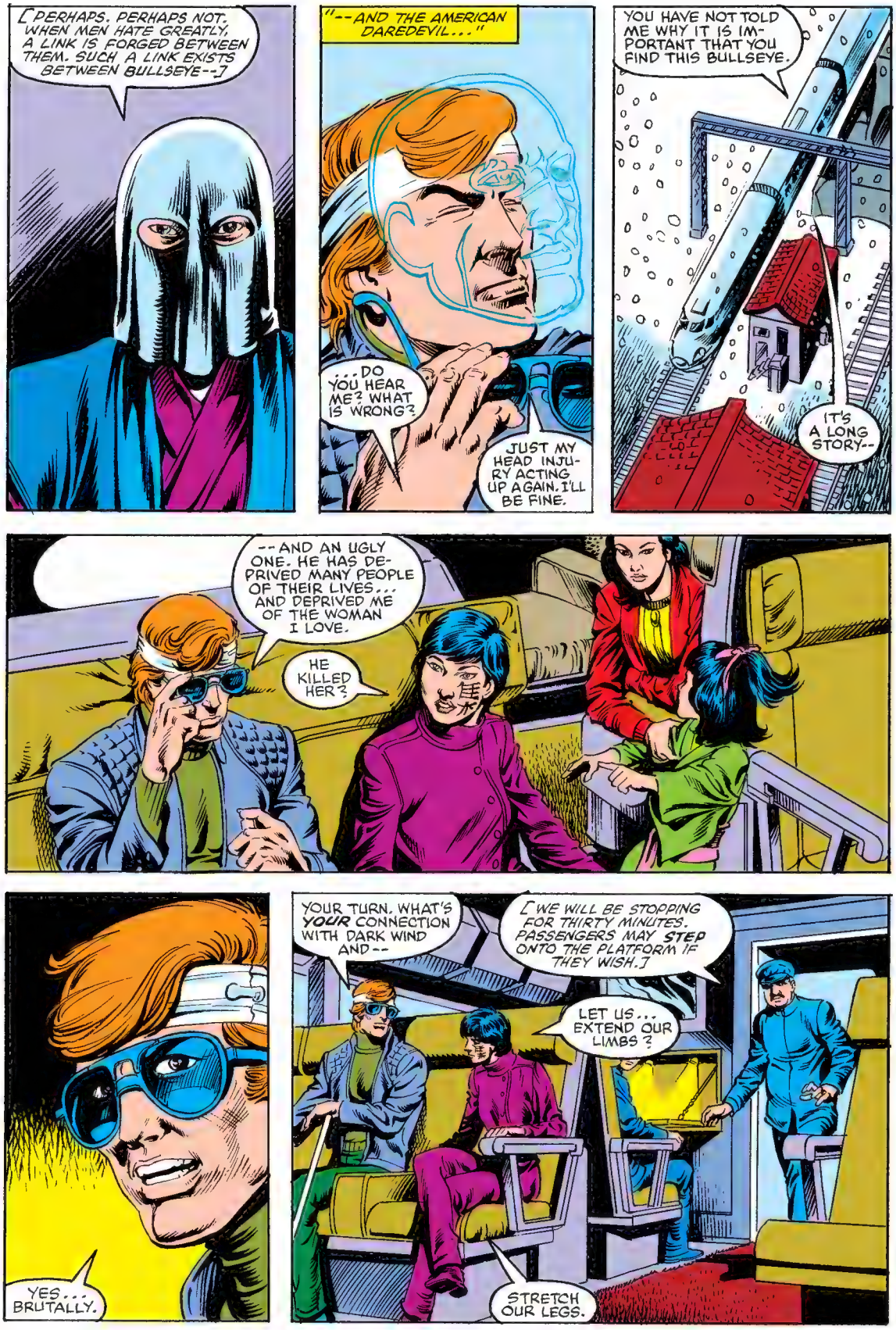

SOON--
FUNNY...I ALWAYS THOUGHT OF JAPAN AS QUAINT--ALMOST PRIMITIVE--

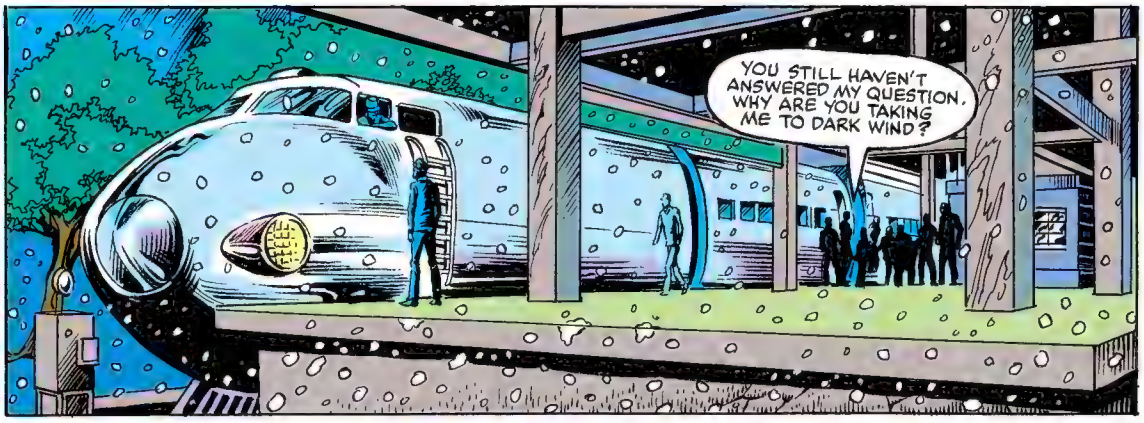

--YET OUR TRAIN IS STREAKING THROUGH THE COUNTRYSIDE AT TWO HUNDRED MILES AN HOUR.
SOME PRIMITIVE.

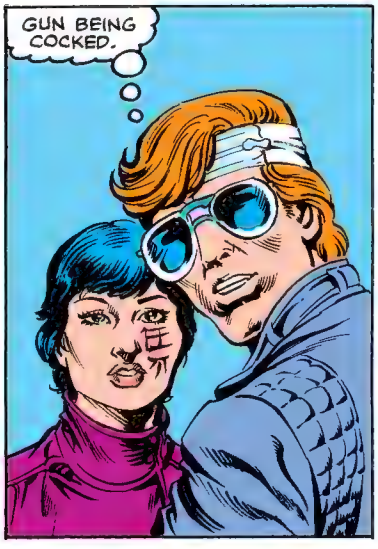

WHAT IS WRONG?

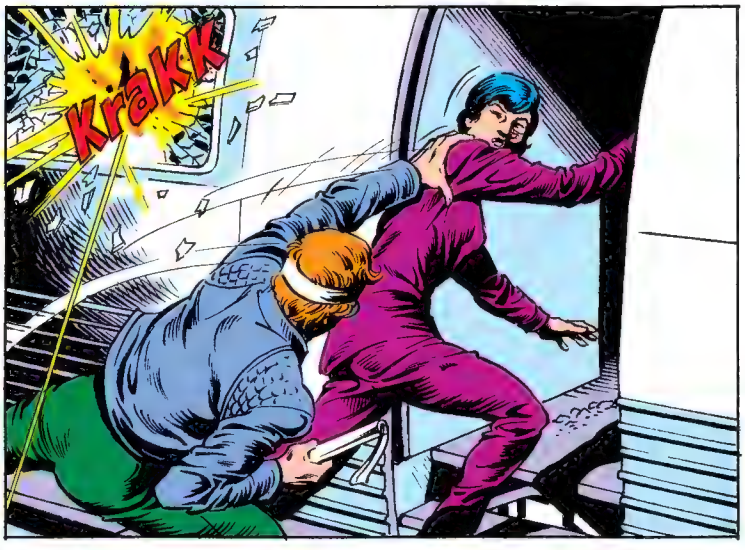
WHAT IS WRONG?


BULLSEYE! DO YOU HEAR ME?
LOUD AN' CLEAR, PALLY. WHAT'S WRONG IS DAREDEVIL. HE'S IN JAPAN--HEADIN' FOR THIS ISLAND.
HEADIN' HERE FAST.
[HE IS HALLUCINATING. THE ANESTHETIC FROM THE SURGERY IS PLAYING TRICKS ON HIS MIND.]


[PERHAPS. PERHAPS NOT. WHEN MEN HATE GREATLY, A LINK IS FORGED BETWEEN THEM. SUCH A LINK EXISTS BETWEEN BULLSEYE--]
"--AND THE AMERICAN DAREDEVIL..."
...DO YOU HEAR ME? WHAT IS WRONG?
JUST MY HEAD INJURY ACTING UP AGAIN. I'LL BE FINE.
YOU HAVE NOT TOLD ME WHY IT IS IMPORTANT THAT YOU FIND THIS BULLSEYE.
IT'S A LONG STORY--
--AND AN UGLY ONE. HE HAS DEPRIVED MANY PEOPLE OF THEIR LIVES... AND DEPRIVED ME OF THE WOMAN I LOVE.
HE KILLED HER?
YES... BRUTALLY.
YOUR TURN. WHAT'S YOUR CONNECTION WITH DARK WIND AND--
[WE WILL BE STOPPING FOR THIRTY MINUTES. PASSENGERS MAY STEP ONTO THE PLATFORM IF THEY WISH.]
LET US... EXTEND OUR LIMBS?
STRETCH OUR LEGS.


YOU STILL HAVEN'T ANSWERED MY QUESTION. WHY ARE YOU TAKING ME TO DARK WIND?

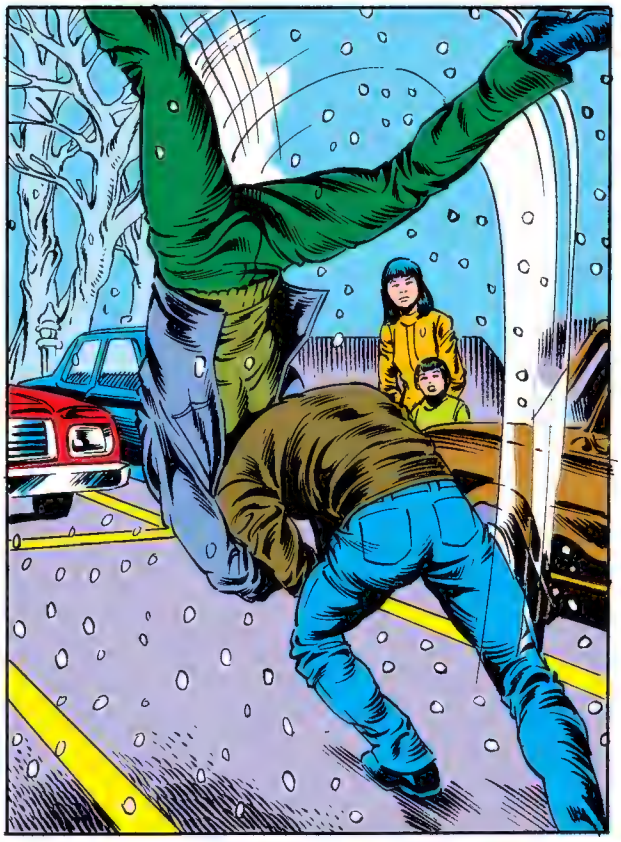

GUN BEING COCKED.

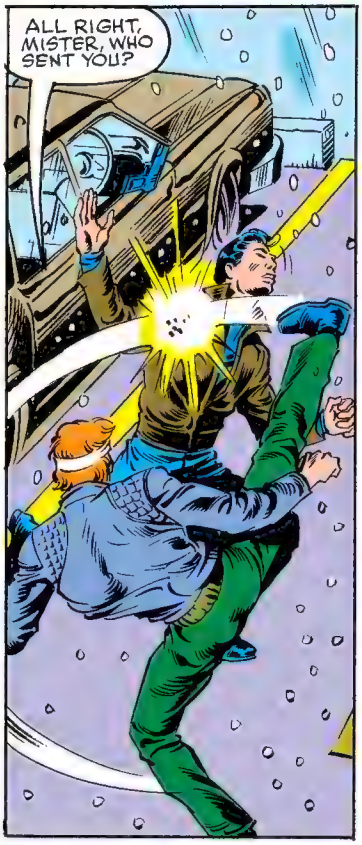

KraKk

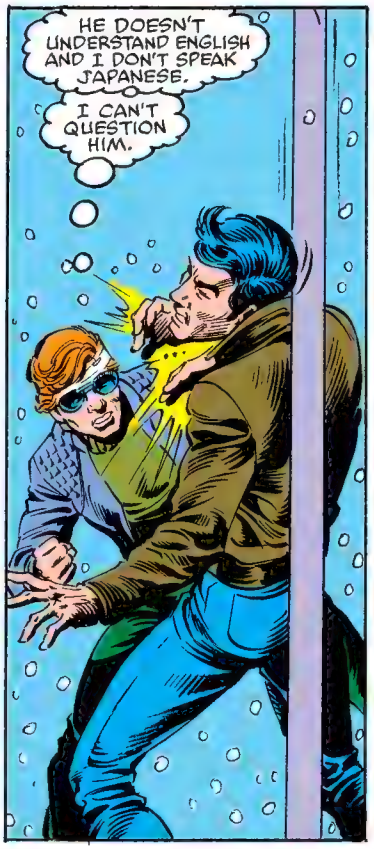
GET INSIDE AND STAY THERE.
THE GUNMAN MUST HAVE DOUBLED BACK AND BOARDED THE TRAIN. HE'S BEEN WAITING FOR A SHOT AT US.

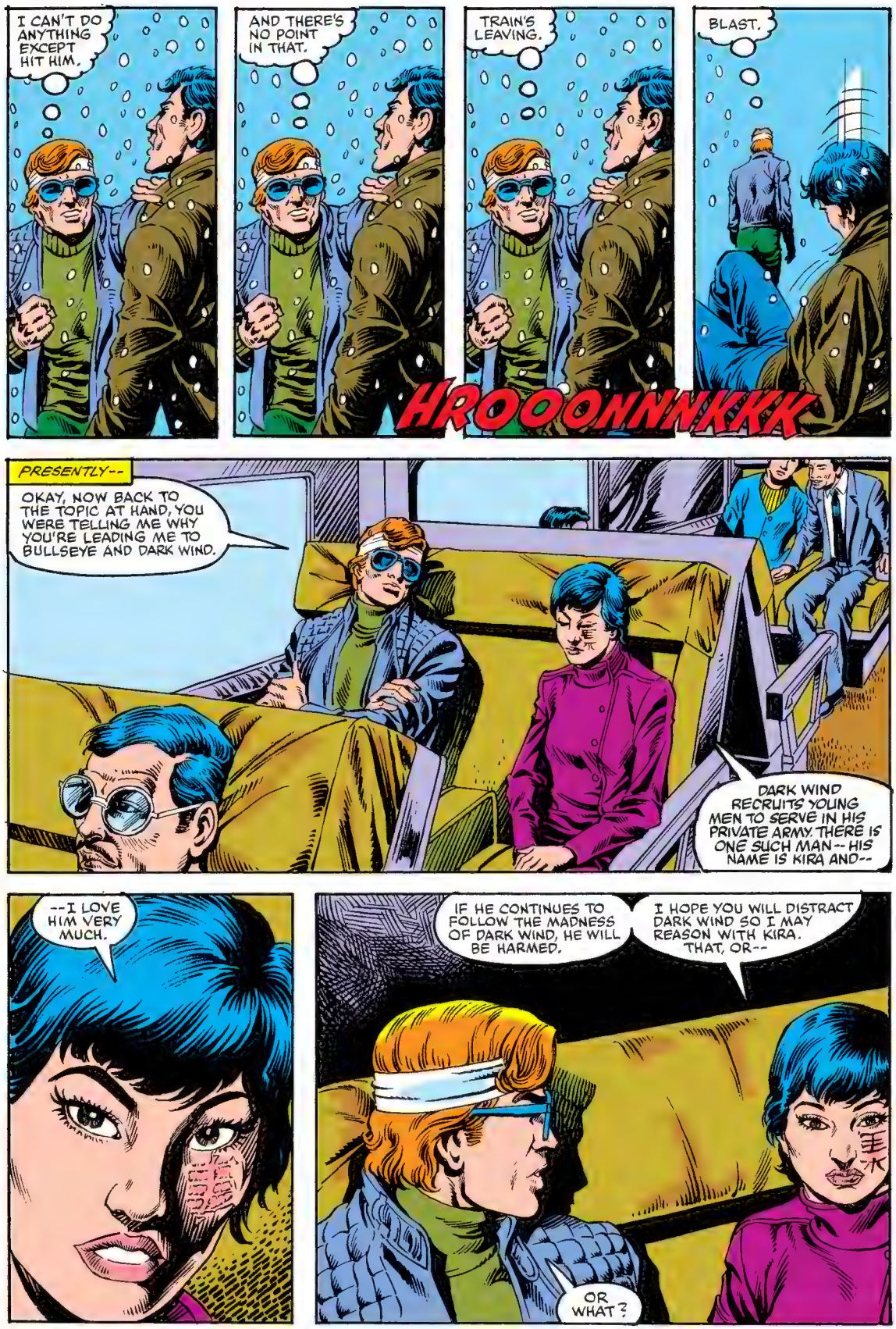
I CAN HEAR HIM RUNNING ALONG THE RIGHT OF WAY... QUICKER IF I TAKE THE HIGH ROAD--

--AND HE WON'T GET AWAY AGAIN!

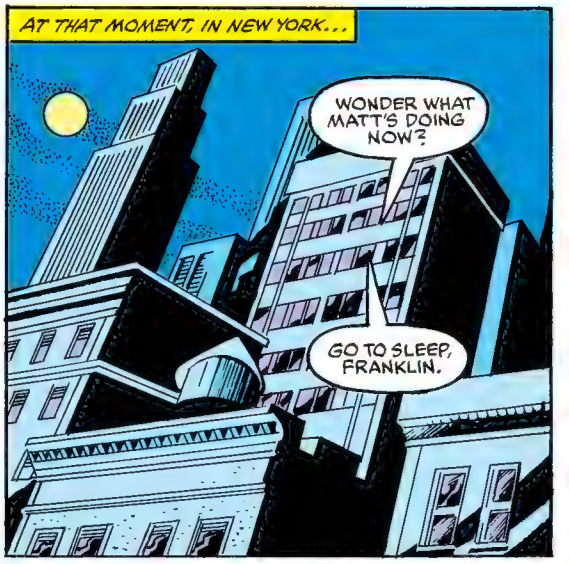



ALL RIGHT, MISTER, WHO SENT YOU?


HE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND ENGLISH AND I DON'T SPEAK JAPANESE.
I CAN'T QUESTION HIM.


I CAN'T DO ANYTHING EXCEPT HIT HIM.
AND THERE'S NO POINT IN THAT.
TRAIN'S LEAVING.
BLAST.
HROOONNNKKK
PRESENTLY--
OKAY, NOW BACK TO THE TOPIC AT HAND, YOU WERE TELLING ME WHY YOU'RE LEADING ME TO BULLSEYE AND DARK WIND.
DARK WIND RECRUITS YOUNG MEN TO SERVE IN HIS PRIVATE ARMY. THERE IS ONE SUCH MAN -- HIS NAME IS KIRA AND--
--I LOVE HIM VERY MUCH.
IF HE CONTINUES TO FOLLOW THE MADNESS OF DARK WIND, HE WILL BE HARMED.
I HOPE YOU WILL DISTRACT DARK WIND SO I MAY REASON WITH KIRA. THAT, OR--
OR WHAT?

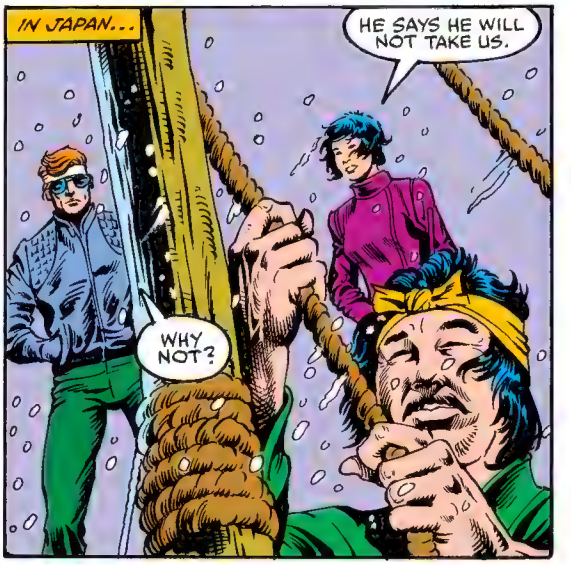
I HOPE YOU KILL HIM.

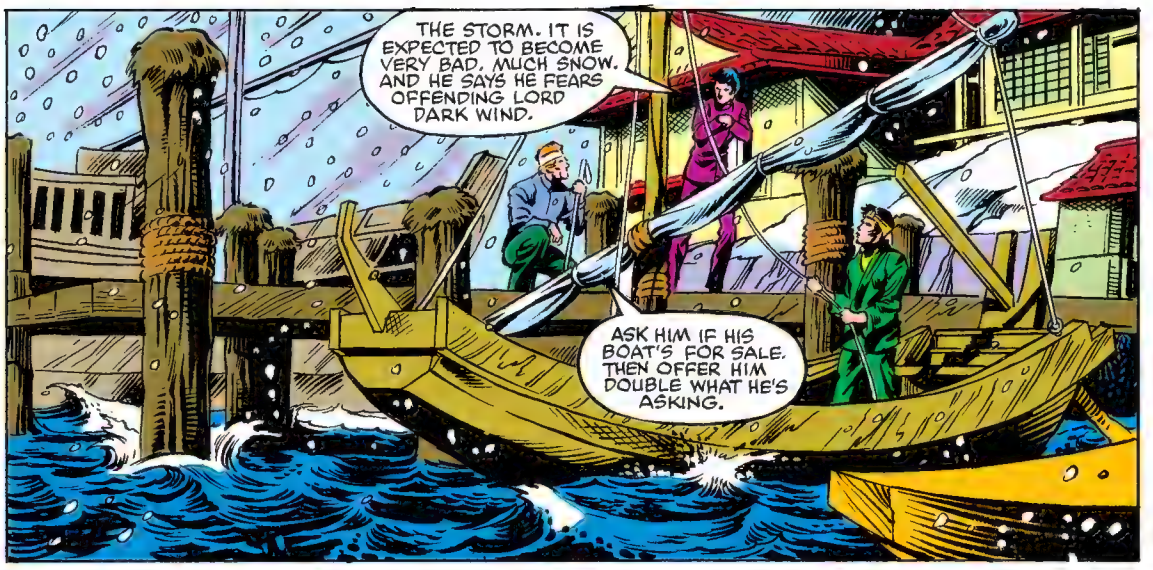

AT THAT MOMENT, IN NEW YORK...
WONDER WHAT MATT'S DOING NOW?
GO TO SLEEP, FRANKLIN.

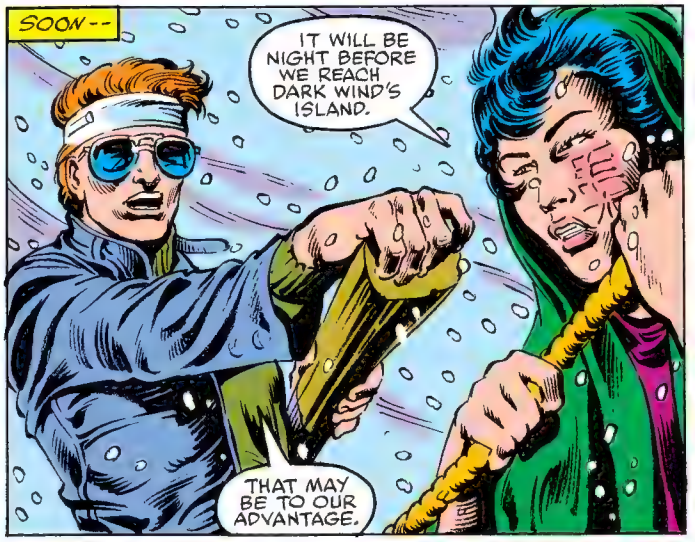
BET HE'S IN ONE OF THOSE GEISHA HOUSES DRINKING THAT RICE STUFF THEY BREW--
GO TO SLEEP, FRANKLIN.

--SURROUNDED BY BEAUTIFUL ORIENTAL WOMEN GIVING HIM BACK RUBS...

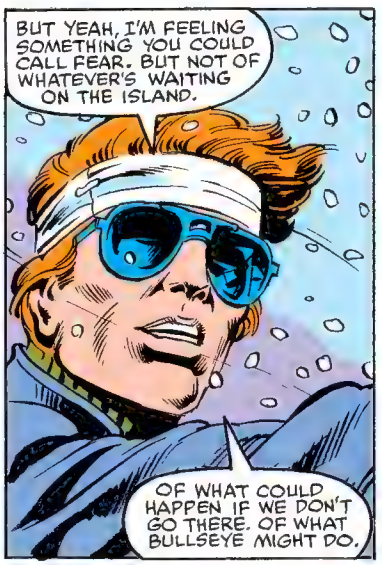
I'LL GO TO SLEEP.


IN JAPAN...
HE SAYS HE WILL NOT TAKE US.
WHY NOT?


THE STORM. IT IS EXPECTED TO BECOME VERY BAD, MUCH SNOW. AND HE SAYS HE FEARS OFFENDING LORD DARK WIND.
ASK HIM IF HIS BOAT'S FOR SALE. THEN OFFER HIM DOUBLE WHAT HE'S ASKING.


SOON--
IT WILL BE NIGHT BEFORE WE REACH DARK WIND'S ISLAND.
THAT MAY BE TO OUR ADVANTAGE.

ARE YOU NOT AFRAID?
I'VE BEEN CALLED THE "MAN *WITHOUT* FEAR" AND I THINK I'VE LIVED UP TO THAT, GENERALLY.


BUT YEAH, I'M FEELING SOMETHING YOU COULD CALL FEAR. BUT NOT OF WHATEVER'S WAITING ON THE ISLAND.
OF WHAT COULD HAPPEN IF WE DON'T GO THERE. OF WHAT BULLSEYE MIGHT DO.

HE'S COMIN'!

HE'S ALMOST HERE. I CAN FEEL IT.
I DO NOT DOUBT YOU.

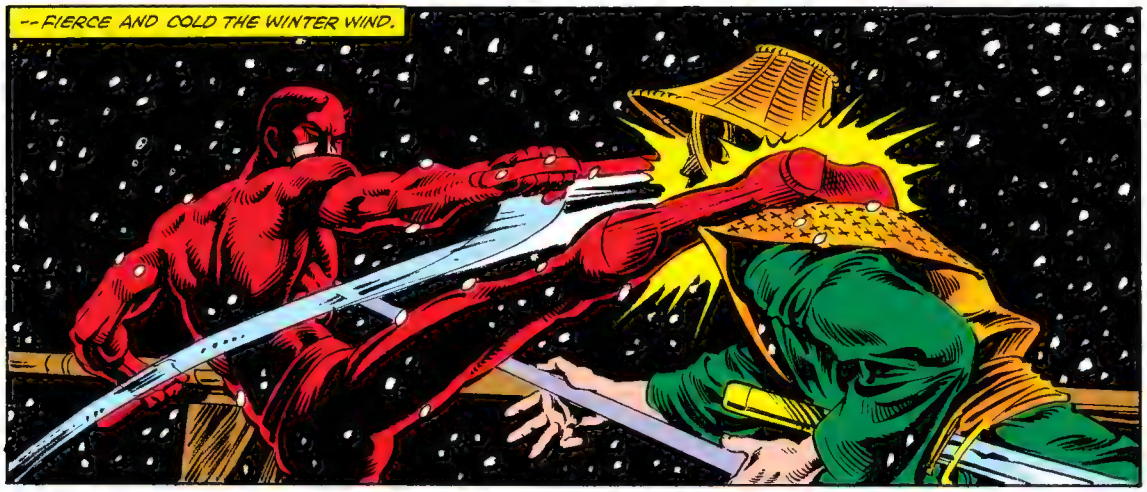
GIMME MY CLOTHES. I WANT A SHOT AT HIM.
I ADMIRE YOUR SPIRIT. IT IS WHAT I HOPED TO FIND IN YOU. BUT YOU ARE NOT YET SUFFICIENTLY RECOVERED TO FIGHT.
THESE SHALL DEAL WITH THE AMERICAN-- THESE BRAVE WARRIORS... THESE SAMURAI.
[LET ME JOIN THEM, LORD DARK WIND.]
[NOT YOU, KIRA. YOU ARE NOT SUFFICIENTLY TRAINED.]
[BESIDES, THE THREE OF THEM ARE MORE THAN A MATCH FOR ONE LONE MAN.]
HE'S HERE. HE'S STEPPIN' FOOT--
"--ON THE ISLAND..."
WIND'S GETTING MEAN. I HOPE THIS TUB STAYS PUT.
WE SHOULD FIND SHELTER FOR THE NIGHT.

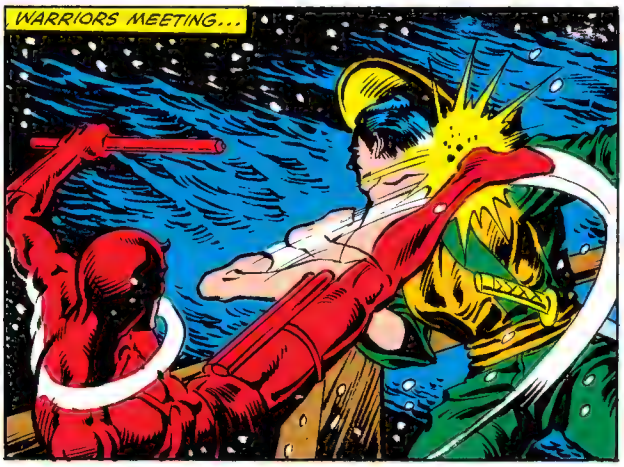
I KNOW OF A PLACE JUST BEYOND THE BRIDGE. BUT BEFORE WE GO FURTHER, YOU MUST PUT THESE ON.
WHAT ARE THEY?
TRADITIONAL JAPANESE CLOTHES. LORD DARK WIND INSISTS THAT HIS PEOPLE DRESS IN THE OLD WAYS.
I SHALL AVERT MY EYES.
HARDLY NECESSARY.
SOMEONE'S COMING.
THEY'RE ALMOST TO THE BRIDGE.
HOW CAN YOU BE SURE. THE SNOW IS TOO THICK TO SEE.
I DON'T NEED TO SEE.

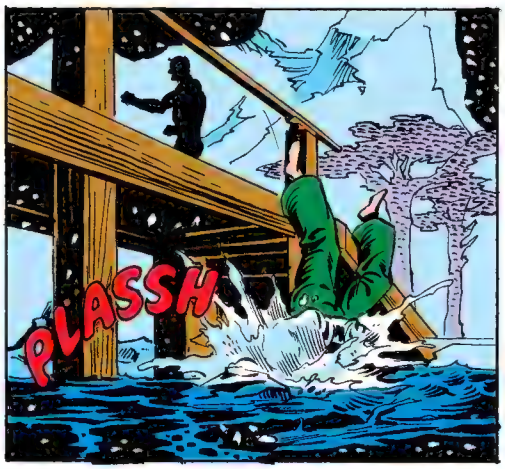
THEY ARE HIGHLY TRAINED, EXPERT SWORDSMEN. WE MUST FLEE.
NO.

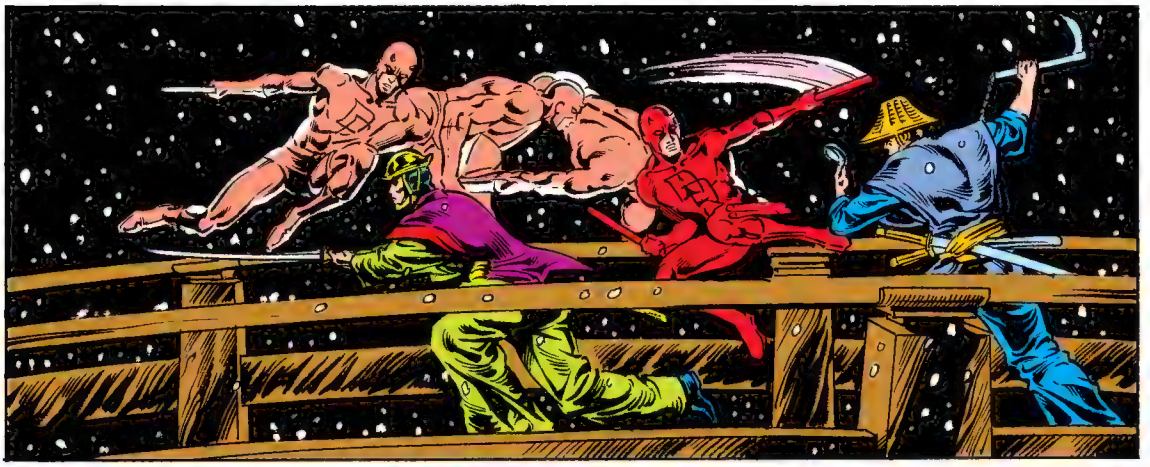
GENTLEMEN?

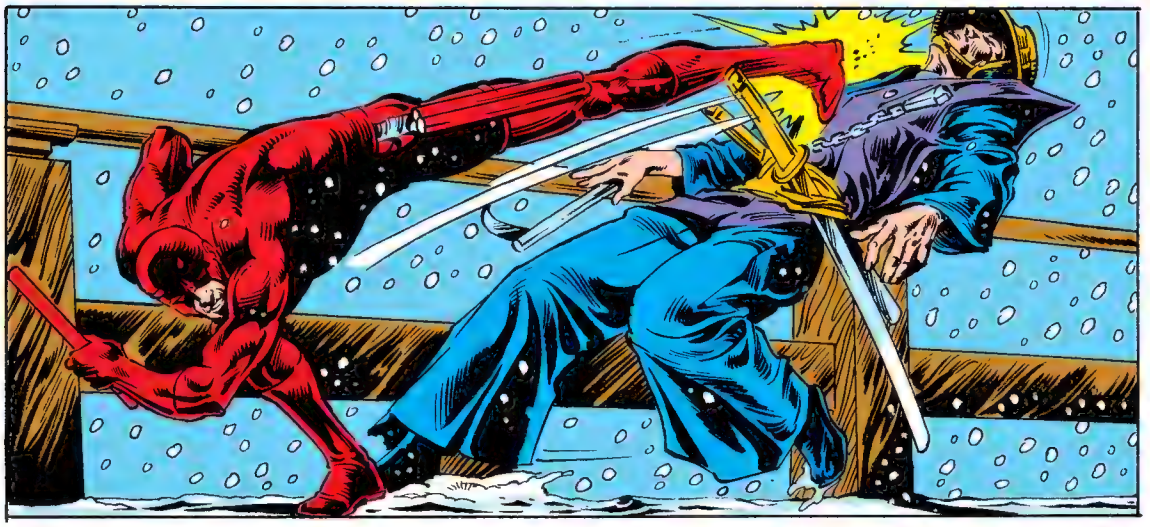
NARROW, ICY BRIDGE--


--FIERCE AND COLD THE WINTER WIND.

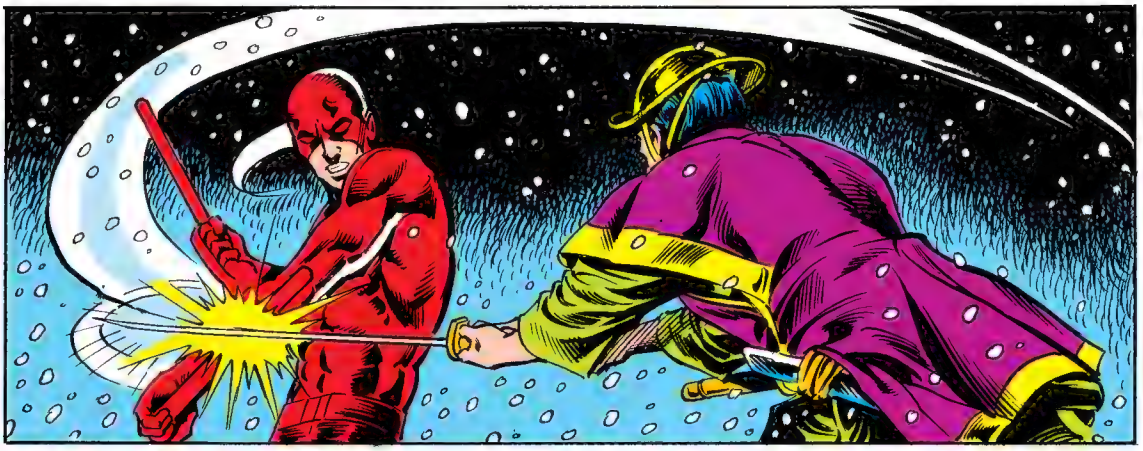

WARRIORS MEETING...

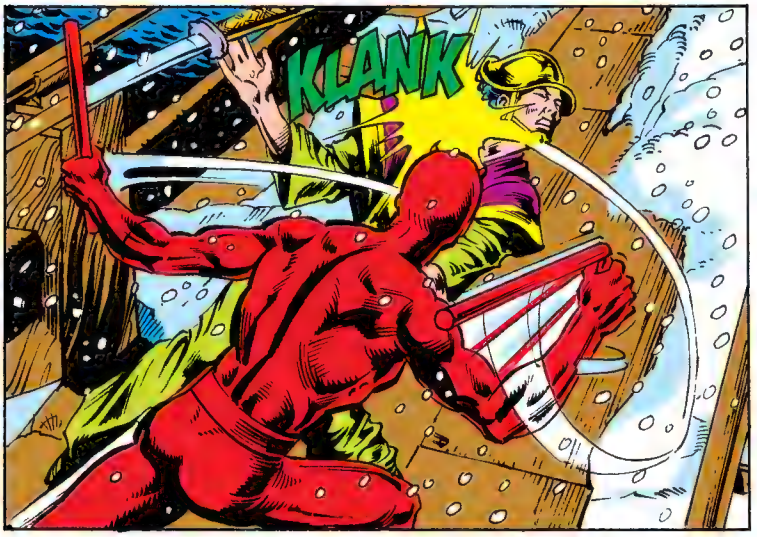

PLASSH



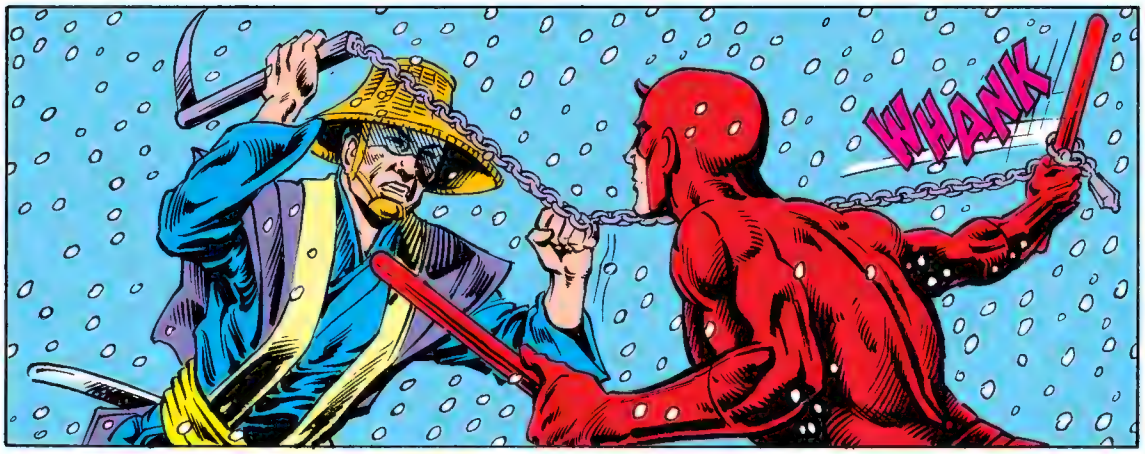


KLUNK




KLANK

SPLASH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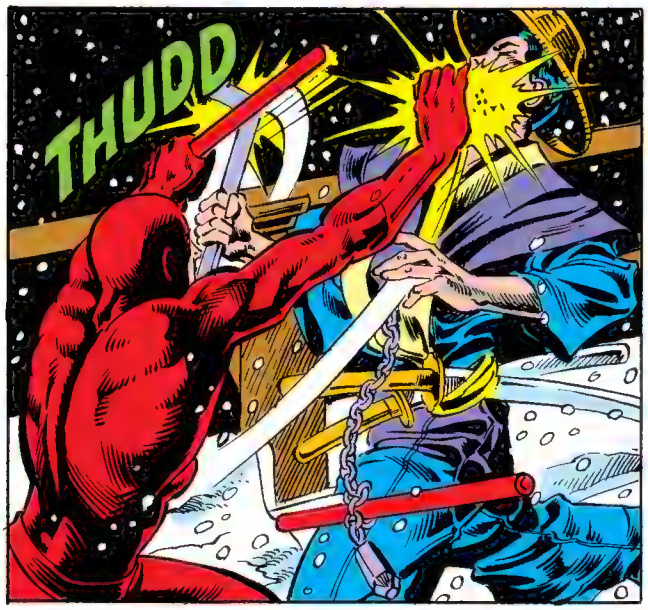
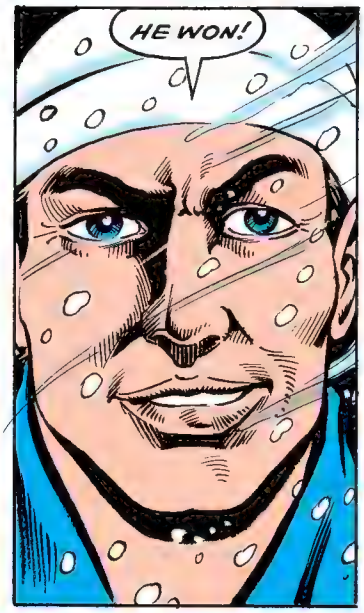
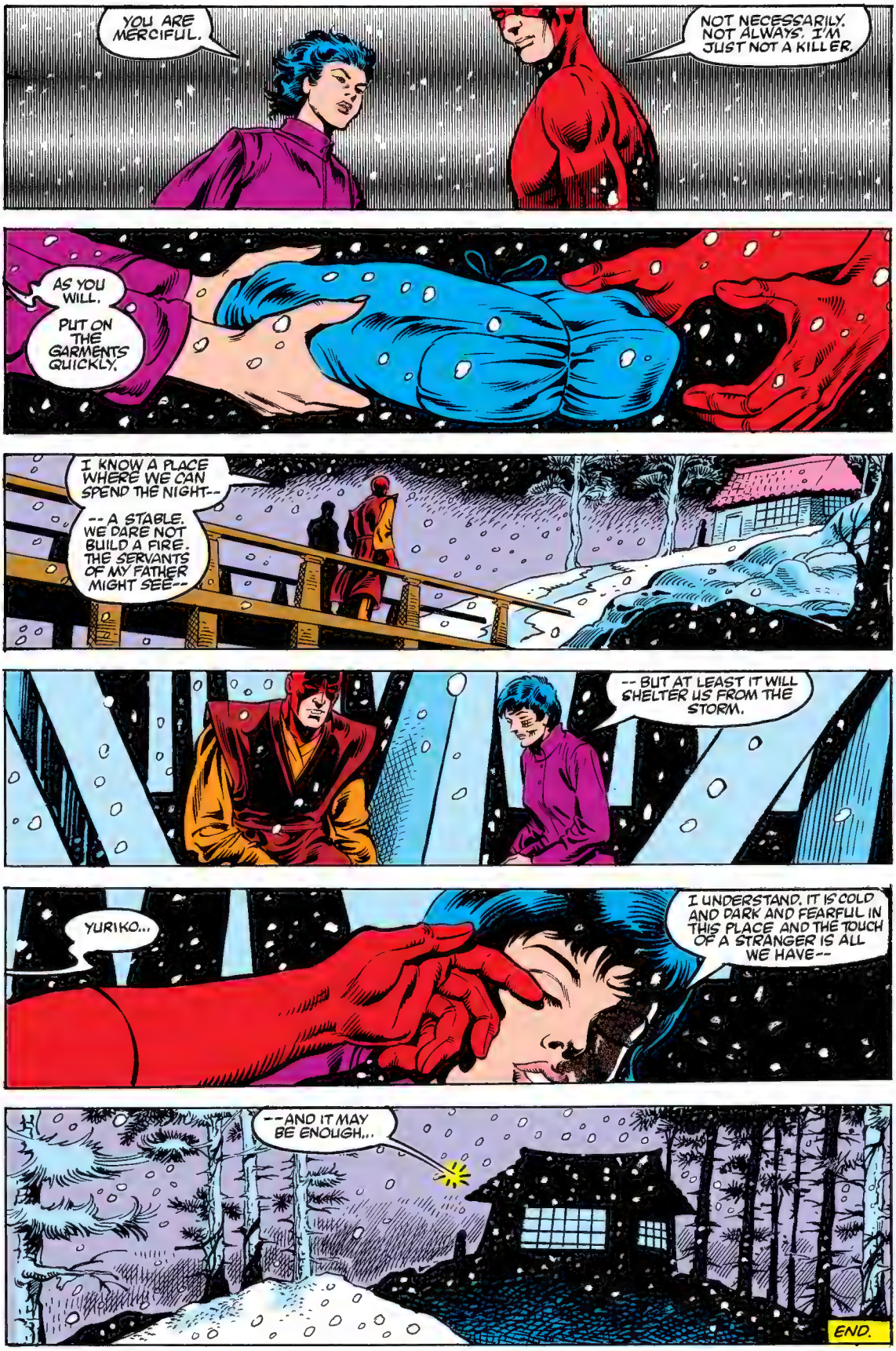

THUDD


HE WON!

GOING TO TRY NOW?
TRY?
TO KILL ME.

WHY SHOULD I DO THAT?
YOU LED ME INTO A TRAP, DIDN'T YOU?

SOMETHING MY FRIEND SAID ON THE TELEPHONE, BACK AT THE RAILROAD STATION... I WAS TOO BUSY TO PAY ATTENTION AT THE TIME, BUT A WHILE AGO I REMEMBERED IT--
--HE SAID DARK WIND SCARRED HIS CHILDREN.
YOU'RE HIS DAUGHTER.
YES. BUT I DID NOT LIE TO YOU. I DO LOVE KIRA, I FEAR WHAT MAY HAPPEN TO HIM. AND I HATE MY FATHER.
I HATE HIM FOR WHAT HE DID TO MY BROTHERS AND FOR WHAT HE IS DOING TO KIRA.
I CANNOT EXPECT YOU TO BELIEVE ME.
BUT I DO. I HAVE WAYS OF TELLING WHEN SOMEONE IS LYING. YOU'RE NOT.
THEN YOU MUST TAKE THE BLADE AND KILL THESE MEN. THEY ARE PUPPETS OF MY FATHER.
NO.


YOU ARE MERCIFUL.
NOT NECESSARILY. NOT ALWAYS. I'M JUST NOT A KILLER.
AS YOU WILL.
PUT ON THE GARMENTS QUICKLY.
I KNOW A PLACE WHERE WE CAN SPEND THE NIGHT--
-- A STABLE. WE DARE NOT BUILD A FIRE. THE SERVANTS OF MY FATHER MIGHT SEE--
-- BUT AT LEAST IT WILL SHELTER US FROM THE STORM.
YURIKO...
I UNDERSTAND. IT IS COLD AND DARK AND FEARFUL IN THIS PLACE AND THE TOUCH OF A STRANGER IS ALL WE HAVE--
--AND IT MAY BE ENOUGH...
END.

MARVEL
DAREDEVIL
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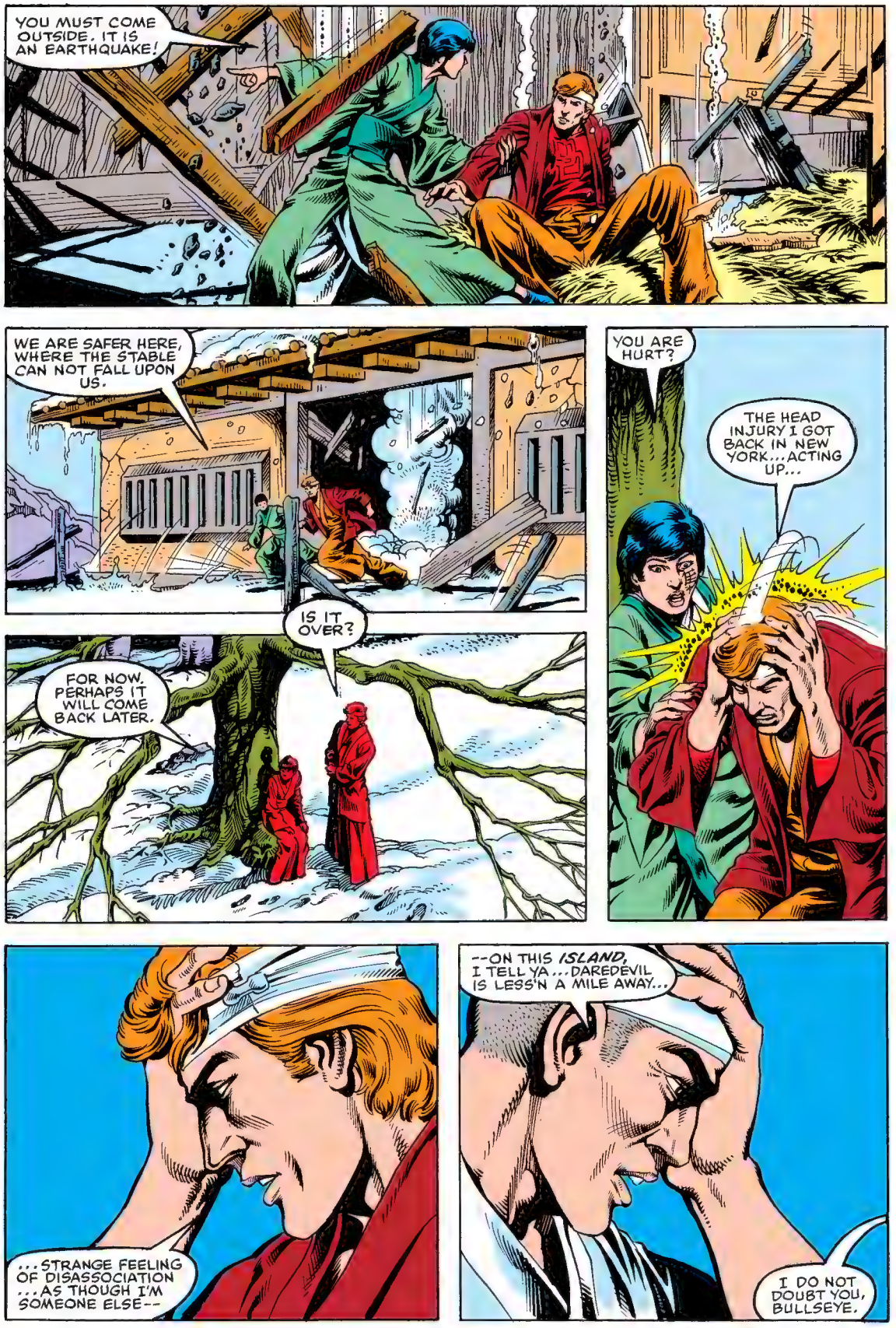
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
FIRST THERE WAS STORM... THEN EARTHQUAKE.
NOW -- THREE FEET OF GLEAMING DEATH.

STAN LEE PRESENTS:
DAUGHTER OF A DARK WIND
HE THINKS IT MUST BE A DREAM, THIS RUMBLING THAT SEEMS TO BE BOTH WITHIN AND TOTALLY OUTSIDE HIM.
A MOMENT LATER, HE BOLTS AWAKE, THE DISRUPTION OF HIS SENSES ABSOLUTE AND HORRIFYING--
DENNY O'NEIL STORY
WILLIAM JOHNSON PENCILS
DANNY BULANADI INKS
JOE ROSEN LETTERS
BOB SHAREN COLORS
LINDA GRANT EDITING
JIM SHOOTER EDITOR IN CHIEF


YOU MUST COME OUTSIDE. IT IS AN EARTHQUAKE!
WE ARE SAFER HERE, WHERE THE STABLE CAN NOT FALL UPON US.
IS IT OVER?
FOR NOW. PERHAPS IT WILL COME BACK LATER.
YOU ARE HURT?
THE HEAD INJURY I GOT BACK IN NEW YORK... ACTING UP...
...STRANGE FEELING OF DISASSOCIATION ...AS THOUGH I'M SOMEONE ELSE--
--ON THIS *ISLAND*, I TELL YA... DAREDEVIL IS LESS'N A MILE AWAY...
I DO NOT DOUBT YOU, BULLSEYE.

AS I SAID EARLIER, SUCH IS YOUR MUTUAL FEAR AND HATRED THAT A BOND HAS BEEN FORGED BETWEEN YOURSELF AND THE MAN KNOWN AS DAREDEVIL.
SOME KINDA MENTAL TELEPATHY, HUH?
PUT CRUDELY, YES.
LET'S FORGET HIM FOR NOW, OKAY? I WANNA TALK TURKEY WITH YOU.
YOU BROUGHT ME TO JAPAN FOR A REASON?
TO PERMIT MY SURGEONS TO REPAIR THE DAMAGE TO YOUR SPINE--REPLACE SOME OF YOUR BONES WITH METAL--
YEAH, YEAH. BUT YOU WANT SOMETHIN', RIGHT?
OF COURSE.
NEXT WEEK, MY NATION'S MINISTER OF TRADE WILL BE IN NEW YORK CITY.
I WANT YOU TO ASSASSINATE HIM.
NO KIDDIN'.

SHUNK
EXCELLENT. YOU HAVE USED ONE OF THESE BEFORE?
NAW.
I'M ONE HUNDRED PERCENT GRADE A NATURAL TALENT. IF IT'S A WEAPON, I'M GOOD WITH IT.
IF IT'S A WEAPON, I'M THE BEST.
SO WHY DO YOU WANT THIS TRADE MINISTER ICED?
HE IS A SYMBOL OF WHAT YOU WESTERNERS ARE CALLING THE "NEW JAPAN"--A NATION OF MERCHANTS.
I DESPISE IT.
OUR SAMURAI ANCESTORS *DISDAINED* MONEY. THEY WOULD NOT TOUCH IT. THEY WERE *WARRIORS*. THEY CONQUERED WITH STEEL AND BLOOD.
TODAY, WE *BUY* OUR CONQUESTS. WE BOW AND SCRAPE AND MAKE DEALS.
WE ARE CONTEMPTIBLE--A DISGRACE TO OUR HERITAGE.
I MEAN TO SEE THAT CHANGED. THE DEATH OF THE MINISTER WILL BE A BEGINNING.
ANYBODY EVER TELL YOU YOU'RE A NUT CASE?

T-CHUK
BUT MAYBE I'LL DO YOUR LITTLE JOB FOR YOU ANYWAY ...SOON AS I PUT DAREDEVIL AWAY!
I CAN NOT RISK YOU IN A FIGHT WITH THIS DARE-DEVIL. YOU ARE NOT YET FULLY RECOVERED.
TELL THAT TO HIM! SEE, I ONCE KILLED A CLOSE FRIEND OF HIS--
...REAL, REAL CLOSE.
I WILL TELL HIM NOTHING. I WILL NOT HAVE TO SPEAK WITH HIM. MY LOYAL SAMURAI--
--THEY WILL DEAL WITH HIM. FIRST, MY ARCHERS. THEY MAY NOT HAVE QUITE YOUR SKILL, BUT NEITHER DO THEY MISS.
HOWEVER, SHOULD THEY FAIL-- SHOULD SOME MIRACLE COME TO THE AID OF DAREDEVIL-- MY SWORDSMEN WILL TAKE THEIR PLACE.
AN' IF THEY STRIKE OUT?
DAREDEVIL WILL HAVE TO MEET MY CHALLENGE!

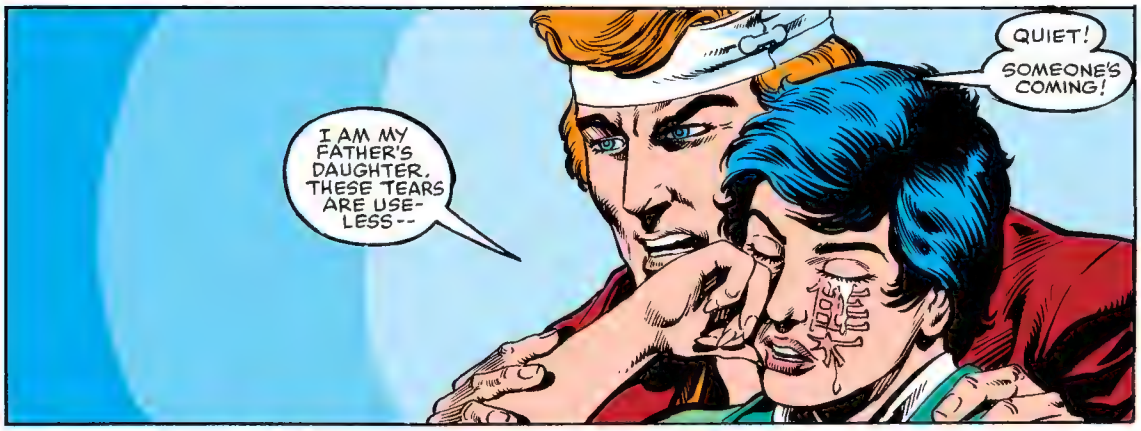
MEANWHILE...
BEYOND THE GATE IS THE DOMAIN OF MY FATHER. EVERYTHING IS AS IT WAS IN CENTURIES PAST.
THAT'S WHY YOU HAD ME PUT ON THESE CLOTHES?
YES. MY FATHER'S SAMURAI ARE EVERYWHERE. IF THEY SAW YOU IN AMERICAN GARB THEY WOULD STRIKE YOU DOWN INSTANTLY.
THEY'D TRY TO.
SOMEHOW I FEEL AS THOUGH THIS IS THE LONGEST STEP--
--I'VE EVER TAKEN.
BEFORE WE CONTINUE, YOU MUST PROMISE ME,
THAT YOU WILL NOT HARM KIRA. HE IS THE REASON I AM HELPING YOU.
PROMISE WHAT?
I WILL SAVE HIM FROM HIMSELF... FROM MY FATHER'S MADNESS! I LOVE HIM AS MUCH AS I HATE MY FATHER--
--FOR GIVING ME THIS!

AS I TOLD YOU YESTERDAY, I REFUSE TO KILL ANYONE. YOUR KIRA HAS NOTHING TO FEAR FROM ME.
AS YOU WILL. BUT I WILL POINT HIM OUT TO YOU ANYWAY-- AND I WOULD HEAR YOU PROMISE.
I PROMISE.
ONE LAST THING, YURIKO, ABOUT LAST NIGHT... THE THINGS WE SAID AND--
WE WERE LONELY AND THE NIGHT WAS COLD. IT IS NOT TO BE REGRETTED--
--BUT IT IS PAST...
THERE THEY ARE!
THE MEN YOU FOUGHT YESTERDAY!
THEY'VE RECOGNIZED US!
I TOLD YOU TO KILL THEM!

IT WASN'T NECESSARY THEN--
--AND IT'S NOT NECESSARY NOW!
THEY'VE BEEN OUTSIDE ALL NIGHT. I CAN HEAR A RATTLE IN THEIR LUNGS--
--THEY'RE SICK WITH PNEUMONIA--
--BURNING WITH FEVER AND EXHAUSTED FROM THE CHILL!

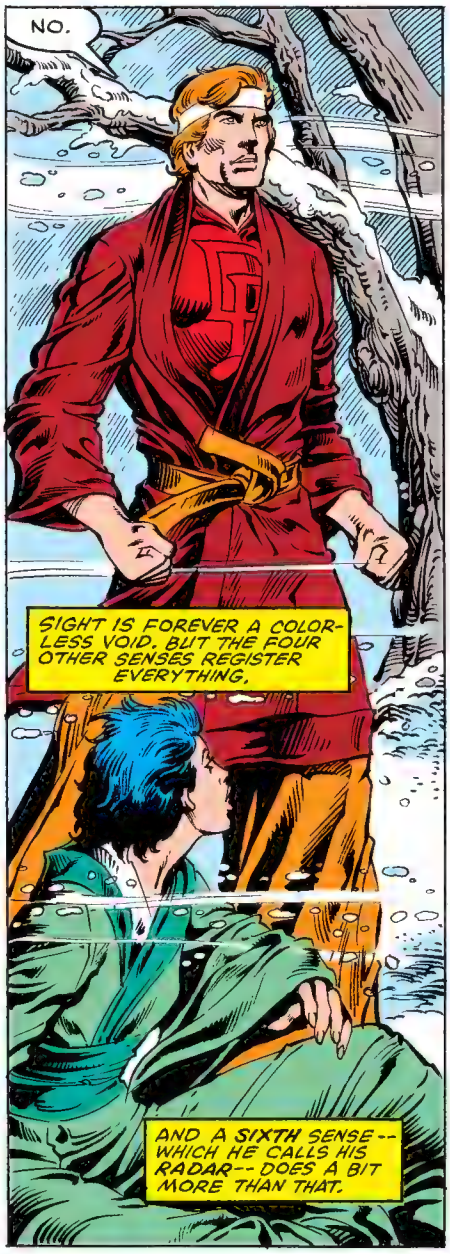
THEY'RE BRAVE SOLDIERS, STUPID, BUT BRAVE.
THEY ARE NEITHER. THEY ARE MERELY LOYAL TO MY FATHER.
WHY?
BECAUSE HE GIVES THEM SOMETHING TO DIE FOR. IT IS ONLY HIMSELF AND HIS IDEALS, BUT THAT IS MORE THAN MOST MEN HAVE.
YOU SOUND AS THOUGH YOU ADMIRE HIM.
I AM HIS DAUGHTER, BUT, I HATE HIM... BECAUSE I DO NOT BELIEVE HIS IDEALS ARE WORTH DYING FOR.
"KIRA DOES NOT SHARE THIS BELIEF..."
[YOU GARB YOURSELF FOR BATTLE, KIRA?*]
[YOUR ENEMIES APPROACH, LORD DARK WIND.]
*TRANSLATED FROM THE JAPANESE.
[PUT AWAY YOUR BLADE, YOU WILL CUT NO ONE TODAY. I HAVE OTHER WORK FOR YOU.]
[BUT I AM SAMURAI! I LIVE TO BE IN SERVICE--]
[THEN SERVE ME! TAKE THE MAN BULLSEYE IN A BOAT TO THE MAINLAND AND SEE THAT HE BOARDS AN AIRCRAFT FOR AMERICA.]
[MAY I AT LEAST WEAR MY SWORDS?]
[YOU MAY.]

[BUT KEEP THEM SHEATHED. OTHERWISE, YOU MIGHT HURT YOURSELF WITH THEM.]
LORD DARK WIND!
[TWO STRANGERS APPROACH... A MAN AND A WOMAN.]
[DISPATCH THE ARCHERS. TELL THEM TO AIM WELL.]
[BUT IF THE WOMAN IS YOUR DAUGHTER--]
[TELL THEM TO AIM WELL.]
AND--
OF ALL THE MEN I HAVE MET, ONLY KIRA AND YOU COULD BEAR TO TOUCH ME. ONLY YOU AND KIRA WERE NOT REPULSED BY--
YOUR SCAR? IT DOESN'T BOTHER ME AT ALL. TO ME IT'S AN...ABSTRACTION. BUT I AM CURIOUS--
THE MEANING IS KNOWN ONLY TO MY FATHER. IT SOMEHOW CONCERNS THE DAY HE SURVIVED CRASHING HIS AIRPLANE INTO THE AMERICAN SHIP. HE CLAIMS THAT ON THAT DAY HIS MISSION BECAME PLAIN TO HIM.
HE BRANDED ALL OF HIS CHILDREN --ON THEIR FACES AND ON THEIR SPIRITS.
MY BROTHERS DIED FOR HIM.


I AM MY FATHER'S DAUGHTER, THESE TEARS ARE USE-LESS--
QUIET! SOMEONE'S COMING!

DOWN!

THE LORD DARK WIND'S ARCHERS, WE MUST *RUN*--
FROM BOWS AND ARROWS?


NO.
SIGHT IS FOREVER A COLOR-LESS VOID. BUT THE FOUR OTHER SENSES REGISTER EVERYTHING.
AND A *SIXTH* SENSE -- WHICH HE CALLS HIS *RADAR*-- DOES A BIT MORE THAN THAT.

TWHIP TWHIP TWHIP
SNAPP

YOU ARE... IS THE WORD CENTRIFIC?
SENSATIONAL. OR TERRIFIC. ANYWAY, THANKS.
YOUR FATHER OBVIOUSLY KNOWS WE'RE COMING, SO THERE'S NO POINT IN SNEAKING ANYMORE.
LET'S NOT KEEP HIM WAITING.
WHILE...
TWO QUESTIONS BEFORE I GO, PAL. THE FIRST IS, WHAT'S THE TARIFF ON THIS JOB I'M GONNA DO FOR YOU IN THE STATES?
TARIFF?
THE PRICE. THE PROFIT. WHAT ARE YOU GONNA PAY ME?
CONSIDER IT A REPAYMENT FOR RESTORING YOU TO HEALTH. YOU OWE ME SERVICE.
OH, YEAH?
THE SECOND QUESTION?
WHY DO YOU WEAR THE HOOD? I MEAN, WITH ME THE MASK IS PART OF MY IMAGE. WHAT'S YOUR EXCUSE?
I SWORE THAT I WOULD HIDE MY FACE AS MY NATION HIDES ITS SHAME... THAT I WOULD NOT REVEAL MYSELF UNTIL JAPAN IS AGAIN RIGHTEOUS.
IMAGINE THAT! AN' I THOUGHT YOU JUST HAD A BAD CASE OF PIMPLES.
THANKS FOR THE GRINS. SEE YA.

OUTSIDE...
THIS IS THE TEMPLE OF MY FATHER.
IMPRESSIVE.
YOU REALIZE WE MAY BOTH DIE WITHIN THE NEXT FEW MINUTES. SO I WOULD LIKE TO KNOW SOMETHING.
WHO ARE YOU? WHAT IS THE TRUTH ABOUT YOURSELF THAT YOU HAVE NOT SPOKEN?
I CAN'T TELL YOU, YURIKO. I'D LIKE TO, BUT I CAN'T.
THEN ANSWER THIS: WHO IS YOUR MASTER? WHO DO YOU SERVE?
YOU ARE YOUR FATHER'S DAUGHTER.
YOU THINK LIKE HIM. YOU ASSUME I SERVE SOME PERSON.
I DON'T. I SERVE AN IDEA, AN IDEAL, A CONCEPT ...SOMETHING CALLED JUSTICE.
AN ABSTRACTION.
SOMEONE'S COMING.

HAIIIII
IT'S BEGUN. YOU'D BETTER FIND SOMEPLACE TO HIDE.
NO.

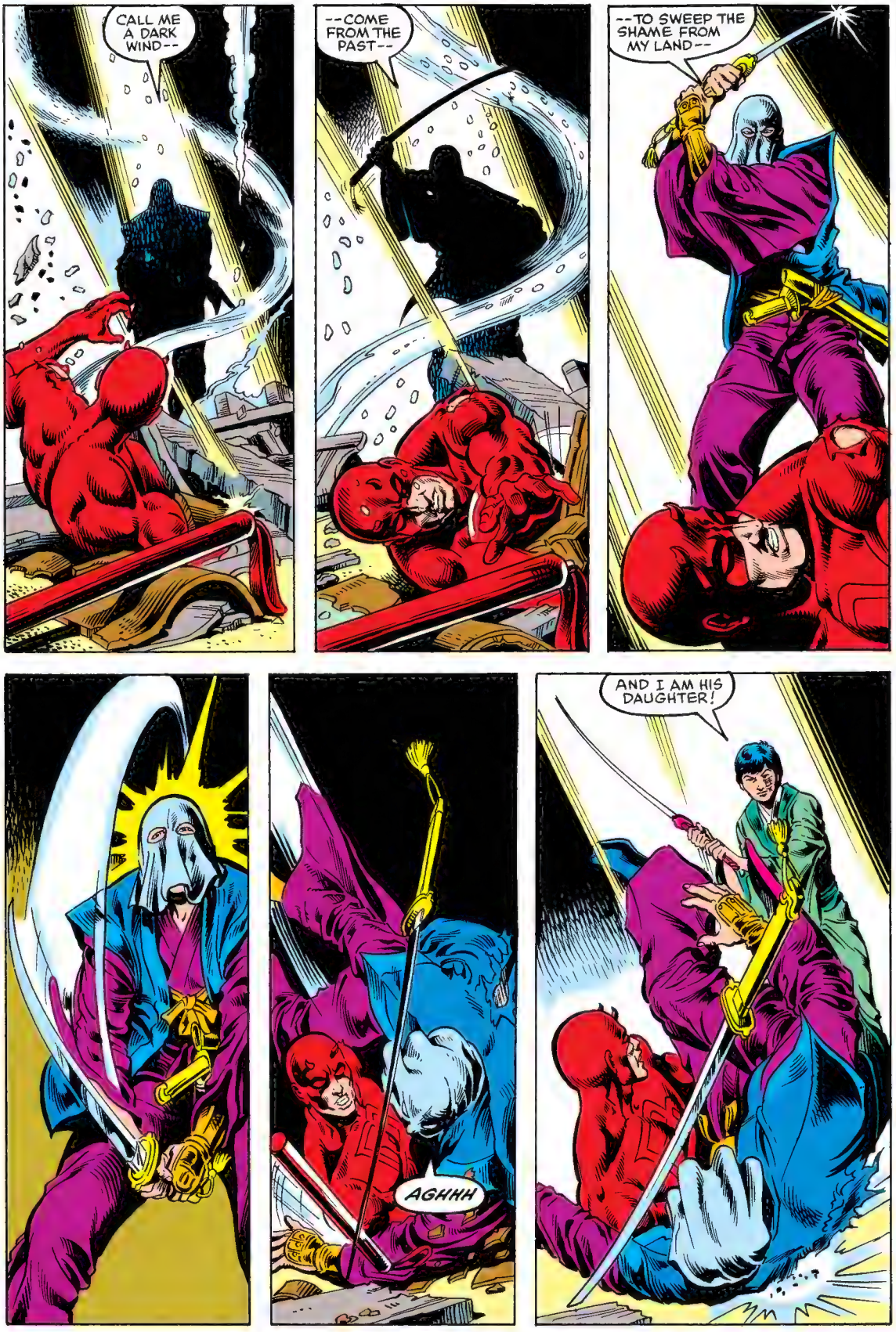
MEANWHILE...
GET A MOVE ON, KID. I'M FREEZIN' MY NOSE OFF!
I ENVY YOU THE OPPORTUNITY YOU WILL HAVE--
--TO USE YOUR SKILL WITH WEAPONS IN THE SERVICE OF MY LORD DARK WIND.
OH, YEAH? WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I'M GONNA DO THAT?
YOU PROMISED--
KID, I WORK FOR MONEY. YOUR BOSS AIN'T GIVIN' ME ANY, AN' THAT MEANS HE GETS WHAT HE PAYS FOR.
NOTHIN'!
TRAITOR!
TUNNK

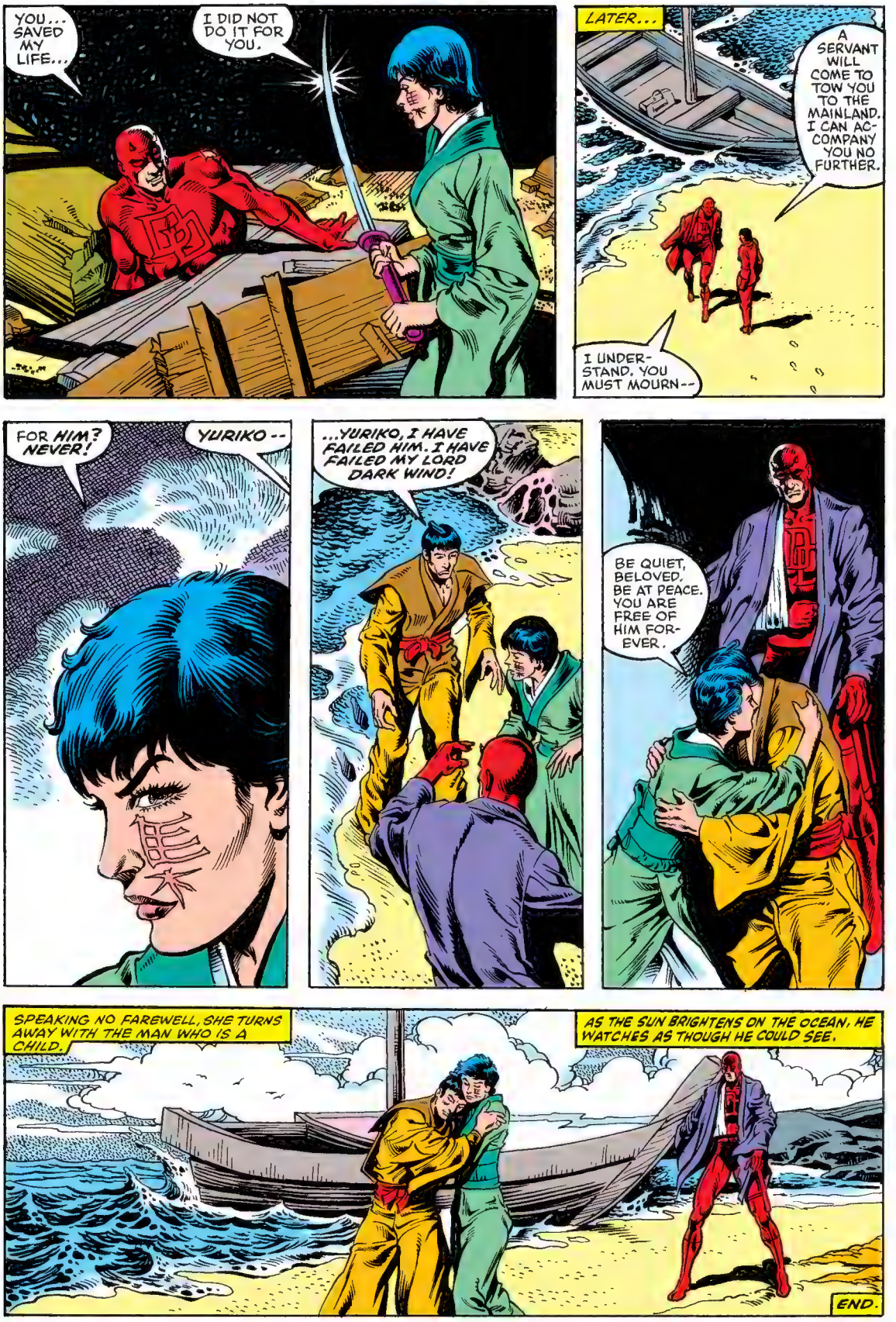
SPLASH
SHOULDN'T'A DONE THAT. NOW I GOTTA ROW MYSELF.
AT THAT MOMENT...
YOU FEEL IT?
YES. A TREMOR. THE EARTHQUAKE.
YHAHHHH
THE QUAKE IS THROWING MY SENSES OFF--
--MY BLOWS WON'T BE AS ACCURATE AS THEY USUALLY ARE!

SHRRRRIKKK
MY BALANCE SHIFTED JUST AS HE STRUCK AT ME... I TILTED TOWARD THE BLADE INSTEAD OF AWAY FROM IT.
ANOTHER CENTIMETER AND HE WOULD HAVE GUTTED ME.
I CAN'T AFFORD TO PLAY NICE. I'VE GOT TO HIT AS HARD AND AS FAST AS I CAN!
COME ON!

I CAN'T DETECT ANY TRACE OF BULLSEYE!
WHERE WOULD YOUR FATHER KEEP THE AMERICAN?
I DO NOT KNOW!
LOOK!
YES. AND THERE'S ANOTHER BEHIND ME!
I HAVE A SWORD...
STAY CLEAR--! IF YOU WANT TO HELP--
--SEARCH FOR THE AMERICAN.
HARD TO JUDGE EXACTLY WHAT HE'S DOING IN ALL THIS CHAOS...

HAIIIII
SO BUSY WITH THE SAMURAI I DIDN'T NOTICE . . . PART OF THE ROOF'S CAVING IN . . .
. . . NO TIME TO DODGE . . .
CHUMPF
A SIGH, AS THOUGH THE EARTH HERSELF WERE RELAXING AFTER GREAT EXERTION, AND A LONG STILLNESS, AND THEN--
YURIKO?
NO, NOT THE TREACHEROUS GIRL!


CALL ME A DARK WIND--
--COME FROM THE PAST--
--TO SWEEP THE SHAME FROM MY LAND--
AGHHH
AND I AM HIS DAUGHTER!


YOU... SAVED MY LIFE...
I DID NOT DO IT FOR YOU.
LATER...
A SERVANT WILL COME TO TOW YOU TO THE MAINLAND. I CAN ACCOMPANY YOU NO FURTHER.
I UNDERSTAND. YOU MUST MOURN--
FOR HIM? NEVER!
YURIKO--
...YURIKO, I HAVE FAILED HIM. I HAVE FAILED MY LORD DARK WIND!
BE QUIET, BELOVED. BE AT PEACE. YOU ARE FREE OF HIM FOREVER.
SPEAKING NO FAREWELL, SHE TURNS AWAY WITH THE MAN WHO IS A CHILD.
AS THE SUN BRIGHTENS ON THE OCEAN, HE WATCHES AS THOUGH HE COULD SEE.
END.

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BYRNE
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DENNY O'NEIL
STORY

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PENCILS

DANNY BULANADI
INKS

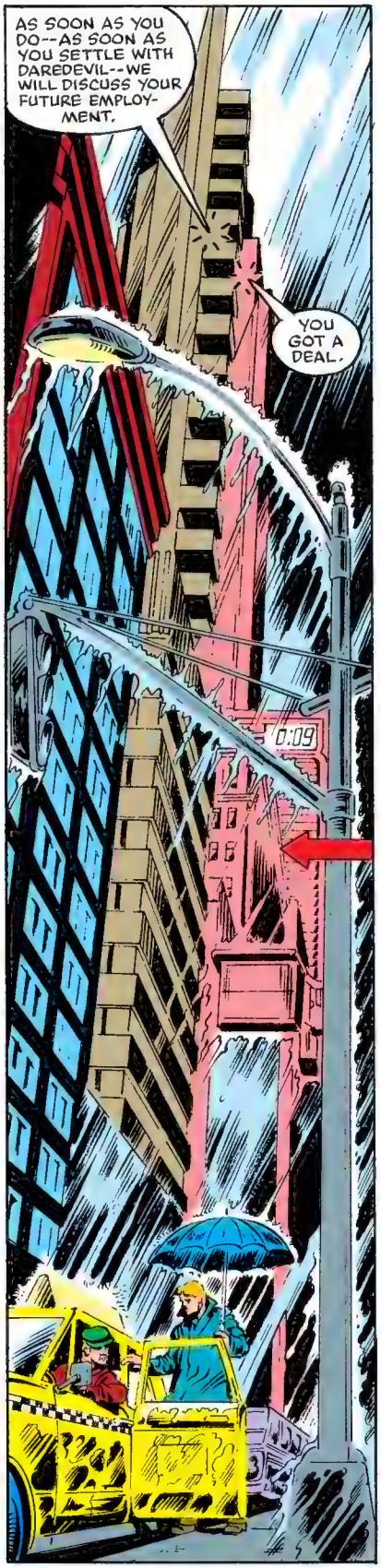
JOE ROSEN
LETTERING

CHRISTIE SCHEELE
COLORIST

LINDA GRANT
EDITING

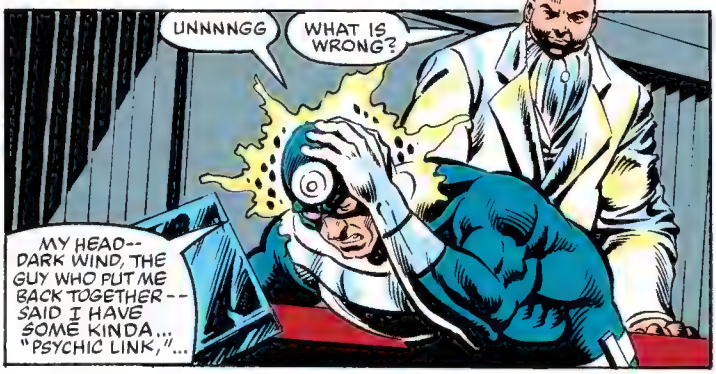
JIM SHOOTER
SUPERVISOR

INDEED YOU ARE, BULLSEYE. I SEE YOUR SOJOURN IN JAPAN WAS SUCCESSFUL. YOU APPEAR FULLY RECOVERED FROM YOUR INJURIES.
YEAH, GOOD AS NEW. GUESS YOU KNOW WHY I'M HERE.
YOU WANT YOUR OLD JOB.
RIGHT. YOU NEED A HIT MAN AND I'M THE BEST THERE EVER WAS.
SECOND BEST. ELEKTRA WAS BETTER. HOWEVER, THAT DOES NOT MATTER. THE IMPORTANT THING IS YOUR UNFINISHED BUSINESS.
DAREDEVIL.
HEY, KINGPIN... NO PROBLEM. I LEFT HIM BACK THERE WITH THE JAPANESE. THEY WERE GONNA TAKE CARE OF HIM FOR ME.
SURELY YOU DO NOT BELIEVE THEY DID! SURELY YOU DO NOT HOLD DAREDEVIL'S ABILITIES IN SUCH LOW ESTEEM.
NOT YOU, OF ALL PEOPLE.
OKAY, OKAY, HE GAVE ME A COUPLE ROUGH TIMES. BUT THAT'S HISTORY. HE SHOWS UP, I'LL HANDLE HIM.
YOU'LL HAVE TO.

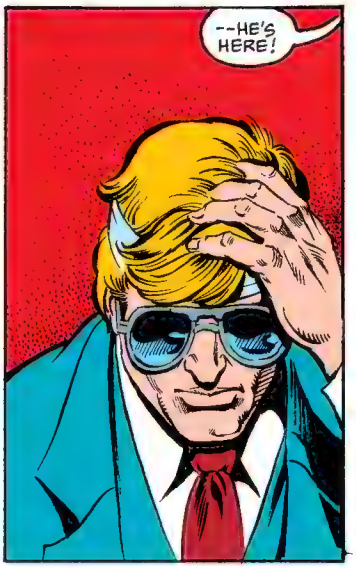

AS SOON AS YOU DO--AS SOON AS YOU SETTLE WITH DAREDEVIL--WE WILL DISCUSS YOUR FUTURE EMPLOY-MENT.
YOU GOT A DEAL.
0:09

MEANTIME, I GOTTA EAT. I'M BROKE. HOW'S ABOUT YOU ADVANCE ME A THOU? AND GIMME A PLACE TO STAY? BIG PLACE. I NEED TO PRACTICE.
MY SECRETARY WILL GIVE YOU FIVE HUNDRED FROM PETTY CASH. AS FOR QUARTERS--

--HERE IS THE KEY TO A CERTAIN PROPERTY I OWN. IT WILL SERVE YOUR NEEDS AMPLY.
YOU'RE A PAL.
I AM THE KINGPIN.

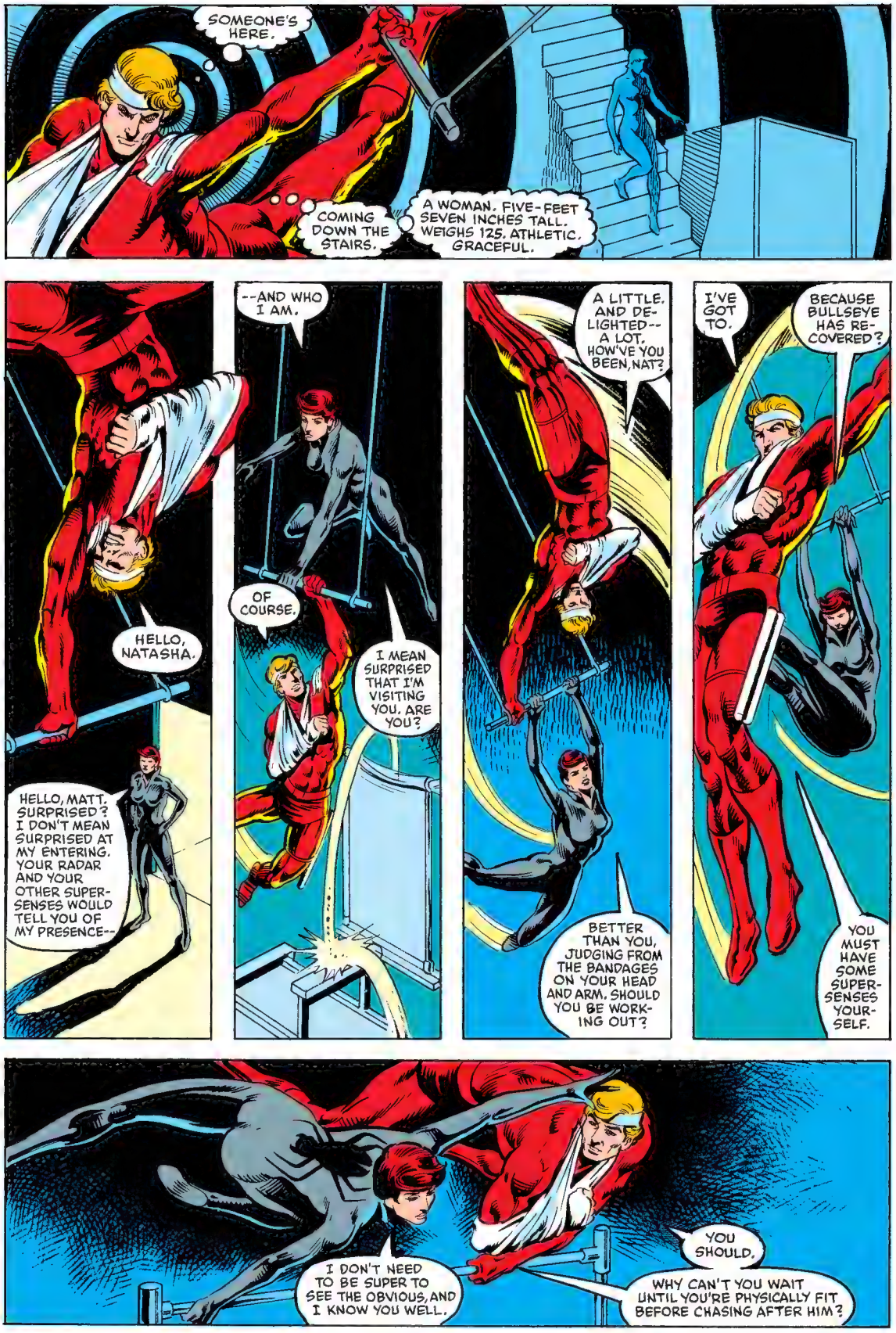

UNNNNGG
WHAT IS WRONG?
MY HEAD-- DARK WIND, THE GUY WHO PUT ME BACK TOGETHER-- SAID I HAVE SOME KINDA... "PSYCHIC LINK,"...

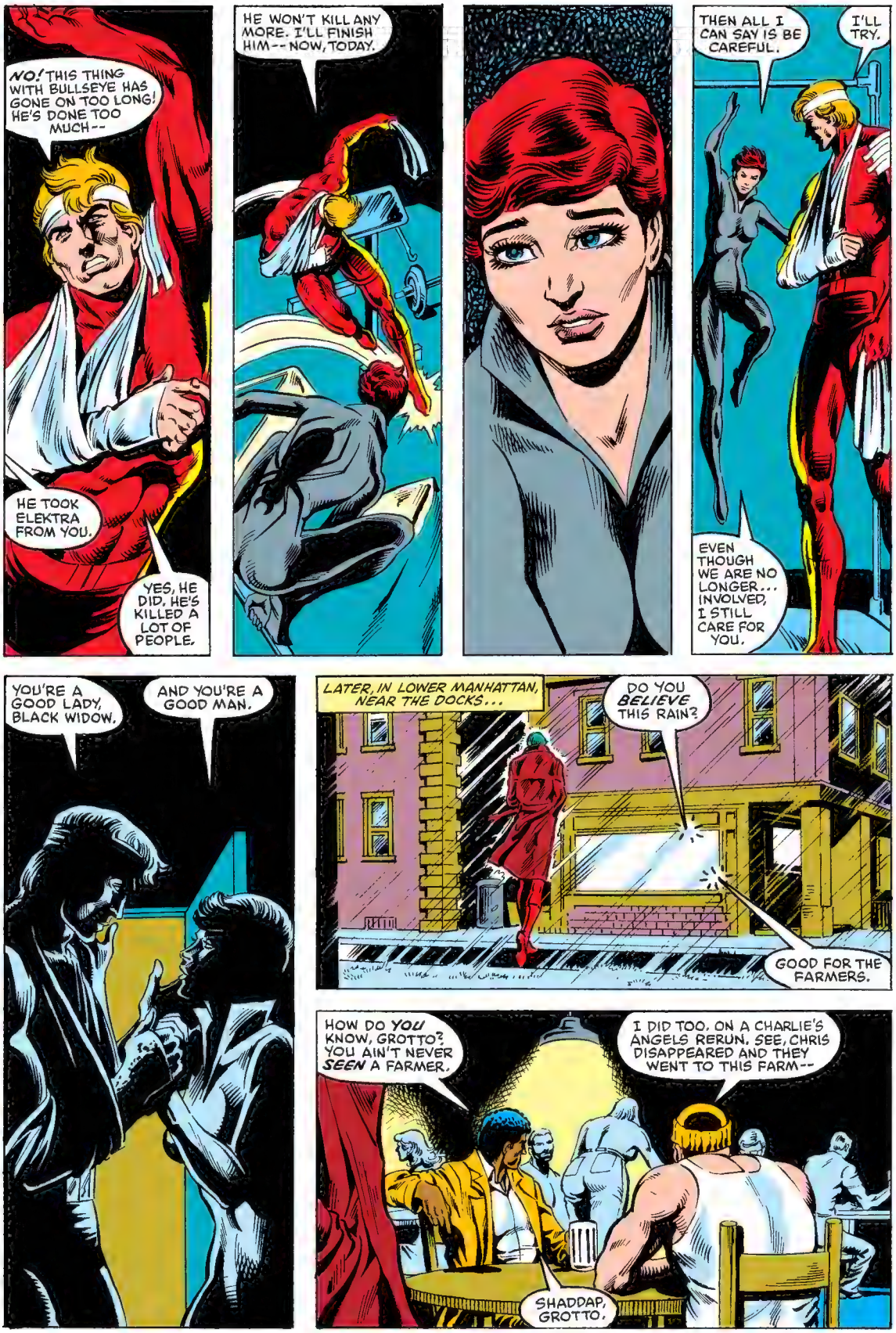
MEANS I'M SOMEHOW HOOKED UP TO DAREDEVIL ...MEANS THAT--


--HE'S HERE!

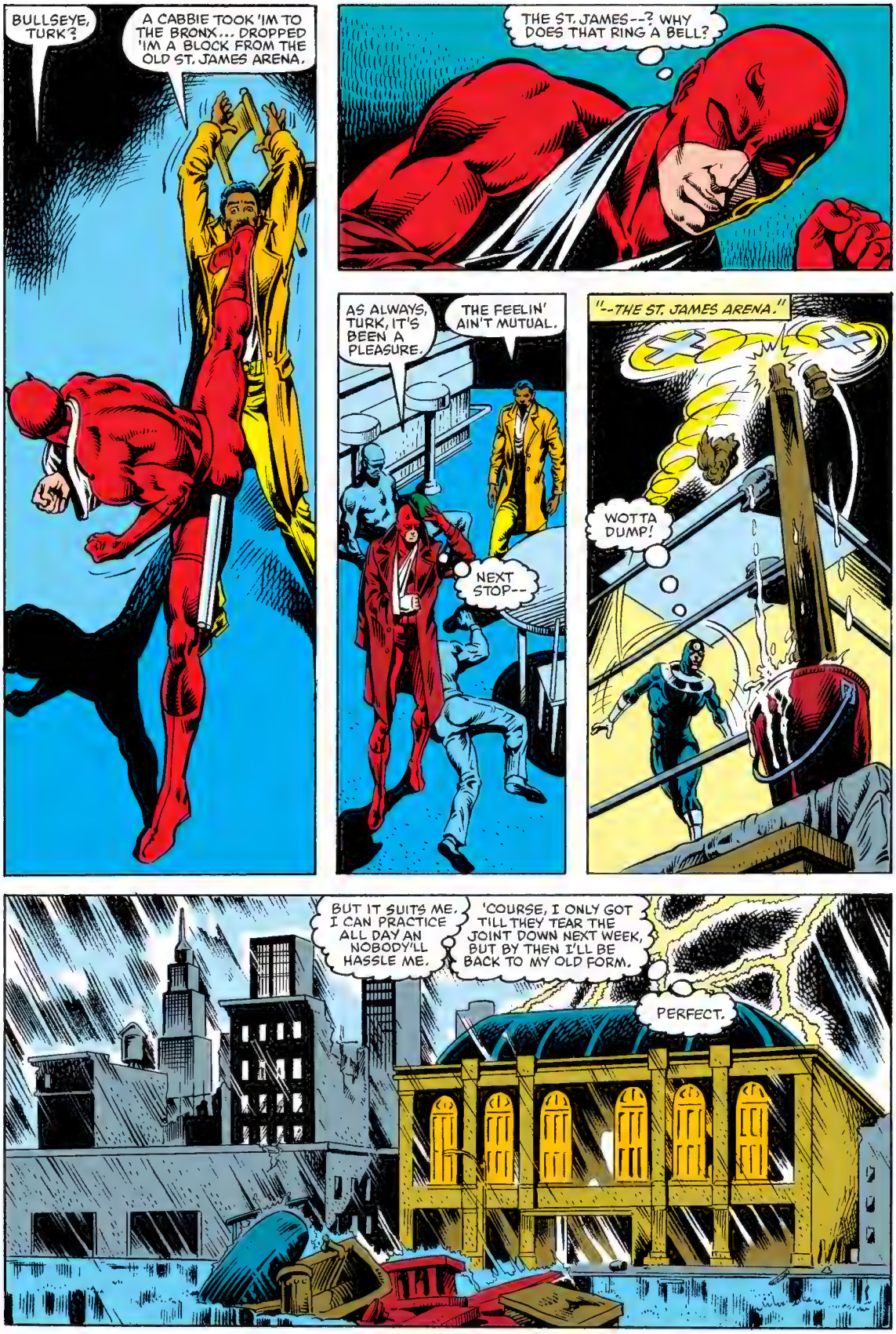
MY FRIEND AND PARTNER, MATT MURDOCK-- THAT'S HIM.
NICE TALKING TO YOU. 'SCUSE ME.
MATT...
HEY, MATT!
HELLO, FOGGY.
HOW WAS JAPAN? HEY, WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR ARM?
WOULD YOU BELIEVE AN EARTHQUAKE?
ALWAYS THE KIDDER, HUH, MATT?
NOTICE ANYTHING DIFFERENT ABOUT ME?
OH, GOSH... I'M SORRY. I FORGOT--
--THAT I'M BLIND. AS I'VE SAID BEFORE, I WISH YOU WOULD FORGET--PERMANENTLY.
WHAT'S BEEN HAPPENING IN NEW YORK?
WELL, LESSEE ...IT'S BEEN WET. WE'VE HAD A RECORD RAINFALL--
--WETTEST SPRING SINCE 1885. THINGS ARE NORMAL AT THE OFFICE.

AND OH, YEAH. THAT POLICE COMMISSIONER, THAT GUY TARKINGTON BROWN--HE DIED.
TOO BAD. HE SEEMED LIKE A GOOD MAN.
SO WHAT'S THE PROGRAM, MATT? WHAT SAY WE HIT SMOKEY'S AND GET SOME RIBS AND POTATO SALAD AND PECAN PIE--
THANKS, BUT I FEEL A LITTLE JET-LAGGED. I THINK I'LL HIT THE SACK.
I'LL BE IN THE OFFICE TOMORROW --OR THE NEXT DAY.
OKAY, MATT.
GEE...HE NEVER *DID* TELL ME HOW HE HURT HIS ARM.
THEN, IN THE BASEMENT GYM OF MATT MURDOCK'S HOUSE--
GOT TO TEST MYSELF ...LEARN HOW BADLY MY INJURIES IMPAIR ME.
USING ONLY ONE ARM THROWS OFF MY BALANCE ...MUST LEARN TO COMPENSATE. SHIFT MY CENTER OF GRAVITY--

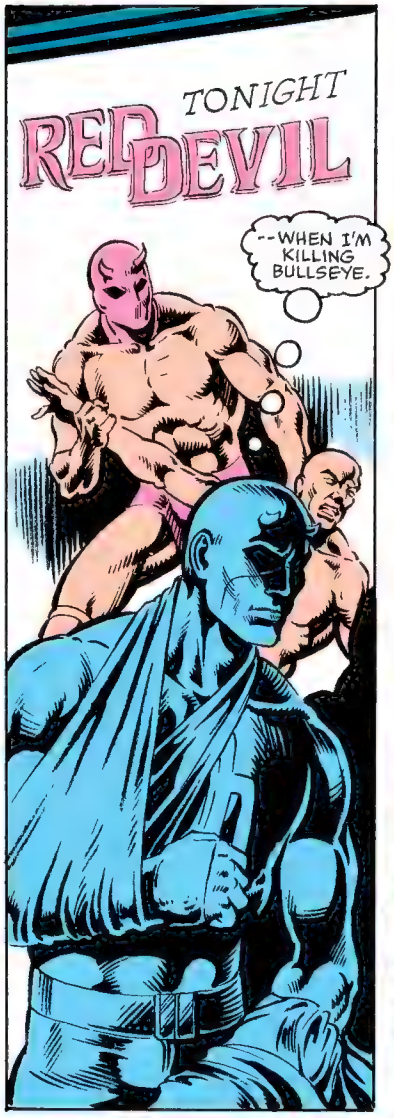

SOMEONE'S HERE.
COMING DOWN THE STAIRS.
A WOMAN. FIVE-FEET SEVEN INCHES TALL. WEIGHS 125. ATHLETIC. GRACEFUL.
HELLO, NATASHA.
HELLO, MATT. SURPRISED? I DON'T MEAN SURPRISED AT MY ENTERING. YOUR RADAR AND YOUR OTHER SUPER-SENSES WOULD TELL YOU OF MY PRESENCE--
--AND WHO I AM.
OF COURSE.
I MEAN SURPRISED THAT I'M VISITING YOU. ARE YOU?
A LITTLE. AND DE-LIGHTED-- A LOT. HOW'VE YOU BEEN, NAT?
BETTER THAN YOU, JUDGING FROM THE BANDAGES ON YOUR HEAD AND ARM. SHOULD YOU BE WORK-ING OUT?
I'VE GOT TO.
BECAUSE BULLSEYE HAS RE-COVERED?
YOU MUST HAVE SOME SUPER-SENSES YOUR-SELF.
I DON'T NEED TO BE SUPER TO SEE THE OBVIOUS, AND I KNOW YOU WELL.
YOU SHOULD.
WHY CAN'T YOU WAIT UNTIL YOU'RE PHYSICALLY FIT BEFORE CHASING AFTER HIM?

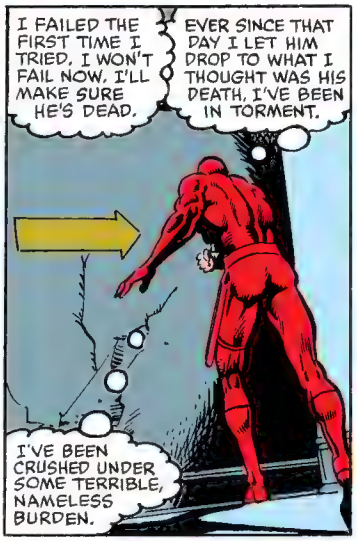

NO! THIS THING WITH BULLSEYE HAS GONE ON TOO LONG! HE'S DONE TOO MUCH--
HE TOOK ELEKTRA FROM YOU.
YES, HE DID. HE'S KILLED A LOT OF PEOPLE.
HE WON'T KILL ANY MORE. I'LL FINISH HIM--NOW, TODAY.
THEN ALL I CAN SAY IS BE CAREFUL.
I'LL TRY.
EVEN THOUGH WE ARE NO LONGER... INVOLVED, I STILL CARE FOR YOU.
YOU'RE A GOOD LADY, BLACK WIDOW.
AND YOU'RE A GOOD MAN.
LATER, IN LOWER MANHATTAN, NEAR THE DOCKS...
DO YOU BELIEVE THIS RAIN?
GOOD FOR THE FARMERS.
HOW DO YOU KNOW, GROTTO? YOU AIN'T NEVER SEEN A FARMER.
I DID TOO. ON A CHARLIE'S ANGELS RERUN. SEE, CHRIS DISAPPEARED AND THEY WENT TO THIS FARM--
SHADDAP, GROTTO.

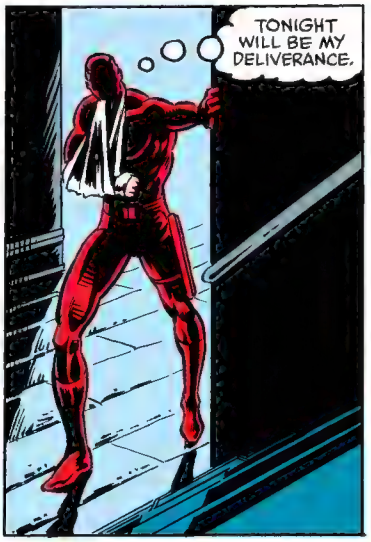
DON'T LISTEN TO HIM, GROTTO. YOU CAN TALK ALL YOU WANT. FOR INSTANCE, YOU CAN TELL ME WHERE BULLSEYE MIGHT BE.
THAT VOICE--!
IT'S HIM! IT'S DAREDEVIL!
LONG TIME NO SEE, TURK.
LOOKIT HIS ARM!
DAREDEVIL WITH A BUSTED WING! HOW DO YA LIKE THAT, GUYS?
I LIKE IT PLENTY!
CHRISTMAS COME EARLY THIS YEAR!
DON'T LET 'IM RUN.
I HAVE NO INTENTION OF RUNNING.
CHOK
CHOK
CHOK


BULLSEYE, TURK?
A CABBIE TOOK 'IM TO THE BRONX... DROPPED 'IM A BLOCK FROM THE OLD ST. JAMES ARENA.
THE ST. JAMES--? WHY DOES THAT RING A BELL?
AS ALWAYS, TURK, IT'S BEEN A PLEASURE.
THE FEELIN' AIN'T MUTUAL.
NEXT STOP--
"--THE ST. JAMES ARENA."
WOTTA DUMP!
BUT IT SUITS ME. I CAN PRACTICE ALL DAY AN NOBODY'LL HASSLE ME.
'COURSE, I ONLY GOT TILL THEY TEAR THE JOINT DOWN NEXT WEEK, BUT BY THEN I'LL BE BACK TO MY OLD FORM.
PERFECT.

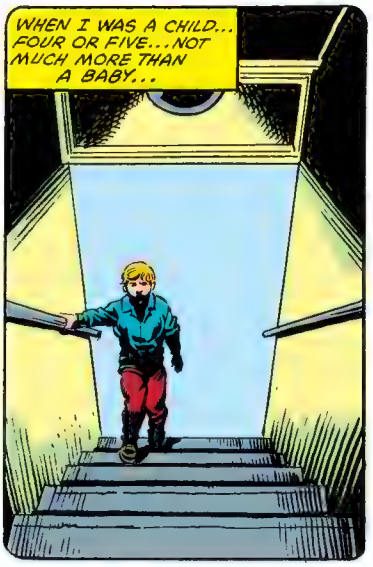
PERFECT. SMELL OF DECAY. SOUND OF RATS' FEET. SENSE OF DESOLATION.
NOBODY AROUND. NOBODY TO INTERFERE--

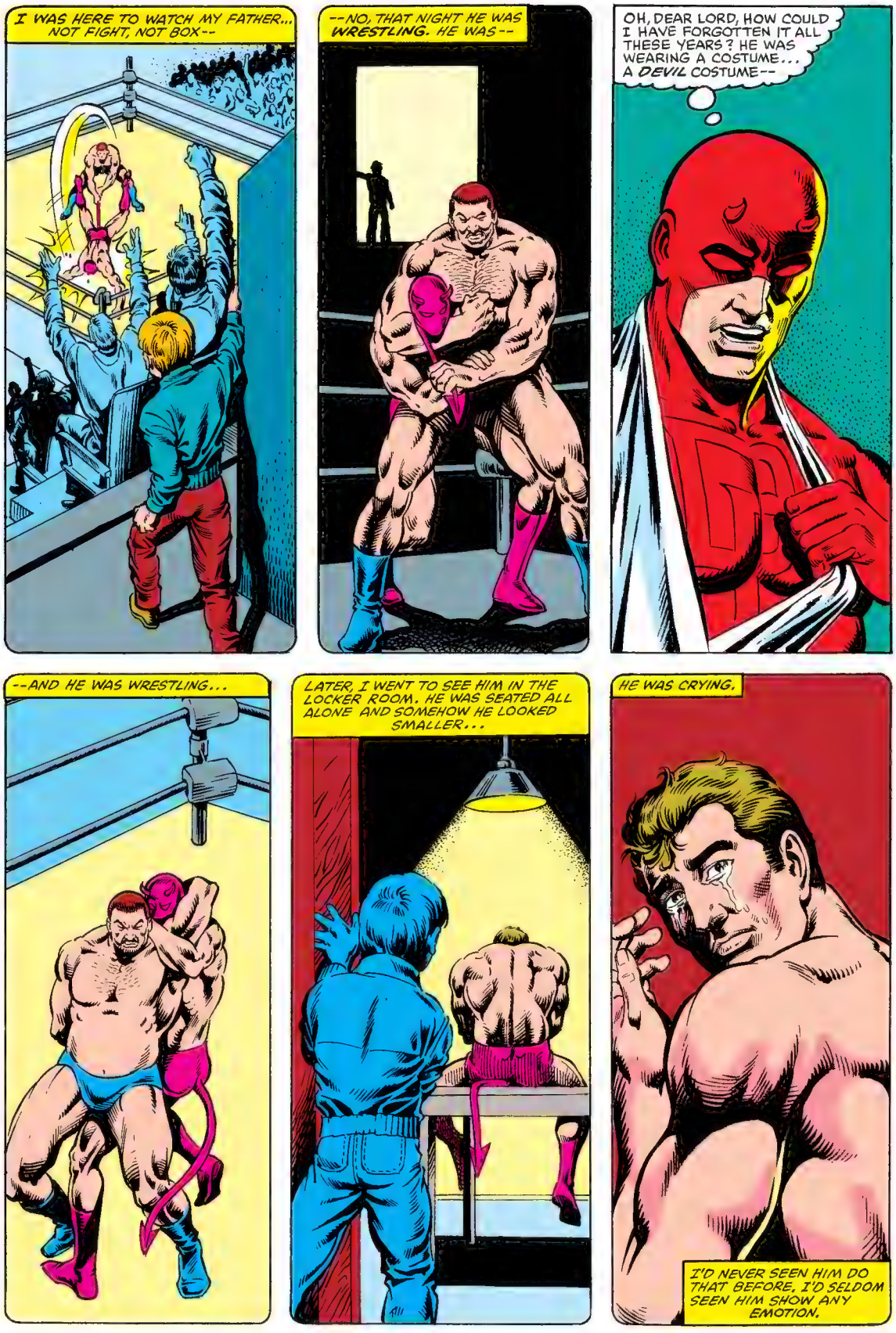

TONIGHT
RED DEVIL
--WHEN I'M KILLING BULLSEYE.


I FAILED THE FIRST TIME I TRIED, I WON'T FAIL NOW. I'LL MAKE SURE HE'S DEAD.
EVER SINCE THAT DAY I LET HIM DROP TO WHAT I THOUGHT WAS HIS DEATH, I'VE BEEN IN TORMENT.
I'VE BEEN CRUSHED UNDER SOME TERRIBLE, NAMELESS BURDEN.


TONIGHT WILL BE MY DELIVERANCE.

SOMETHING FAMILIAR ABOUT THE ANGLE OF THESE STEPS... AND THE ODOR OF THE WET CONCRETE.
I'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE.

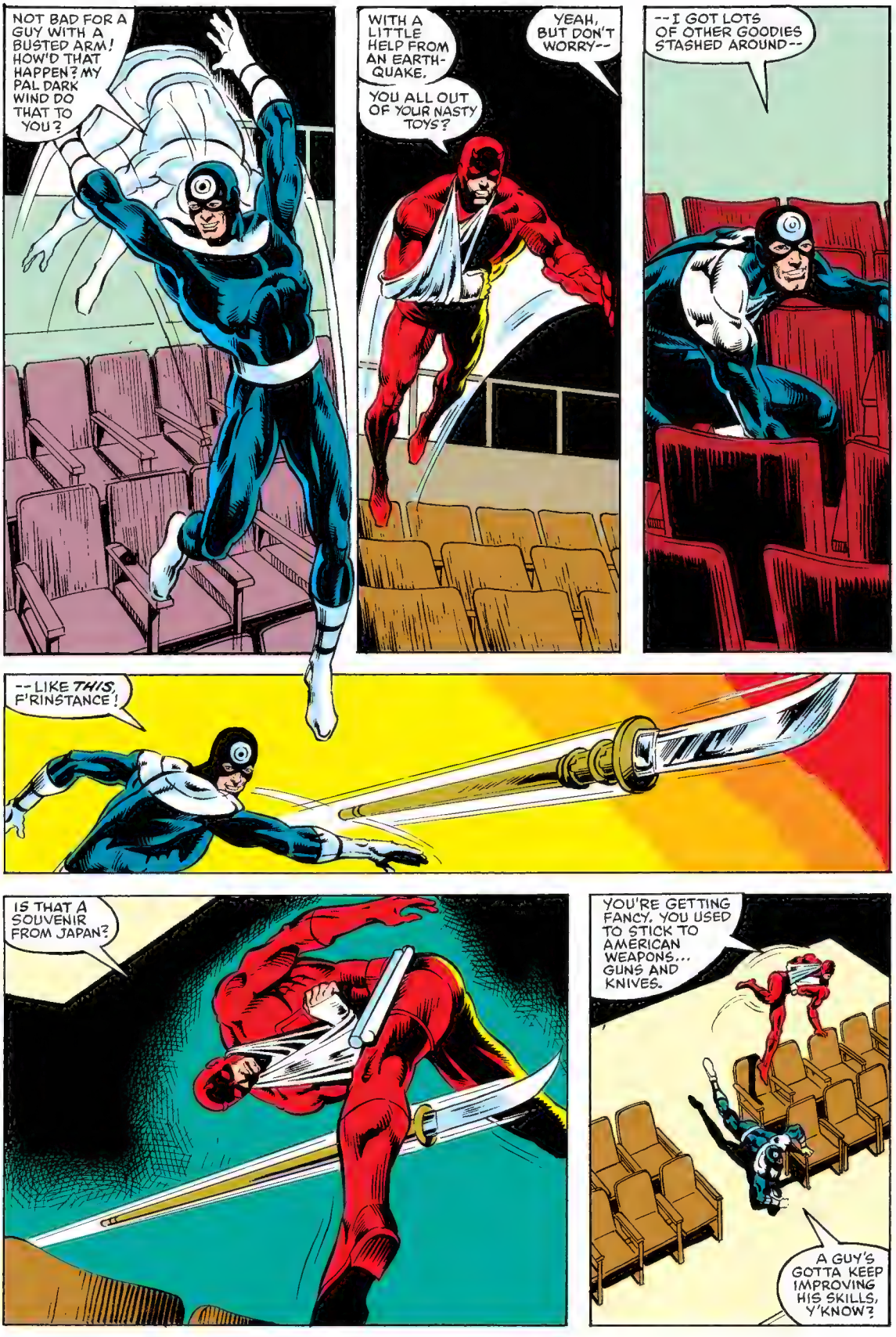

WHEN I WAS A CHILD... FOUR OR FIVE...NOT MUCH MORE THAN A BABY...


I WAS HERE TO WATCH MY FATHER... NOT FIGHT, NOT BOX--
--NO, THAT NIGHT HE WAS WRESTLING. HE WAS--
OH, DEAR LORD, HOW COULD I HAVE FORGOTTEN IT ALL THESE YEARS? HE WAS WEARING A COSTUME... A DEVIL COSTUME--
--AND HE WAS WRESTLING...
LATER, I WENT TO SEE HIM IN THE LOCKER ROOM. HE WAS SEATED ALL ALONE AND SOMEHOW HE LOOKED SMALLER...
HE WAS CRYING.
I'D NEVER SEEN HIM DO THAT BEFORE. I'D SELDOM SEEN HIM SHOW ANY EMOTION.

LISTEN, KID, WHAT YOU SEEN OUT THERE TONIGHT ...FORGET IT. 'CAUSE THAT WAS SOMETHIN' I DIDN'T WANNA DO.
I HAD TO. I HAD TO EARN MONEY. YOU BEEN SICK AND THERE'S BILLS LEFT OVER FROM YOUR MA AND MY MANAGER AIN'T BEEN GETTIN' ME FIGHTS.
SO I HAD TO PUT ON THIS STUPID SUIT AND MAKE A FOOL OF MYSELF.
BUT I'LL NEVER DO IT AGAIN...NO MATTER WHAT.
LISTEN TO ME KID...LISTEN GOOD, I'M A FIGHTER AND THAT AIN'T MUCH. IT AIN'T A PROFESSION I'M REAL PROUD OF, AND IF YOU EVER EVEN THINK ABOUT IT YOURSELF, I'LL BEAT YOU BLACK AND BLUE.
BUT IT'S WHAT I DO AND I TRY TO DO IT AS BEST I CAN. I TRY TO DO IT...
...HONORABLY, THAT'S THE WORD I'M LOOKIN' FOR.
WELL, TONIGHT I DISGRACED FIGHTIN' AND I DISGRACED MYSELF AND THERE AIN'T NO MONEY IN THE WORLD CAN PAY FOR THAT.
KID, THERE'S NEVER A REASON FOR NOT BEIN' WHAT YOU ARE.
ALL THESE YEARS...
TALKIN' TO YOURSELF, CHUMP?

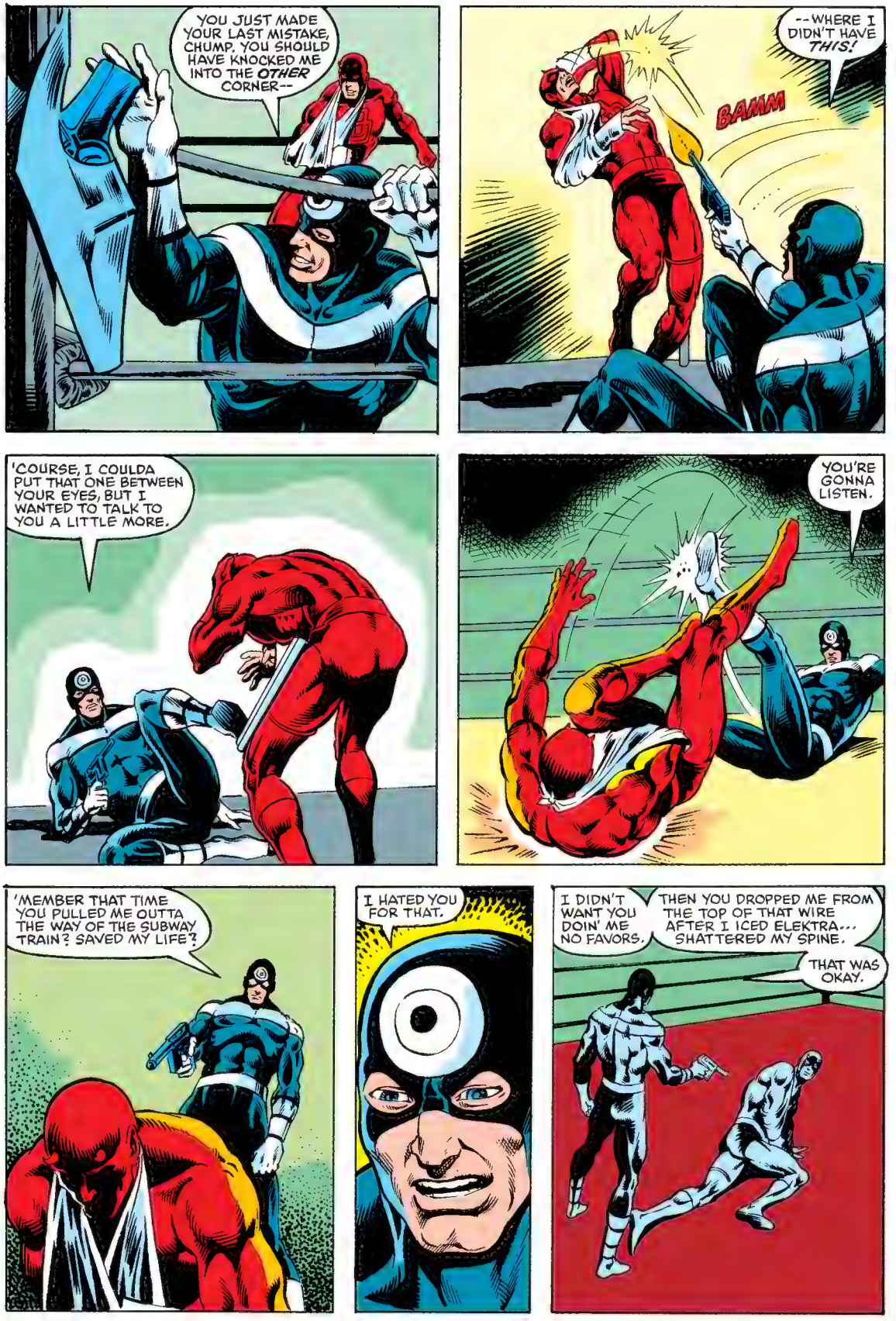
BULLSEYE!
LIVE AN' IN PERSON! TO SAY NOTHIN' OF GLOWIN' COLOR.
I WAS AFRAID OF THIS MOMENT... NOT BECAUSE I FEAR YOU, BUT BECAUSE THE PAST SEVERAL WEEKS I'VE FELT SOMEHOW CONNECTED TO YOU.
I WAS AFRAID THAT CONNECTION WOULD OVERWHELM ME... THAT I'D BE OVERCOME WITH COMPASSION...
I'M NOT.
ME EITHER, PALLY! AN' TO PROVE IT--
I'M GONNA DEAL YOU THESE LITTLE GIMMICKS! I EVER SHOW YOU THESE?

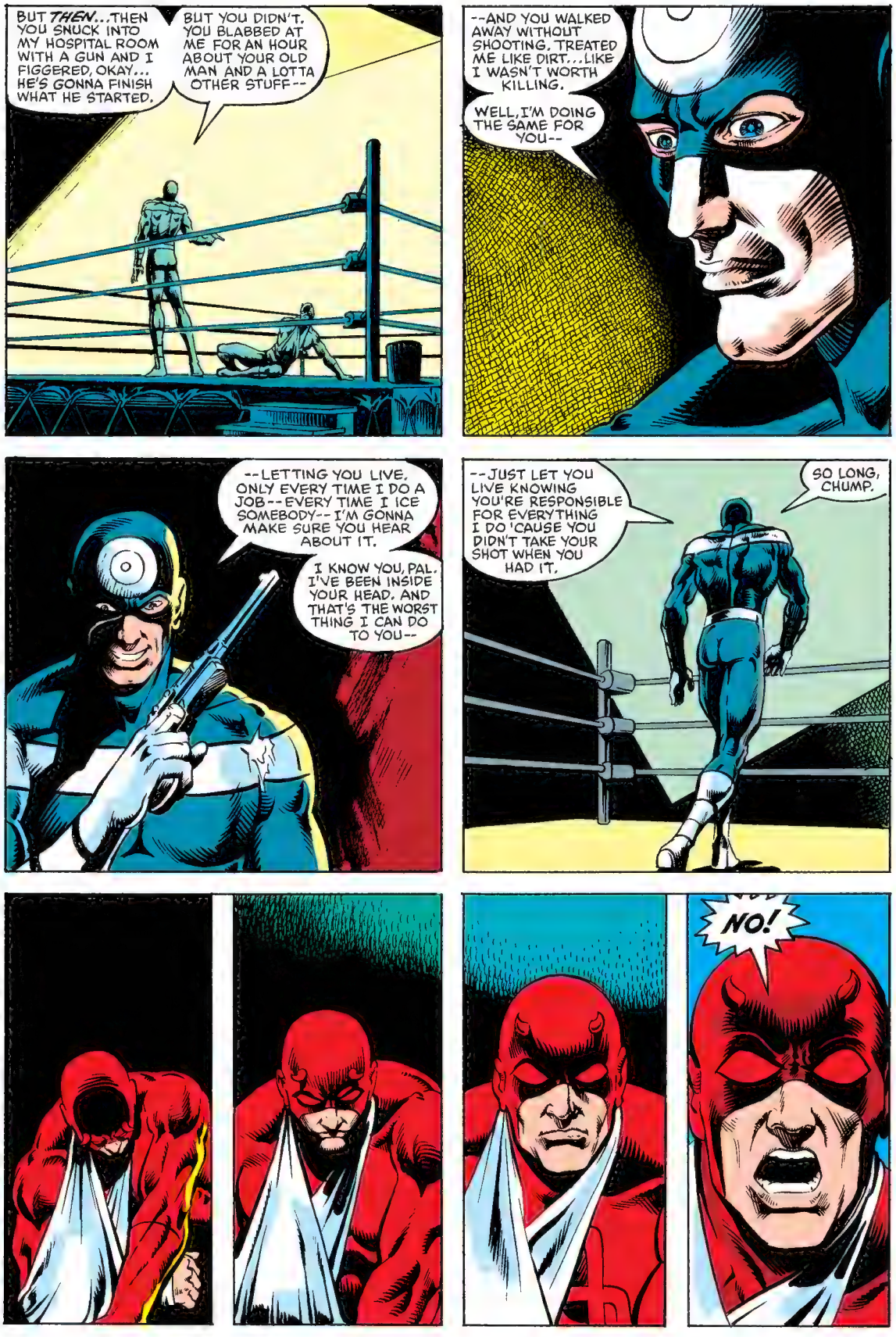
YOU'RE A BIT SLOW, BULLSEYE! AGE GETTING TO YOU?
NAW! THAT WAS JUST OPENERS, PALLY...
SHLANK
SHLANK
SHLANK
...TO GET YOUR ATTENTION!
NOW I GOT IT, C'MON. LET'S GET THE PARTY ROLLIN'
HE'LL BE WAITING FOR ME--
--BUT HE WON'T BE EXPECTING ME--
--TO TAKE THE AERIAL ROUTE!

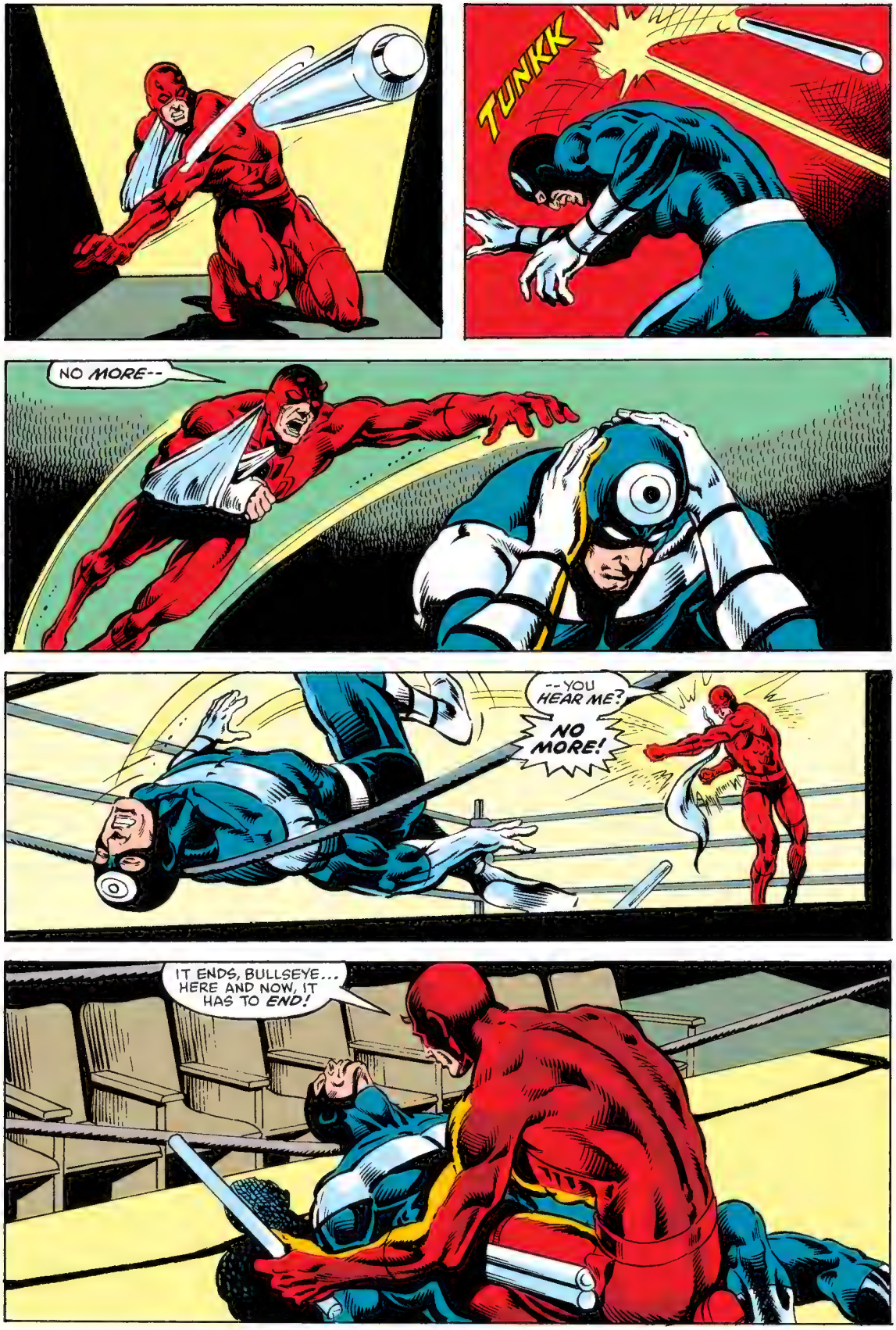

NOT BAD FOR A GUY WITH A BUSTED ARM! HOW'D THAT HAPPEN? MY PAL DARK WIND DO THAT TO YOU?
WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM AN EARTH-QUAKE.
YEAH, BUT DON'T WORRY--
YOU ALL OUT OF YOUR NASTY TOYS?
--I GOT LOTS OF OTHER GOODIES STASHED AROUND--
--LIKE THIS, F'RINSTANCE!
IS THAT A SOUVENIR FROM JAPAN?
YOU'RE GETTING FANCY. YOU USED TO STICK TO AMERICAN WEAPONS... GUNS AND KNIVES.
A GUY'S GOTTA KEEP IMPROVING HIS SKILLS, Y'KNOW?

SPEAKING OF STRANGE WEAPONS, I GOT SOMETHING UP HERE YOU OUGHTTA BE INTERESTED IN--
RECOGNIZE THIS? IT BELONGED TO ELEKTRA. I RAN ONE JUST LIKE IT STRAIGHT THROUGH HER.
YOU SHOULDA HEARD HER, PAL--
--WHIMPERED LIKE A BABY.
WHATSA MATTER--
--CAT GOT YOUR TONGUE?

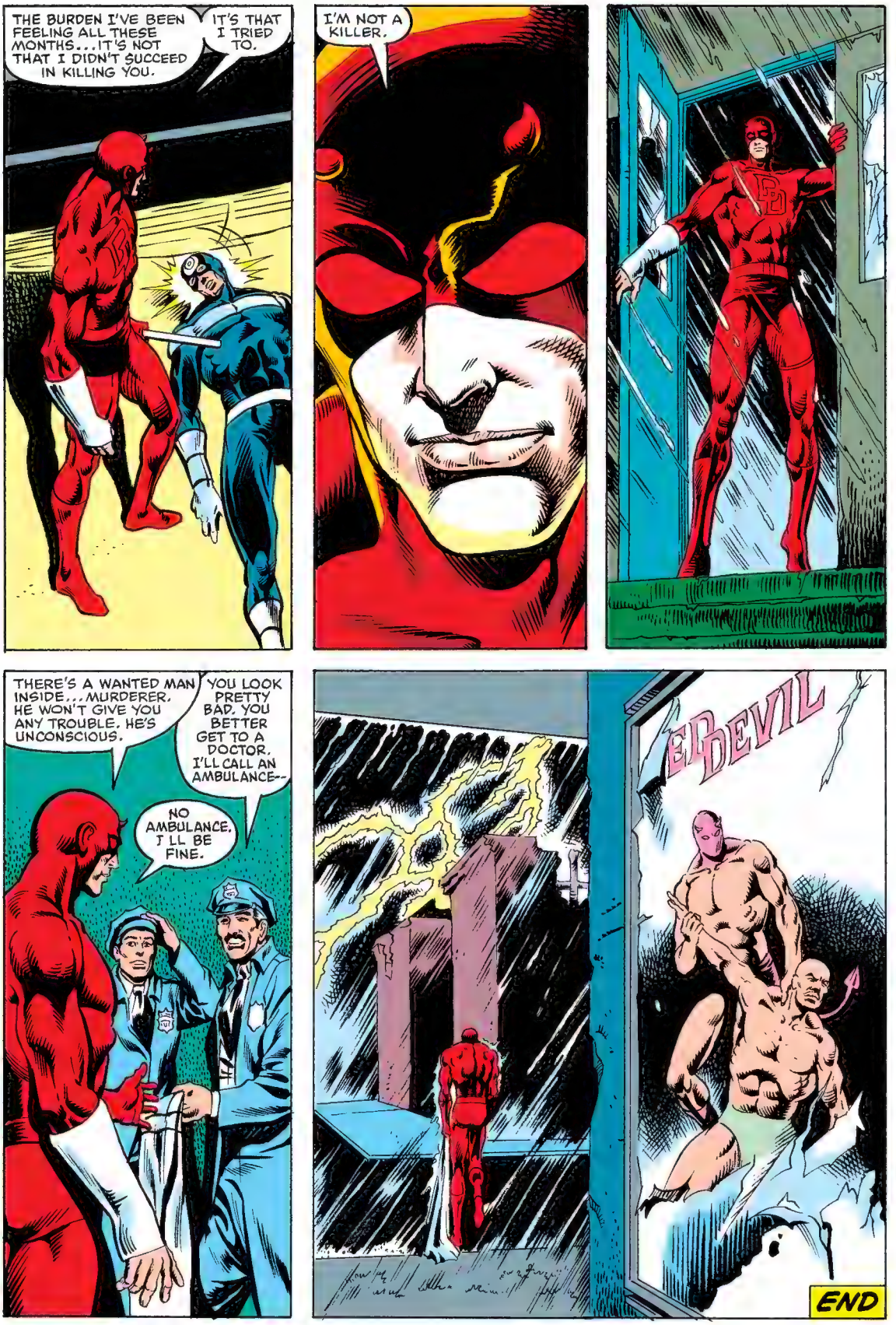
AGHII!
PRETTY GOOD! ALMOST AS GOOD AS I WOULD HAVE DONE IT. ONLY I WOULD HAVE AIMED FOR THE HEART.
I DID. I MISSED.
TZOK


YOU JUST MADE YOUR LAST MISTAKE, CHUMP. YOU SHOULD HAVE KNOCKED ME INTO THE *OTHER* CORNER--
--WHERE I DIDN'T HAVE *THIS!*
BAMM
'COURSE, I COULDA PUT THAT ONE BETWEEN YOUR EYES, BUT I WANTED TO TALK TO YOU A LITTLE MORE.
YOU'RE GONNA LISTEN.
'MEMBER THAT TIME YOU PULLED ME OUTTA THE WAY OF THE SUBWAY TRAIN? SAVED MY LIFE?
I HATED YOU FOR THAT.
I DIDN'T WANT YOU DOIN' ME NO FAVORS.
THEN YOU DROPPED ME FROM THE TOP OF THAT WIRE AFTER I ICED ELEKTRA... SHATTERED MY SPINE.
THAT WAS OKAY.


BUT THEN...THEN YOU SNUCK INTO MY HOSPITAL ROOM WITH A GUN AND I FIGGERED, OKAY... HE'S GONNA FINISH WHAT HE STARTED.
BUT YOU DIDN'T. YOU BLABBED AT ME FOR AN HOUR ABOUT YOUR OLD MAN AND A LOTTA OTHER STUFF--
--AND YOU WALKED AWAY WITHOUT SHOOTING. TREATED ME LIKE DIRT...LIKE I WASN'T WORTH KILLING.
WELL, I'M DOING THE SAME FOR YOU--
--LETTING YOU LIVE, ONLY EVERY TIME I DO A JOB--EVERY TIME I ICE SOMEBODY--I'M GONNA MAKE SURE YOU HEAR ABOUT IT.
I KNOW YOU, PAL. I'VE BEEN INSIDE YOUR HEAD, AND THAT'S THE WORST THING I CAN DO TO YOU--
--JUST LET YOU LIVE KNOWING YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE FOR EVERYTHING I DO 'CAUSE YOU DIDN'T TAKE YOUR SHOT WHEN YOU HAD IT.
SO LONG, CHUMP.
NO!


TUNKK
NO MORE--
--YOU HEAR ME?
NO MORE!
IT ENDS, BULLSEYE... HERE AND NOW, IT HAS TO END!

HERE AND NOW...
...FORGET IT, KID.
...I DISGRACED MYSELF AND THERE AIN'T NO MONEY IN THE WORLD CAN PAY FOR THAT... THERE'S NEVER A REASON FOR NOT BEIN' WHAT YOU ARE...
I'M NO KILLER.


THE BURDEN I'VE BEEN FEELING ALL THESE MONTHS...IT'S NOT THAT I DIDN'T SUCCEED IN KILLING YOU.
IT'S THAT I TRIED TO.
I'M NOT A KILLER.
THERE'S A WANTED MAN INSIDE...MURDERER. HE WON'T GIVE YOU ANY TROUBLE. HE'S UNCONSCIOUS.
YOU LOOK PRETTY BAD. YOU BETTER GET TO A DOCTOR. I'LL CALL AN AMBULANCE--
NO AMBULANCE. I'LL BE FINE.
DAREDEVIL
END

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DD'S OUT OF ACTION...
...BUT THE WIDOW IS BACK!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

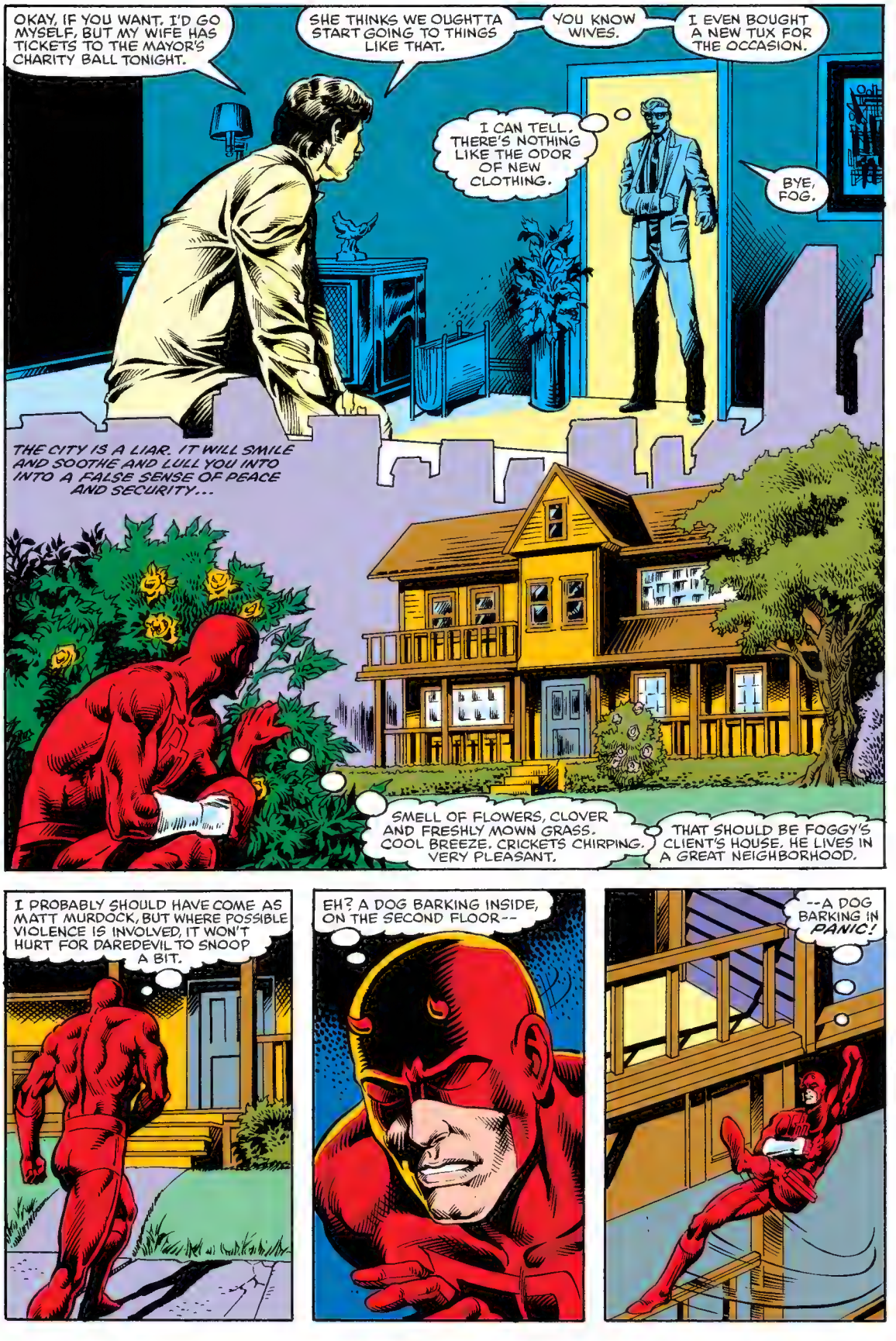
"The Day the Devil Didn't Dare!"
PETULANT... THAT'S WHAT THE CITY CAN BE. THIS CITY. ANY CITY. PETULANT LIKE A SPOILED CHILD IS PETULANT. SULLEN AND SNOTTY FOR HOURS AT A TIME, HIDING ITS FACE AND REFUSING TO SPEAK, THEN SUDDENLY STAMPING AND SHOUTING AND SQUEALING IN RAGE--DEADLY RAGE...
THAT SOUND...RIFLE BEING COCKED. SMELL OF GUN OIL. COMING FROM THAT ALLEYWAY. SOMEONE HIDING THERE. SOMEONE ABOUT TO KILL--
FOGGY!
GET DOWN!
HWHA--?

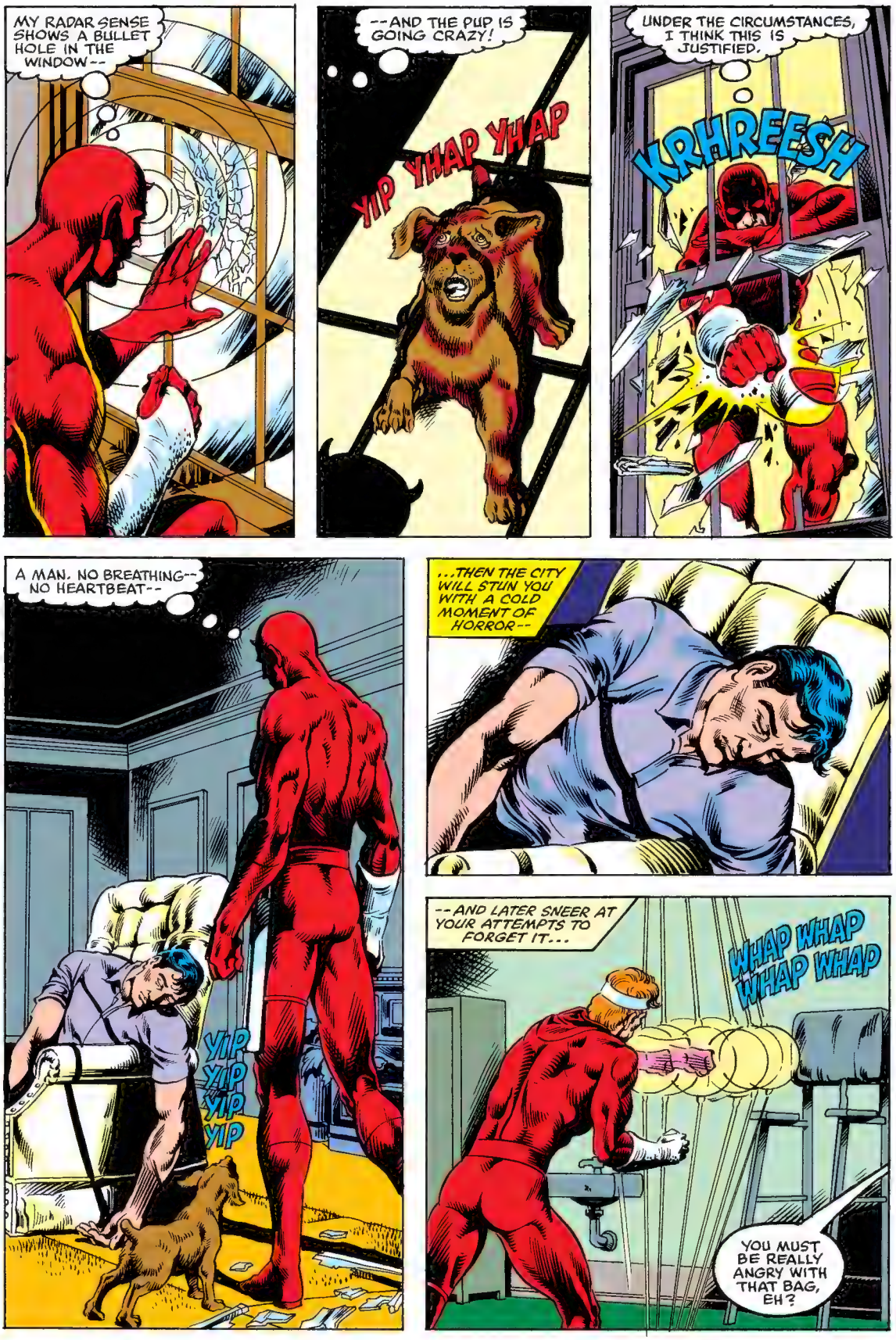
DENNY O'NEIL STORY | WILLIAM JOHNSON PENCILS | DANNY BULANADI INKS | JOE ROSEN LETTERING | C. SCHEELE COLORING | BOB BUDIANSKY EDITING | JIM SHOOTER EDITOR IN CHIEFING

BLAM BLAM
WHOEVER IT IS MISSED. HE'S GIVEN UP... RUNNING BEHIND THAT BUILDING.
GOOD. THAT'LL GIVE ME COVER--
--TO CHANGE TO DAREDEVIL...
BLAST! CAN'T GET MY CLOTHES OVER MY CAST. IT'D TAKE ME HALF THE NIGHT TO CHANGE INTO MY COSTUME.
I'LL JUST HAVE TO CHASE HIM AS MATT MURDOCK--AND EXPLAIN LATER HOW A BLIND MAN CAN SUDDENLY DO A CRIME-FIGHTING NUMBER.
NOW WHAT--? WET CEMENT... THERE GO MY BRAND-NEW HUNDRED DOLLAR LOAFERS!
NOT DOING THE END OF MY CANE MUCH GOOD, EITHER.
UNNHN...
DIZZY... BLANKING OUT...

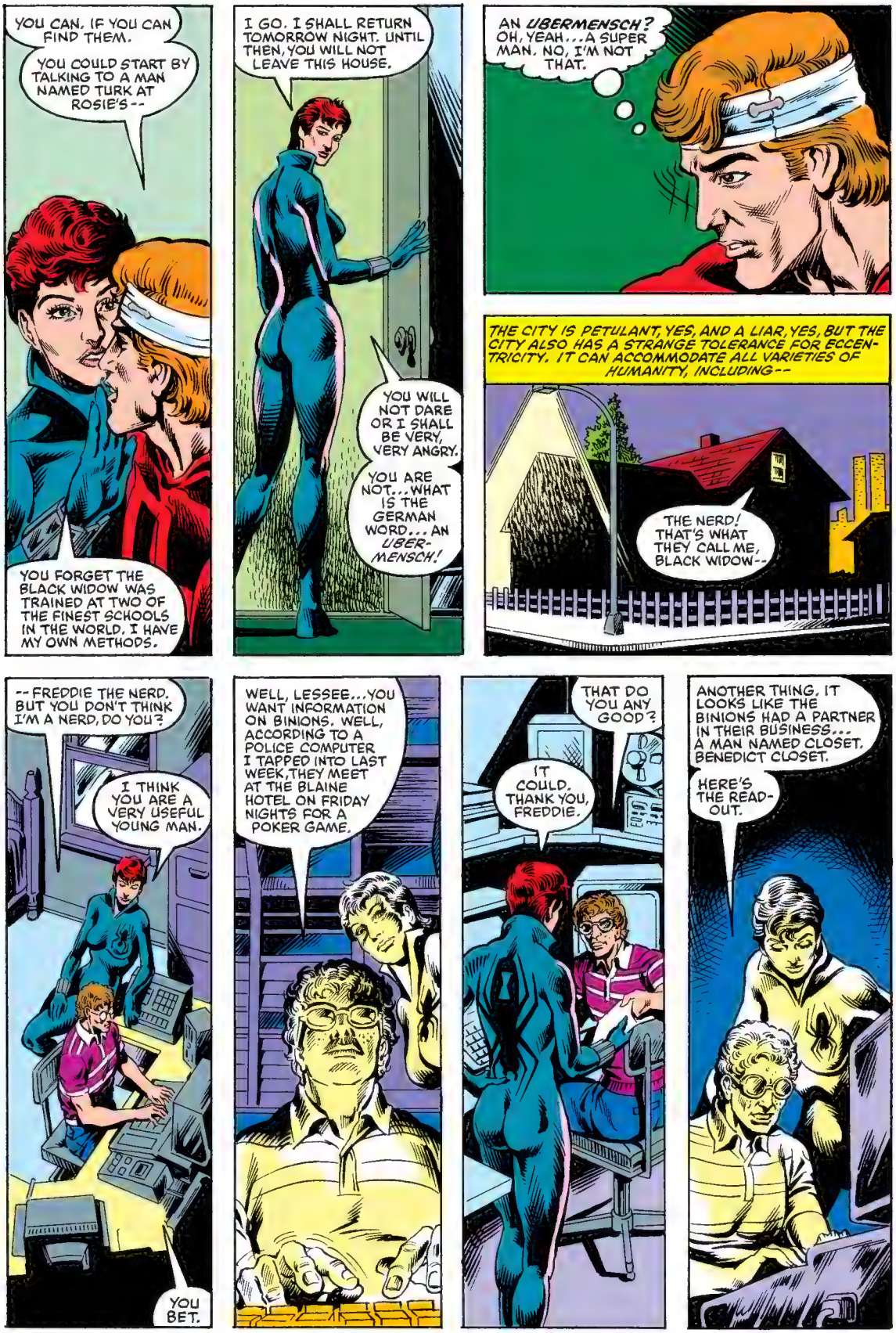
DOCTOR TOLD ME THE CONCUSSION BULLSEYE'S BULLET*GAVE ME ISN'T HEALED...SAID I SHOULD TAKE IT EASY. I SHOULD HAVE LISTENED.
GIT OUTTA THERE, YA DUMMY! WHATS-MATTER WITH YA--
*LAST ISSUE--BOB.
--YA BLIND...?
OH CRIPES...
FORGET IT.
THE WOULD-BE ASSASSIN'S GOTTEN AWAY. NOT A CHANCE IN THE WORLD OF CATCHING HIM NOW--
--IT'S A BIG CITY.
SIT DOWN, MATT. YOU LOOK TERRIBLE.
NELSON & MURDOCK
CAN I GET YOU ANYTHING? GLASS OF WATER? ALKA SELTZER?
NOTHING, FOGGY. I'LL BE FINE.
YOU SAY SOMEONE TRIED TO SHOOT YOU IN THE STREET?

YEAH. WASN'T THAT YOU WHO YELLED AT ME?
NAW. COULDN'T HAVE BEEN.
ANYWAY, SOMEONE TRIED TO CANCEL MY CHECK. I THINK IT MUST HAVE BEEN ONE OF THE BINION BROTHERS.
BOY, THAT'S SCARY.
BINION BROTHERS?
A COUPLE OF GUYS I HELPED PUT OUT OF BUSINESS WHILE YOU WERE IN JAPAN. ONE OF THEIR EMPLOYEES SUED THEM-- GUY NAMED HAROLD CARSTAIRS. IN FIGHTING THE CASE, I UNCOVERED A LOT OF SHADY PRACTICES. THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY HEARD ABOUT IT AND--
--KA-ZOUT! NO MORE BINION BROTHERS HAULING AND STORAGE COMPANY.
THE THING IS, THEY'RE A COUPLE OF EX-GREEN BERETS. EXPERTS IN...
...KILLING PEOPLE...
I'M SCARED.
HAVE YOU TRIED GETTING IN TOUCH WITH YOUR CLIENT? THE MAN WHO SUED THESE BINIONS?
HE ISN'T ANSWERING HIS PHONE.
MAYBE I'LL PAY A CALL ON HIM. I'M NOT BUSY AND I'D LIKE TO START GETTING BACK INTO THE SWING OF THE LAWYER BUSINESS.


OKAY, IF YOU WANT. I'D GO MYSELF, BUT MY WIFE HAS TICKETS TO THE MAYOR'S CHARITY BALL TONIGHT.
SHE THINKS WE OUGHTTA START GOING TO THINGS LIKE THAT.
YOU KNOW WIVES.
I EVEN BOUGHT A NEW TUX FOR THE OCCASION.
I CAN TELL. THERE'S NOTHING LIKE THE ODOR OF NEW CLOTHING.
BYE, FOG.
THE CITY IS A LIAR. IT WILL SMILE AND SOOTHE AND LULL YOU INTO INTO A FALSE SENSE OF PEACE AND SECURITY...
SMELL OF FLOWERS, CLOVER AND FRESHLY MOWN GRASS. COOL BREEZE. CRICKETS CHIRPING. VERY PLEASANT.
THAT SHOULD BE FOGGY'S CLIENT'S HOUSE. HE LIVES IN A GREAT NEIGHBORHOOD.
I PROBABLY SHOULD HAVE COME AS MATT MURDOCK, BUT WHERE POSSIBLE VIOLENCE IS INVOLVED, IT WON'T HURT FOR DAREDEVIL TO SNOOP A BIT.
EH? A DOG BARKING INSIDE, ON THE SECOND FLOOR--
--A DOG BARKING IN PANIC!

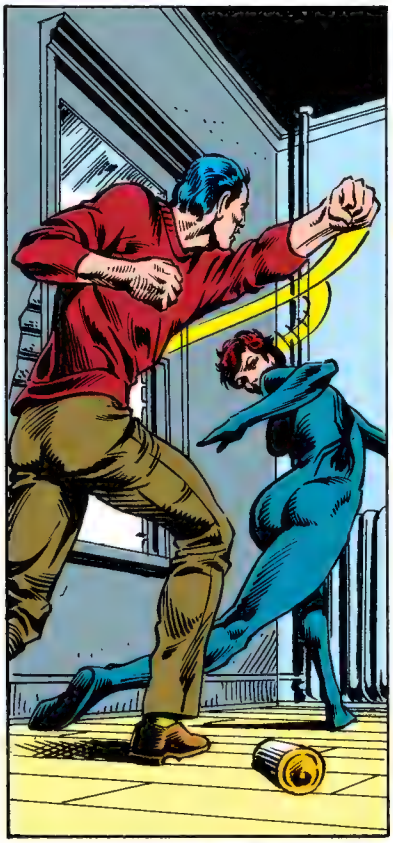

MY RADAR SENSE SHOWS A BULLET HOLE IN THE WINDOW--
--AND THE PUP IS GOING CRAZY!
YIP YHAP YHAP
UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES, I THINK THIS IS JUSTIFIED.
KRHREESH
A MAN. NO BREATHING-- NO HEARTBEAT--
YIP YIP YIP YIP
...THEN THE CITY WILL STUN YOU WITH A COLD MOMENT OF HORROR--
--AND LATER SNEER AT YOUR ATTEMPTS TO FORGET IT...
WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP
YOU MUST BE REALLY ANGRY WITH THAT BAG, EH?

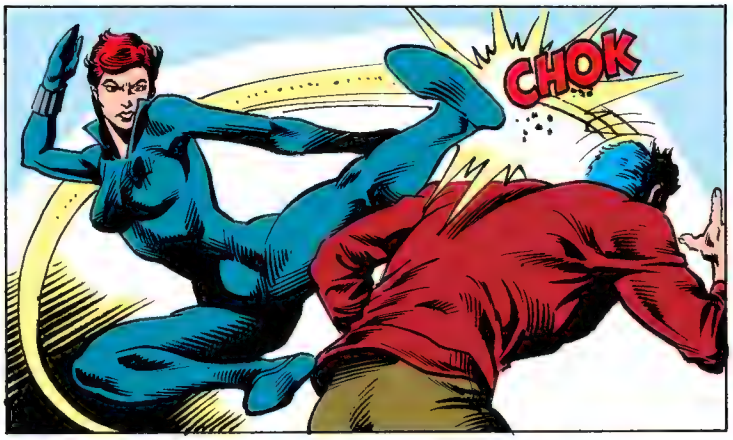
NOT AT THE BAG, TASHA. AT MYSELF. SOMEBODY'S TRYING TO MURDER MY PARTNER AND MY OLDEST FRIEND AND I'M NOT DOING A THING ABOUT IT.
I CAN'T DO A THING ABOUT IT--
WAHP WAHP WAHP
-- I'M SICK!
WAPPP-PP-PP
POOR BABY.
USELESS AS EARS ON A RAINBOW.
THERE ARE A COUPLE OF GUYS NAMED BINION OUT THERE SOMEWHERE WITH GUNS AND--
YOU ARE TOO ILL TO ACT.
BUT I AM NOT. PERHAPS I COULD FIND THESE BINIONS AND BRING THEM TO YOU.
I DON'T WANT TO BOTHER YOU.
BOTHER ME? WITH NELSON'S LIFE AT STAKE? HOW STUPID YOU CAN BE! BESIDES, YOU KNOW I CARE FOR YOU--EVEN IF WE ARE NOW ONLY FRIENDS.
I CAN BE YOUR ARMS AND LEGS. I CAN BRING YOU THE BINIONS.


YOU CAN, IF YOU CAN FIND THEM.
YOU COULD START BY TALKING TO A MAN NAMED TURK AT ROSIE'S--
YOU FORGET THE BLACK WIDOW WAS TRAINED AT TWO OF THE FINEST SCHOOLS IN THE WORLD. I HAVE MY OWN METHODS.
I GO. I SHALL RETURN TOMORROW NIGHT. UNTIL THEN, YOU WILL NOT LEAVE THIS HOUSE.
YOU WILL NOT DARE OR I SHALL BE VERY, VERY ANGRY.
YOU ARE NOT...WHAT IS THE GERMAN WORD... AN *UBER-MENSCH!*
AN *UBERMENSCH?* OH, YEAH...A SUPER MAN. NO, I'M NOT THAT.
THE CITY IS PETULANT, YES, AND A LIAR, YES, BUT THE CITY ALSO HAS A STRANGE TOLERANCE FOR ECCENTRICITY. IT CAN ACCOMMODATE ALL VARIETIES OF HUMANITY, INCLUDING--
THE NERD! THAT'S WHAT THEY CALL ME, BLACK WIDOW--
--FREDDIE THE NERD. BUT YOU DON'T THINK I'M A NERD, DO YOU?
I THINK YOU ARE A VERY USEFUL YOUNG MAN.
YOU BET.
WELL, LESSEE...YOU WANT INFORMATION ON BINIONS. WELL, ACCORDING TO A POLICE COMPUTER I TAPPED INTO LAST WEEK, THEY MEET AT THE BLAINE HOTEL ON FRIDAY NIGHTS FOR A POKER GAME.
IT COULD. THANK YOU, FREDDIE.
THAT DO YOU ANY GOOD?
ANOTHER THING, IT LOOKS LIKE THE BINIONS HAD A PARTNER IN THEIR BUSINESS... A MAN NAMED CLOSET. BENEDICT CLOSET.
HERE'S THE READ-OUT.

BETTER AND BETTER, YOU ARE SWEET, DEAR FREDDIE.
BOY, I WISH I HAD A PICTURE OF THIS.
YA TALKIN' TO YASELF AGAIN, YA CRAZY NUT?
SHADDAP!
STICK IT IN YOUR EAR.
OKAY, MA!
THE CITY CAN BE PLAYFUL...
DEAL 'EM.
FULTON FISH
FIVE.
PAIR A' SQUEEZERS, THERE'S THE 'BET.
AND BACK AT YOU.
TEN TO ME? CRIPES, WHAT ARE YOU GUYS, ROCKEFELLERS?
TAKE IT EASY. REMEMBER WHAT KILLED THE OLD MAN!
HEY, BROTHER, YOU WORRY ABOUT YOUR TICKER AND I'LL WORRY ABOUT MINE, OKAY?
I'LL SEE YOUR TEN AND RAISE YOU TEN.
IS IT WISE TO BET ON A MERE PAIR OF EIGHTS?

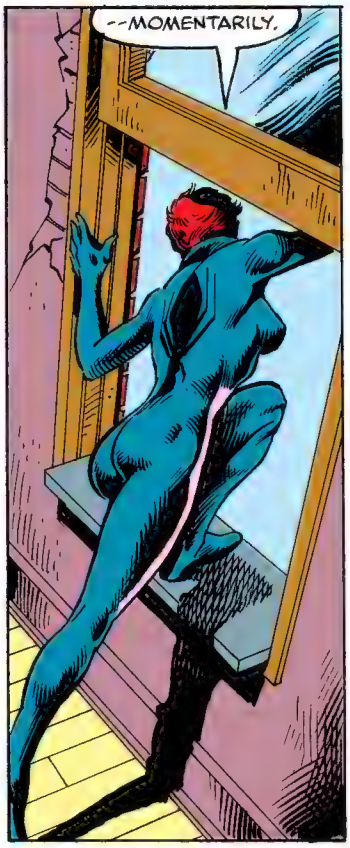
A CHICK!
HOW'D SHE GET HERE?
I CLIMBED.
TWO OF YOU ARE NAMED BINION. I WOULD LIKE THESE TWO TO ACCOMPANY ME.
C'MON, SAMMY!
I'M WIT'CHA, LOU.
AH. THE BINIONS HAVE REVEALED THEMSELVES.
STOP 'ER, GUYS, THERE'S A HUNNERT APIECE IN IT FOR YOU.
DEAL!
MNGH!
BONK
T-SOCKK
UNGH!

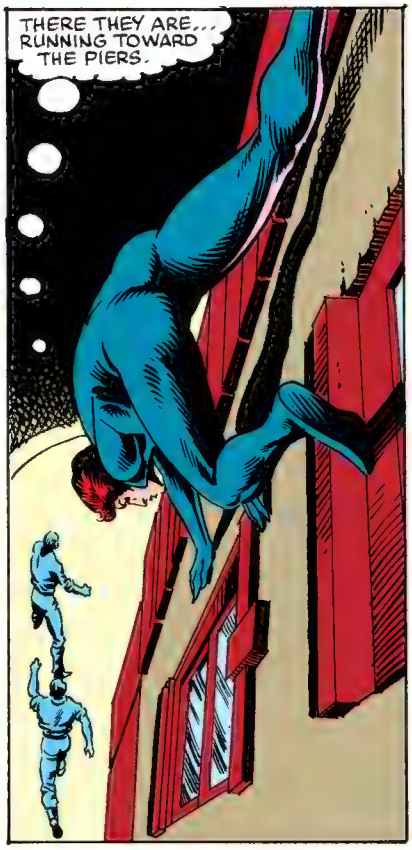



CHOK

WHUMP

YOU GENTLEMEN ARE MOST INEPT. BUT YOU DID SUCCEED IN DELAYING ME--


--MOMENTARILY.


THERE THEY ARE... RUNNING TOWARD THE PIERS.

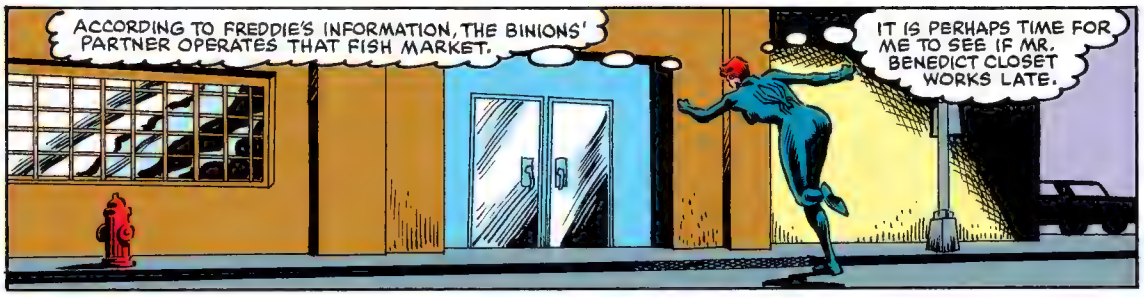
NOT RUNNING VERY QUICKLY, HOWEVER.

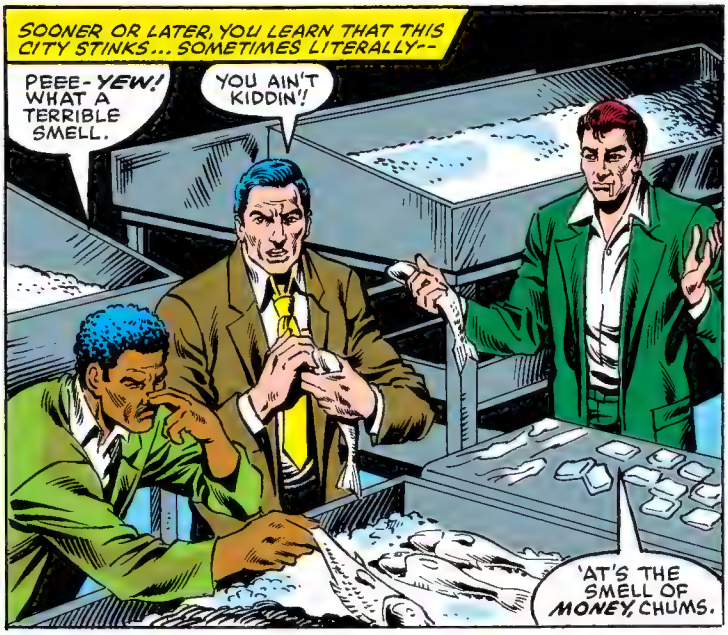
BHONK

MY WIDOW'S LINE WILL SECURE THEM. BUT I STILL HAVE A PROBLEM-- WHERE TO STORE THEM WHILE I DEAL WITH THE REST OF THIS MATTER?

AH.
TAXI!
FULTON FISH

I WILL LOAD MY FRIENDS INTO YOUR BACK SEAT. YOU WILL GIVE THEM A PLEASANT DRIVE AROUND CENTRAL PARK AND RETURN HERE IN AN HOUR.
FOR THIS I WILL PAY YOU A HUNDRED DOLLARS NOW AND A HUNDRED LATER--PROVIDED YOU DO NOT NOTICE ANYTHING.
LIKE THE FACT THEY'RE TIED UP? YOU GOT IT, LADY.


ACCORDING TO FREDDIE'S INFORMATION, THE BINIONS' PARTNER OPERATES THAT FISH MARKET.
IT IS PERHAPS TIME FOR ME TO SEE IF MR. BENEDICT CLOSET WORKS LATE.

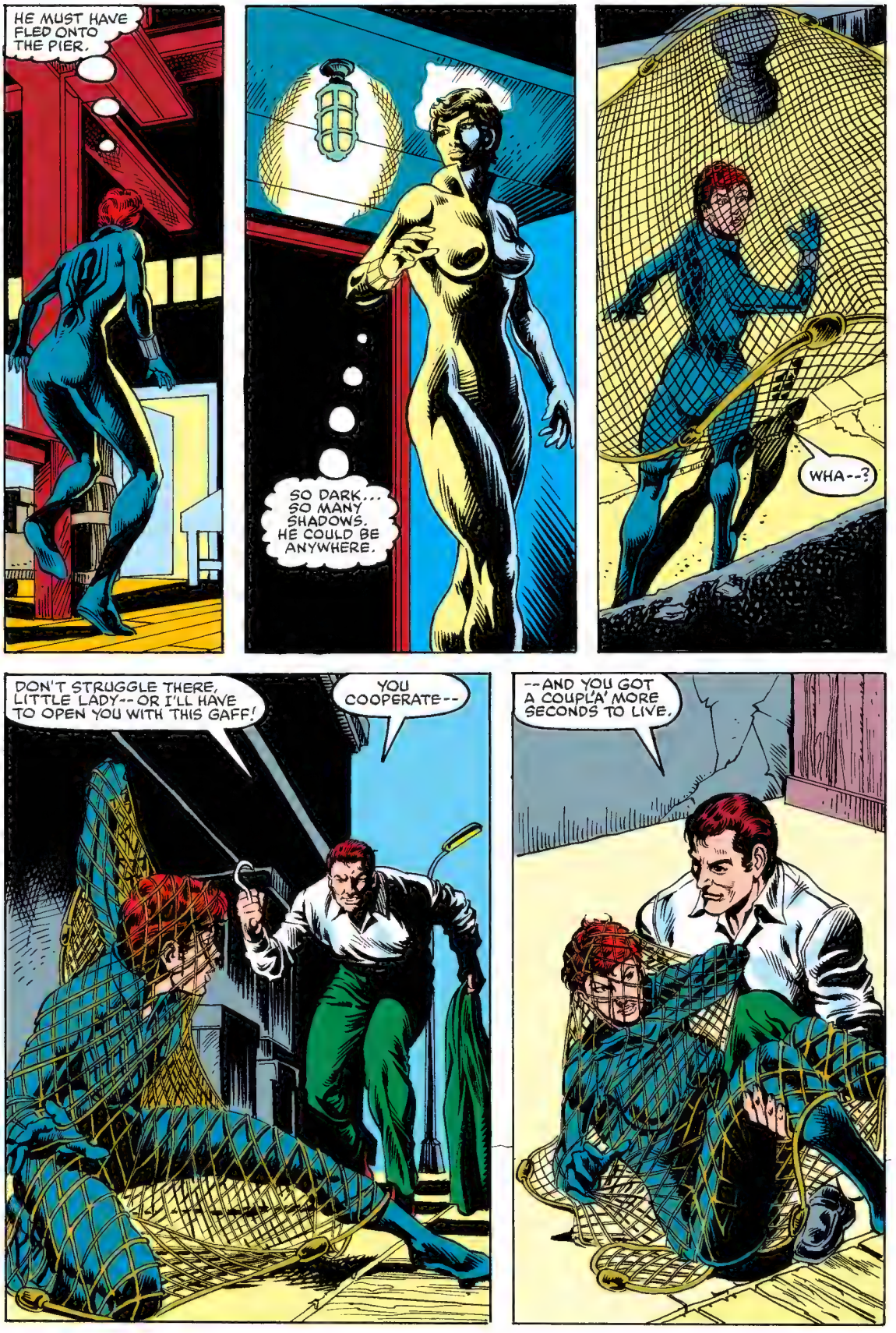

SOONER OR LATER, YOU LEARN THAT THIS CITY STINKS... SOMETIMES LITERALLY--
PEEE-YEW! WHAT A TERRIBLE SMELL.
YOU AIN'T KIDDIN'!
'AT'S THE SMELL OF MONEY, CHUMS.

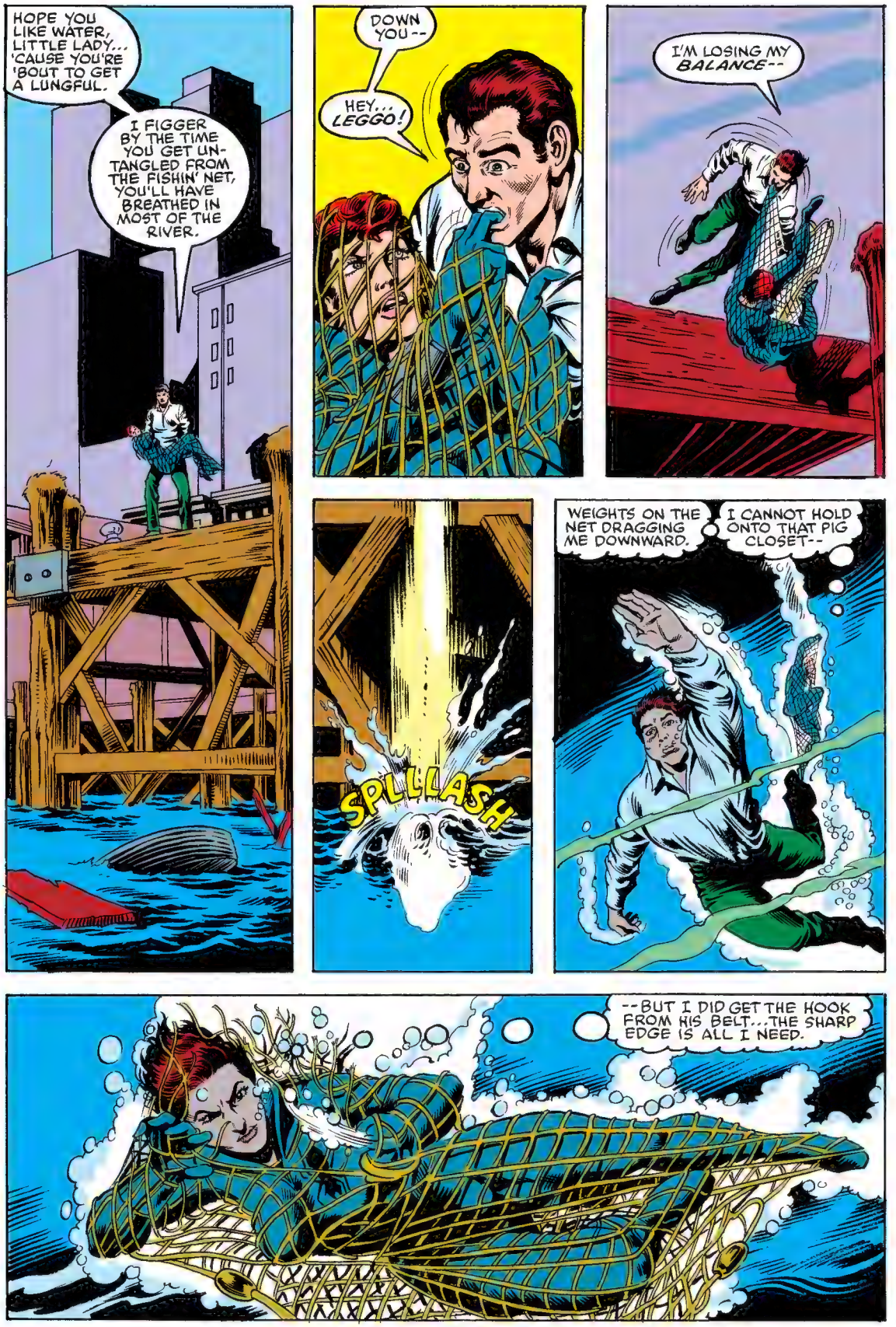
EACH OF THESE LITTLE PACKAGES IS WORTH A GRAND. AND PUTTIN' 'EM INSIDE FISH IS A PERFECT DISTRIBUTION SYSTEM.
SO NOW THE FISH DON'T SMELL SO BAD, HUH?
THE FISH DO NOT OFFEND ME--

--BUT THE ODOR OF THE HUMANS PRESENT IS HIGHLY OFFENSIVE.
I DUNNO WHO YOU ARE, LADY--

--BUT YOU JUST BOUGHT IT!

WAP
SNIK
MY EYES--!
THEY HURT?
THEN CLOSE THEM!
TSOCK
DO NOT HIDE, MR. CLOSET. YOUR ILLEGAL SELLING OF DRUGS IS NOT MY PRESENT CONCERN.
I WISH MERELY TO HAVE YOU VISIT A FRIEND OF MINE. IF YOU ARE INNOCENT OF MURDER, YOU HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR!


HE MUST HAVE FLED ONTO THE PIER.
SO DARK... SO MANY SHADOWS. HE COULD BE ANYWHERE.
WHA--?
DON'T STRUGGLE THERE, LITTLE LADY-- OR I'LL HAVE TO OPEN YOU WITH THIS GAFF!
YOU COOPERATE--
--AND YOU GOT A COUPL'A' MORE SECONDS TO LIVE.


HOPE YOU LIKE WATER, LITTLE LADY... 'CAUSE YOU'RE 'BOUT TO GET A LUNGFUL.
I FIGGER BY THE TIME YOU GET UNTANGLED FROM THE FISHIN' NET, YOU'LL HAVE BREATHED IN MOST OF THE RIVER.
DOWN YOU--
HEY... LEGGO!
I'M LOSING MY BALANCE--
SPLLLASH
WEIGHTS ON THE NET DRAGGING ME DOWNWARD.
I CANNOT HOLD ONTO THAT PIG CLOSET--
--BUT I DID GET THE HOOK FROM HIS BELT...THE SHARP EDGE IS ALL I NEED.

HOO-EEE- DOG! LITTLE LADY NEAR DROWNDED ME!
BEFORE I AM FINISHED--
T-CHOK
--YOU MAY WISH I HAD!
SOON--
GOT ANOTHER CUSTOMER FOR ME?
HERE IS THE MONEY I PROMISED. THERE WILL BE YET ANOTHER HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL IF YOU DRIVE ME EVERY-WHERE I WISH TO GO -- WITH NO QUESTIONS.
AND, AN HOUR LATER...
WHY'D YOU MAKE US DIG OUT OUR OLD VIET NAM GEAR--
--AND PUT IT ON?
YEAH. WHAT'S THE POINT IN OUR WEARING FATIGUES?
THE MAN RUNNING AWAY FROM THE ATTEMPTED MURDER WAS SO DRESSED. IT MAY HELP IN THE IDENTIFICATION IF EITHER OF YOU WERE THAT MAN.

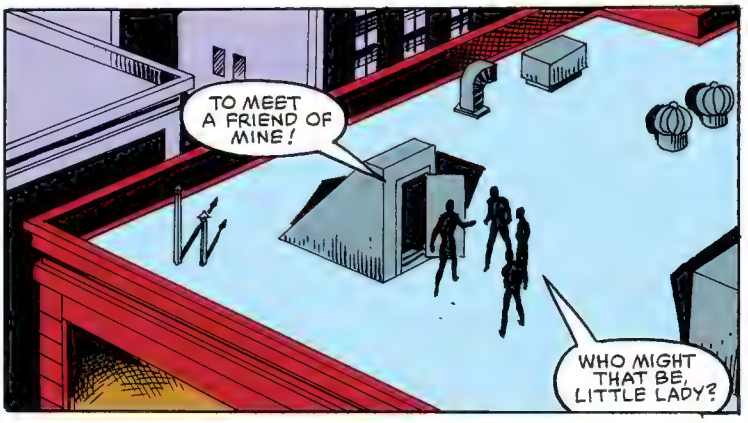
WHAT ABOUT ME, LITTLE LADY? I AIN'T NEVER BEEN IN THE ARMY!
BUT YOU DID ONCE BELONG TO A RIFLE CLUB--

--AND YOU HAVE THE SAME MOTIVE AS THE BINIONS.
WHAT MIGHT THAT BE?

REVENGE! NELSON AND HIS CLIENT PUT ALL THREE OF YOU OUT OF BUSINESS.
DON'T SHOVE! I AIN'T A WELL MAN!

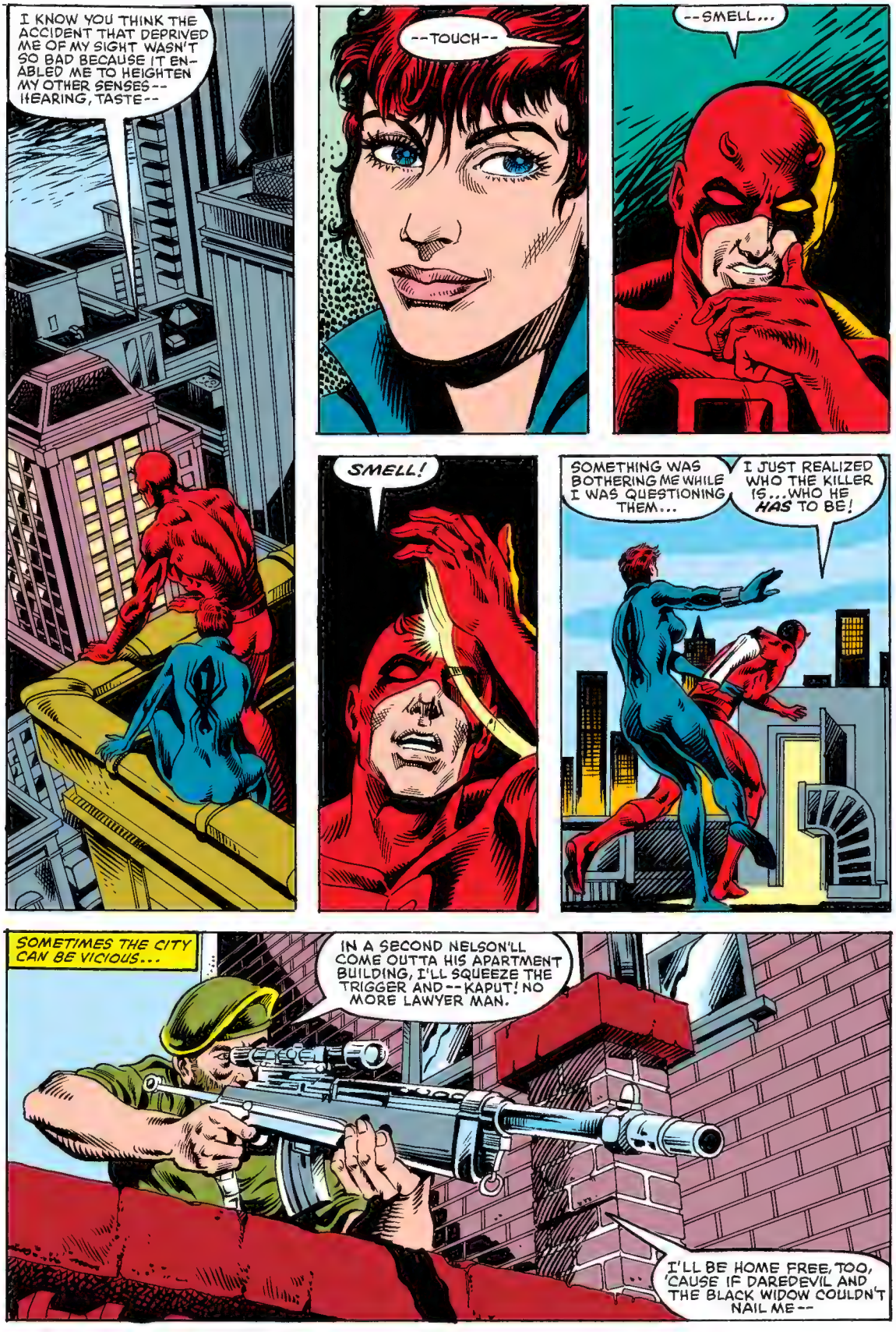
I AM AWARE OF THIS! MY INFORMATION IS THAT YOU HAD TO BRIBE THE DOCTOR TO LET YOU INTO THE GREEN BERETS. SOME KIND OF CONGENITAL CONDITION--
WE WERE YOUNG!
AND STUPID!

MOSTLY STUPID!
WHILE IN ASIA, YOU BOTH CONTRACTED DRUG HABITS-- WHICH DOUBTLESS LED TO YOUR INVOLVEMENT WITH CLOSET!
WHY'RE YOU BRINGIN' US UP HERE?

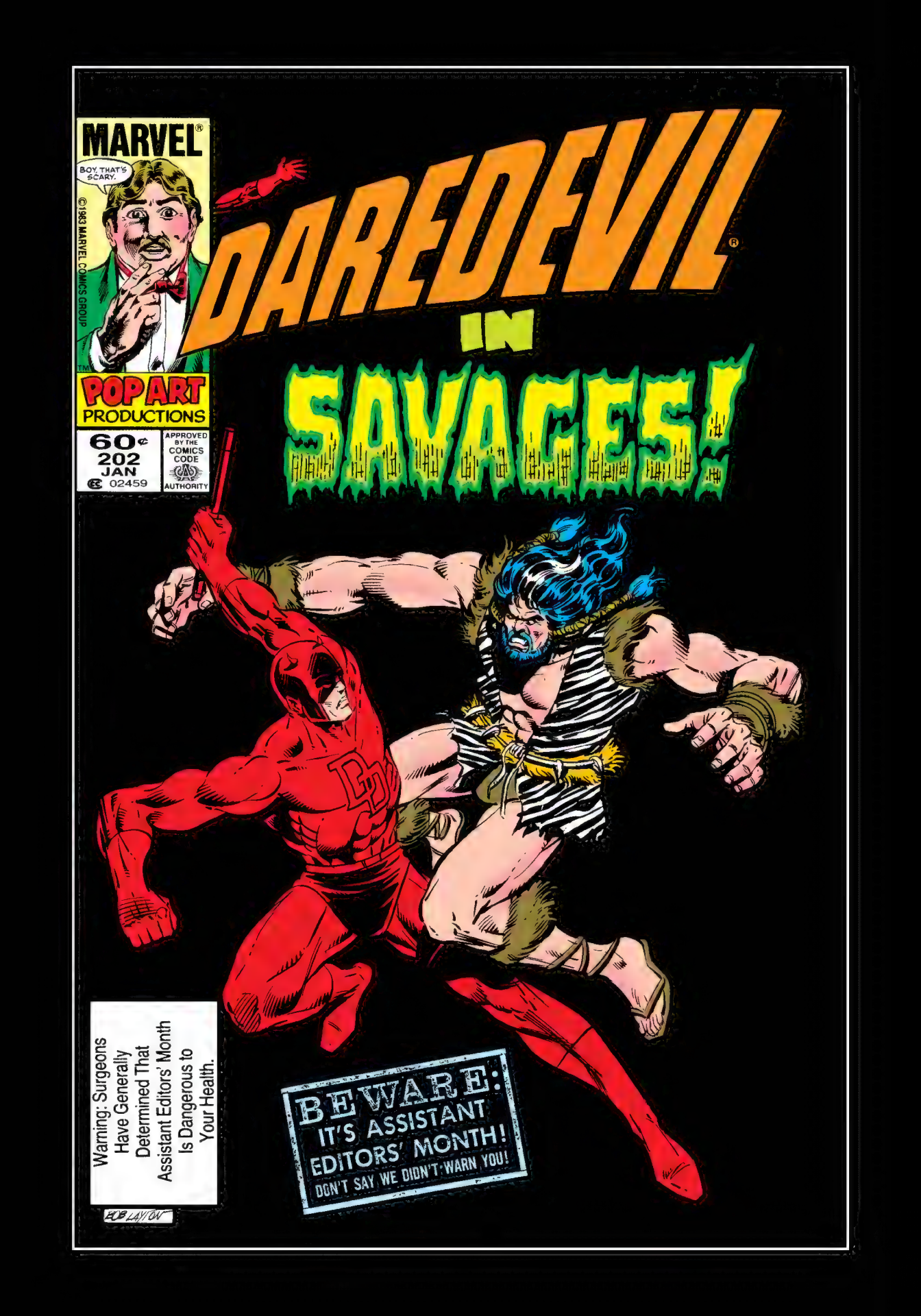

TO MEET A FRIEND OF MINE!
WHO MIGHT THAT BE, LITTLE LADY?

IF YOU CALL ME A "LITTLE LADY" ONCE MORE, I SHALL CAUSE YOU FAR MORE GRIEF THAN YOU WOULD HAVE BELIEVED POSSIBLE. DO YOU UNDERSTAND?
S-SURE.
YOU CAN PUNCH HIS BRAINS OUT LATER, WIDOW--
--AFTER I ASK MY QUESTIONS.
I WARN THE THREE OF YOU. DON'T LIE. DON'T EVEN *CONSIDER* LYING. BECAUSE I'LL KNOW. AND I WON'T LIKE IT. AT ALL.
THE QUESTION--DID YOU TRY TO KILL FRANKLIN NELSON?
NO.
NO.
NO.

OKAY, THEN, DID YOU MURDER HAROLD CARSTAIRS?
NO.
NO.
NO.
NO CHANGE IN CLOSET'S HEART RATE... AND BOTH THE BINIONS ARE ERRATIC.
PERHAPS BOTH OF THEM ARE GUILTY?
NO. I'M CERTAIN THERE WAS ONLY ONE GUNMAN. HOW COULD THEY BOTH BE LYING?
I AM AFRAID THEY ARE NOT. I HAVE LEARNED THAT THEY HAVE A HEART CONDITION INHERITED FROM THEIR FATHER.
THEN MY LIE-DETECTING SYSTEM IS USELESS! IT'S ILLNESS--NOT LIES--THAT'S MAKING THEIR HEARTBEATS IRREGULAR.
YOU CAN GO!
MY LIE-DETECTING SYSTEM IS USELESS... AND SO AM I.


I KNOW YOU THINK THE ACCIDENT THAT DEPRIVED ME OF MY SIGHT WASN'T SO BAD BECAUSE IT ENABLED ME TO HEIGHTEN MY OTHER SENSES--HEARING, TASTE--
--TOUCH--
--SMELL...
SMELL!
SOMETHING WAS BOTHERING ME WHILE I WAS QUESTIONING THEM...
I JUST REALIZED WHO THE KILLER IS...WHO HE HAS TO BE!
SOMETIMES THE CITY CAN BE VICIOUS...
IN A SECOND NELSON'LL COME OUTTA HIS APARTMENT BUILDING, I'LL SQUEEZE THE TRIGGER AND--KAPUT! NO MORE LAWYER MAN.
I'LL BE HOME FREE, TOO, 'CAUSE IF DAREDEVIL AND THE BLACK WIDOW COULDN'T NAIL ME--

--THE COPS AIN'T GOT A CHANCE...
HUH?
HOW?
YOUR BOOTS.
BUT THEY'RE BRAND NEW.
EXACTLY, YOU HAD TO BUY NEW ONES BECAUSE THE OLD ONES WERE RUINED WHEN YOU RAN THROUGH WET CONCRETE AFTER FAILING TO SHOOT NELSON.
THESE THINGS DAREDEVIL KNOWS.
OR SHOULD I SAY "DAREDEVIL NOSE!"
TASHA MUST HAVE NABBED HIM...WHICH WASN'T HARD, SINCE WE FOLLOWED HIM FROM HIS HOTEL ROOM--
MATT?
WHAT'RE YOU DOING HERE?
WAITING FOR YOU, OLD FRIEND. WAITING FOR YOU.
AND SOMETIMES, JUST ONCE IN A GREAT WHILE, THE CITY CAN BE KIND AS A GRANDMOTHER AND HAPPY AS A BOY ON HIS BIRTHDAY...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BOY, THAT'S SCARY.
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TM
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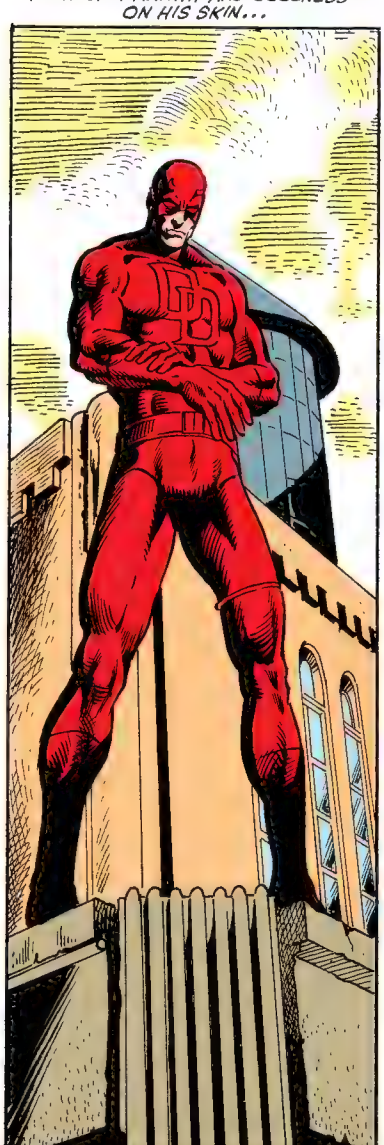
DAREDEVIL®
IN
SAVAGES!
BEWARE:
IT'S ASSISTANT EDITORS' MONTH!
DON'T SAY WE DIDN'T WARN YOU!
Warning: Surgeons Have Generally Determined That Assistant Editors' Month Is Dangerous to Your Health.
BOB LAYTON

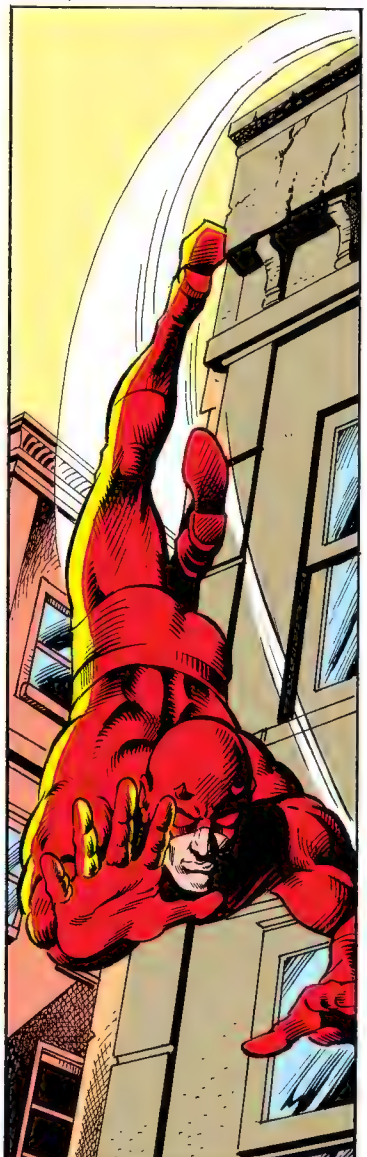
STAN LEE PRESENTS:

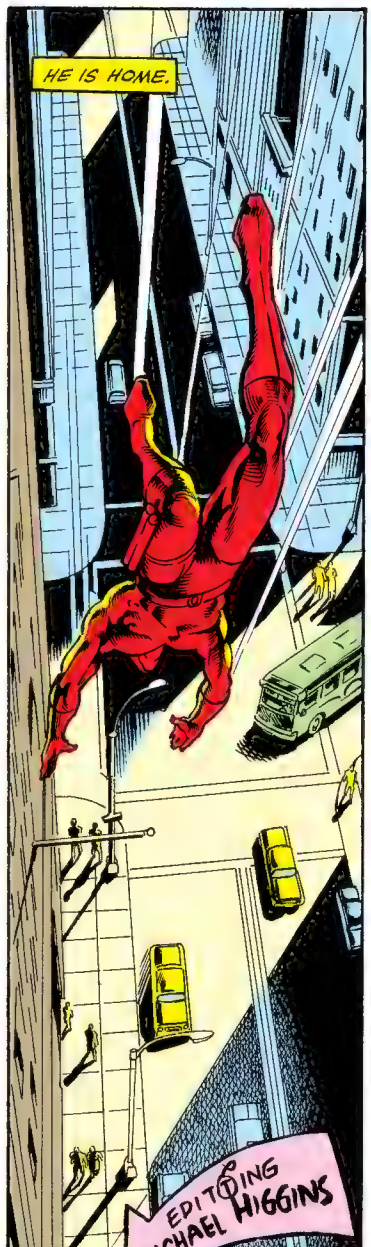
SAVAGES

FOR FIVE MINUTES, HE HAS BEEN STANDING ALONE WITH HIS SENSES OPEN, HEARING THE MUTTERING OF THE EARLY EVENING STREETS FAR BELOW, SMELLING A MILLION MINGLED ODORS, FEELING THE SUBTLE INTERPLAY OF WARMTH AND COOLNESS ON HIS SKIN...



SLOWLY, HE PERMITS THE FAMILIAR RHYTHMS OF NEW YORK TO CLAIM HIM AND HE BEGINS TO PULSE IN UNISON WITH THEM. AS THE TIDE IS ONE WITH THE SEA, SO IS HE, NOW, ONE WITH THE CITY.





STORY DENNIS O'NEIL

ART WILLIAM JOHNSON & DANNY BULANADI

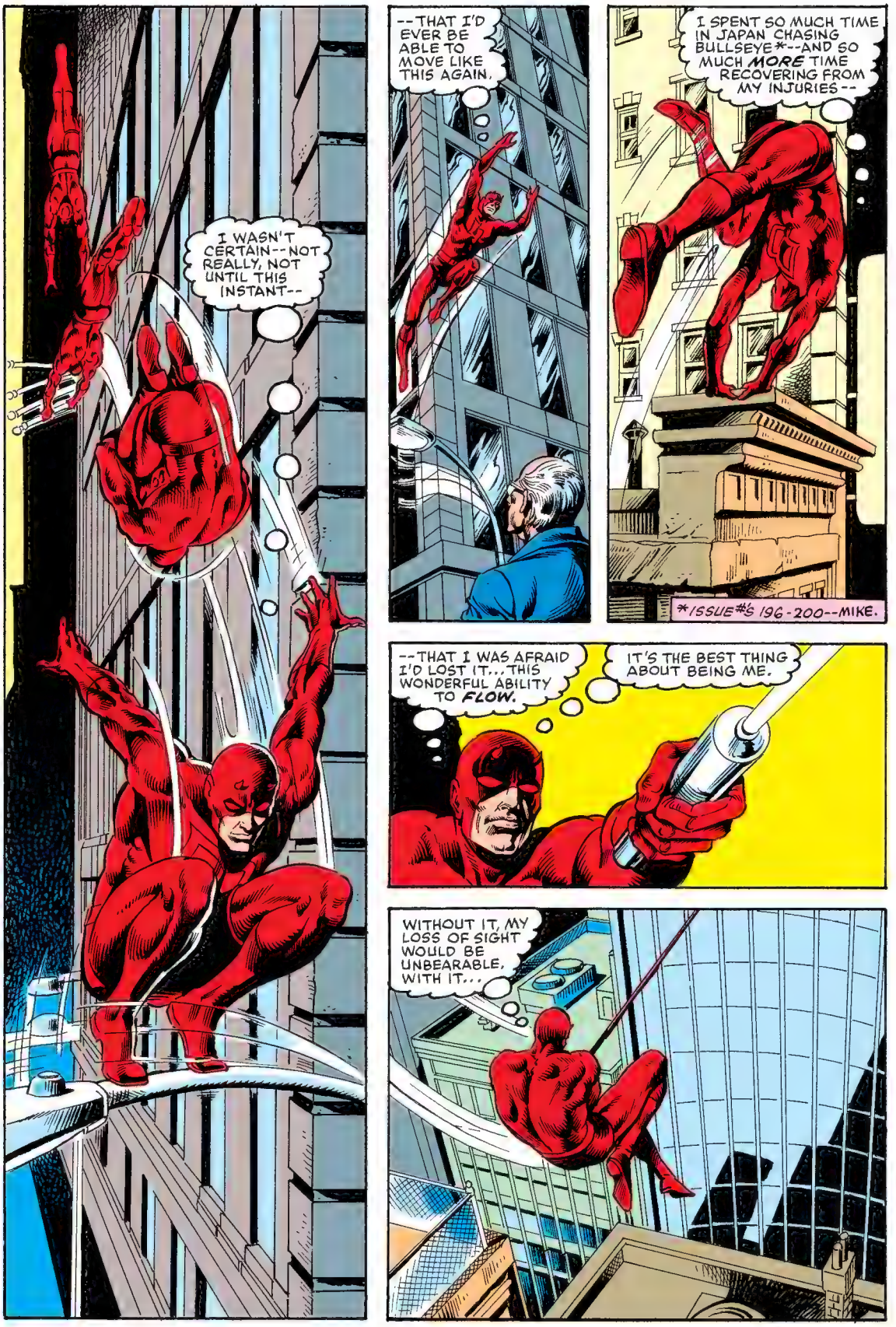
LETTERING JOE ROSEN

COLORING GLYNIS WEIN

~~EDIT~~ ~~BOB BUDIANSKY~~

EDITING MICHAEL HIGGINS

SUPERVISING JIM SHOOTER


I WASN'T CERTAIN--NOT REALLY, NOT UNTIL THIS INSTANT--
--THAT I'D EVER BE ABLE TO MOVE LIKE THIS AGAIN.
I SPENT SO MUCH TIME IN JAPAN CHASING BULLSEYE*--AND SO MUCH MORE TIME RECOVERING FROM MY INJURIES--
*ISSUE#'S 196-200--MIKE.
--THAT I WAS AFRAID I'D LOST IT...THIS WONDERFUL ABILITY TO FLOW.
IT'S THE BEST THING ABOUT BEING ME.
WITHOUT IT, MY LOSS OF SIGHT WOULD BE UNBEARABLE, WITH IT...

...WELL, MAYBE I GOT A FAIR TRADE.
BUT I DON'T THINK IT'S FAIR, FOGGY--
VOICES FROM THE LAW OFFICE--!
IT IS, BECKY--!
--MY PARTNER FOGGY AND BECKY, OUR SECRETARY.
YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO TAKE MATT'S NAME OFF THE DOOR.
FRANKLIN NELSON
I DIDN'T TAKE IT OFF--
--I JUST MADE IT SMALLER THAN MINE-- KIND OF.
FRANKLIN NELSON
MATTHEW MURDOCK
ATTORNEY AT LAW
BE REASONABLE, BECKY. AFTER ALL, I'VE BEEN DOING THE WORK AROUND HERE WHILE MATT WAS TRAIPSING AROUND THE WORLD. I'VE BEEN HOLDING THE FORT. I'VE BEEN MINDING THE STORE.
MY NAME DESERVES TO BE BIGGER.
DID YOUR WIFE PUT YOU UP TO THIS?
SO WHAT IF SHE DID?
HI, FOLKS. WHAT'S NEW?

OH HI, MATT. NOTHING'S NEW, NOTHING AT ALL, EXCEPT WE'RE EXPECTING A CLIENT--
IN FIVE MINUTES, RIGHT FOGGY?
RIGHT AS RAIN, MATTHEW.
EXCUSE ME! IS THIS THE NELSON AND MURDOCK LAW FIRM?
FRANKL
NELSON
MATTHEW MUR
ATTORNEY AT LAW
YES IT IS. YOU'RE--?
HORATIO PIPER... PROFESSOR PIPER, ACTUALLY. I REALIZE I'M A BIT EARLY, SO IF YOU WOULD PREFER I WAIT OUTSIDE--
NOT AT ALL, PROFESSOR.
COME IN, PLEASE.
I SHOULD LIKE TO INTRODUCE MY FRIENDS--
--CHIEF MICAH AND HIS WIVES, M'THA AND SRA.

WIVES?
TWO WIFES?
OH MY...
MICAH IS CHIEF OF THE KINJORGE TRIBE FROM MOUNT SURUBA IN EASTERN AFRICA.
I READ ABOUT THEM. THEY'RE DESCENDANTS OF... SOME ENGLISH COLONISTS?
INDEED. REMARKABLE STORY. A PARTY OF BRITISH EXPLORERS WENT TO AFRICA IN 1775--
--HOPING TO START A TRADING POST THERE. UNFORTUNATELY, GREAT BRITAIN GOT INVOLVED IN THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION AT THAT TIME AND APPARENTLY FORGOT ABOUT THEM.
THEN A SERIES OF NATURAL DISASTERS--FLOODS AND EARTHQUAKES--CUT OFF THEIR PATH BACK TO CIVILIZATION.
THEY...WELL, APPARENTLY THEY REVERTED TO PURE SAVAGERY. THEY REMAINED ON MOUNT SURUBA UNTIL ABOUT SIX MONTHS AGO --
--WHEN THEY WERE DISCOVERED BY A PARTY OF BELGIAN GEOLOGISTS.
HARD TO BELIEVE NOBODY SPOTTED THEM EARLIER.
THE TRUTH IS, THEY WERE APPARENTLY HIDING! IT SEEMS THAT THEY HAVE BEEN FREQUENTLY ATTACKED BY NEIGHBORING TRIBESMEN AND THAT MADE THEM EXTREMELY CAUTIOUS.

THAT'S ALL VERY INTERESTING, PROFESSOR. BUT WHERE DO NELSON AND MURDOCK COME IN?
THE KINJORGE ARE QUITE THE SENSATION. NEWSPAPERS, TELEVISION, MAGAZINES, MOTION PICTURES... EVERYONE WANTS TO TELL THEIR STORY.
I GET IT. THEY NEED LEGAL REPRESENTATION.

YOU HAVE COME TO THE RIGHT PLACE, PROFESSOR.

US BE YOUR FRIENDS, KEEMO SABE. GIVE-UM MUCHO HELP, YOU BETCHA.
YOU HELP US, YOU SAY? THAT BE GOOD.

THE GREAT GOD MOW BE PLEASED.

CALL US IN THE MORNING, WE'LL HAVE PRELIMINARY CONTRACTS AND SUCH.
EXCELLENT. WE'RE STAYING AT THE PLAZA IF YOU SHOULD NEED US.
NICE MEETING YOU.

"GREAT GOD MOW!" YOU HEAR THAT? BOYOBOY.
THOSE WOMEN... THEY WERE LAUGHING --AT MATT AND ME.
WERE THEY? WONDER WHY, WE HAVE ABSOLUTELY NOTHING IN COMMON, YOU'RE MUCH PRETTIER THAN ME--
YES WE DO, MATT. WE DO HAVE SOMETHING IN COMMON.

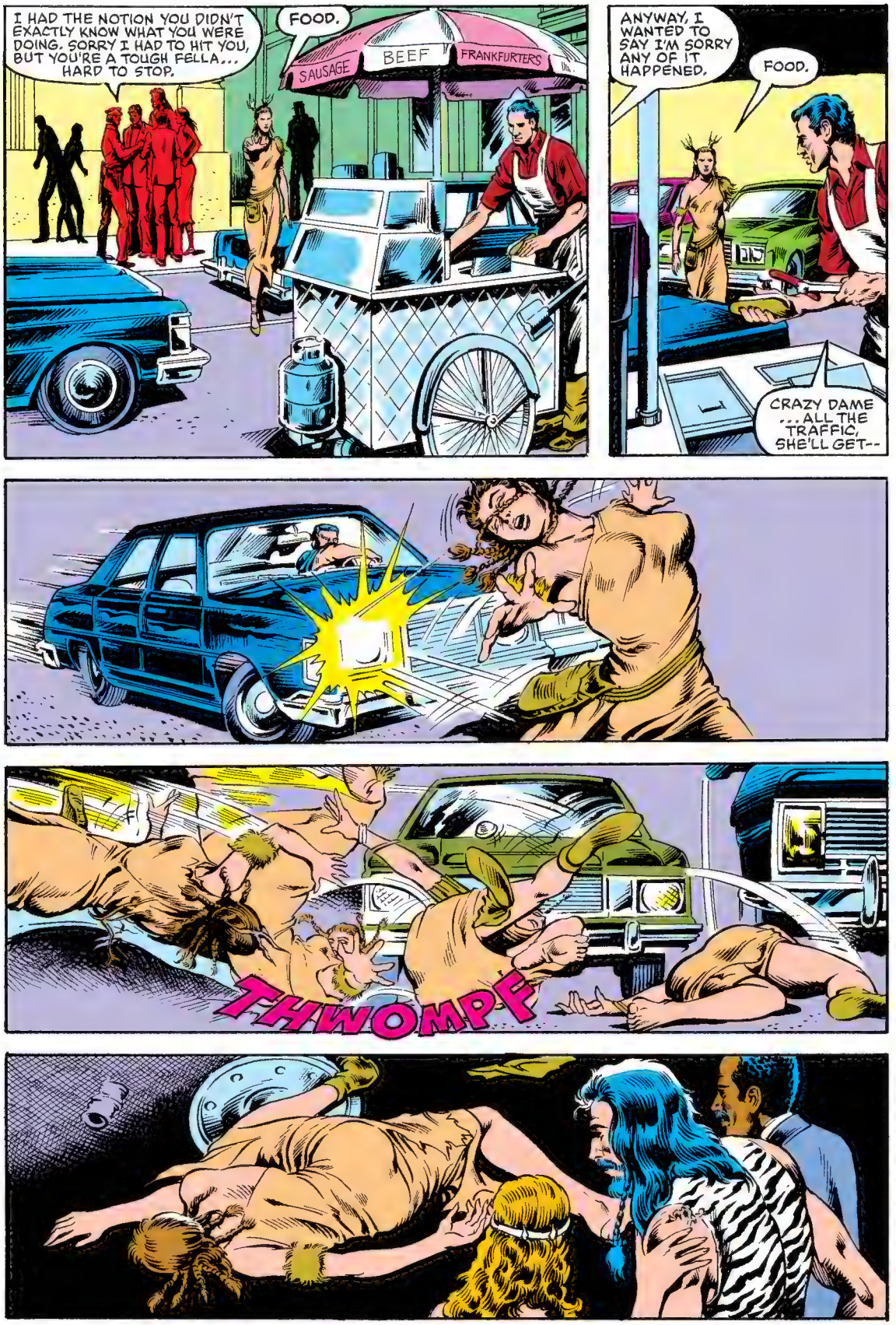
WE'RE BOTH HANDICAPPED.

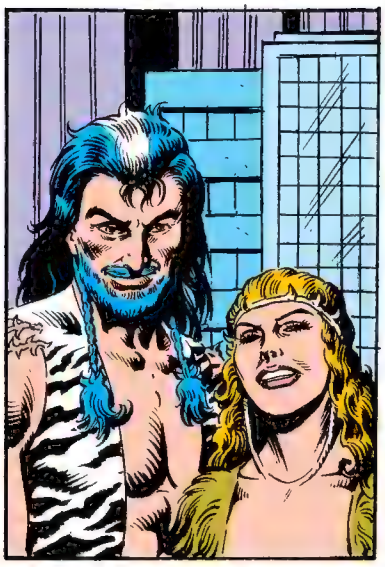
ON A NEARBY STREET...
FOOD!
I SEE.
HEY, BOZO, PUT THAT DOWN 'LESS YOU GONNA PAY FOR IT.
REALLY, MICAH, YOU'D BETTER DO AS HE SAYS--
BUT HE BE SMALLER... WEAKER!
KH-REESZH
YOU SEE THAT?
PUT 'IM CLEAN THROUGH THE WINDOW.
COME ON.

OKAY, FELLA, YOU'RE UNDER AR--
--RE-ONGH!
SWOTCH
KRAHK
UH-OH.
TWOK
STAND AWAY, PEOPLE! THIS'S MACE I'M USIN' ON 'IM... HURT LIKE THE DEVIL IF IT GETS IN YOUR EYES!
TSSSSS

THONK
SHEWW!
ON YOUR FEET, TARZAN --
--ME AN' YOU ARE TAKIN' A RIDE!
I DON'T USUALLY GO FOR THE BRUTE TYPE... BUT FOR HIM, I'D MAKE AN EXCEPTION.
HE CAN BRUTALIZE ME ANY OLD TIME HE WANTS.
MR. MURDOCK? COULD YOU AND MR. NELSON MEET ME AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS? I AH... THINK WE MAY HAVE A PROBLEM.

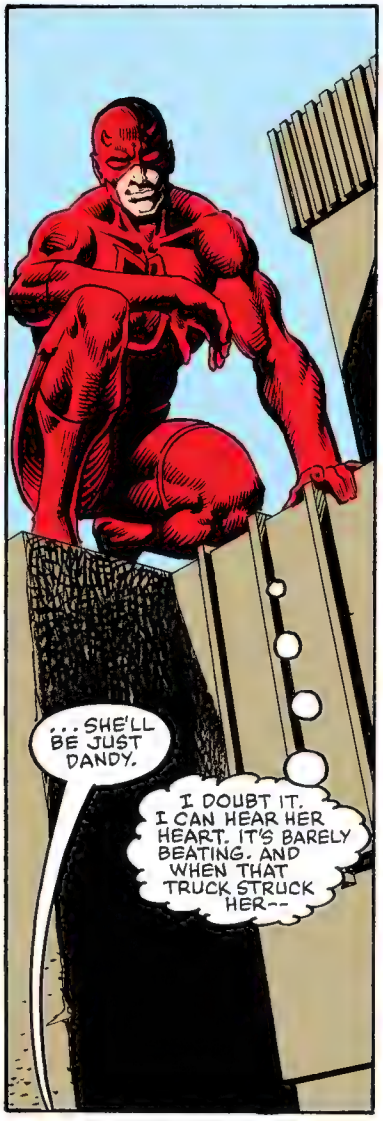
AND, THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON...
THAT SHOULD DO IT FOR NOW, GENTLEMEN. MR. MICAH IS FREE TO GO--
-- BUT REMEMBER, HE IS ONLY FREE ON BAIL WHICH I WILL REVOKE IN CASE OF MISCONDUCT.
THANKS, JUDGE CARSTAIRS.
LUCKY YOUR UNIVERSITY VOUCHED FOR US, PROFESSOR, OR WE'D'VE HAD REAL TROUBLE PRYING THE CHIEF OUT OF THE SLAMMER.
I DON'T THINK HE WAS IMPRESSED WITH YOUR SCIENTIFIC EXPLANATION--
OBVIOUSLY NOT. NONETHELESS, IT'S TRUE.
THESE PEOPLE COME FROM A HARD, SAVAGE LAND. FOR CENTURIES, THEIR VERY SURVIVAL HAS DEPENDED ON A CERTAIN RUTHLESSNESS ...ON TAKING WHAT THEY NEED AND EXPLOITING THE WEAKNESS OF OTHERS.
TO THE CHIEF, WHAT HE DID WAS NOT WRONG. ON THE CONTRARY.
I BELIEVE YOU. BUT THE NEW YORK JUDICIAL SYSTEM DOESN'T AND YOU'D BETTER MAKE HIM UNDERSTAND THAT.
OH, MR. MICAH.
MAYBE YOU DON'T REMEMBER ME. OFFICER MULCAHAY. I WAS THE ONE DENTED YOUR SKULL LAST NIGHT.
I JUST WANTED TO SAY THAT ON MY END, THERE'S NO HARD FEELINGS.

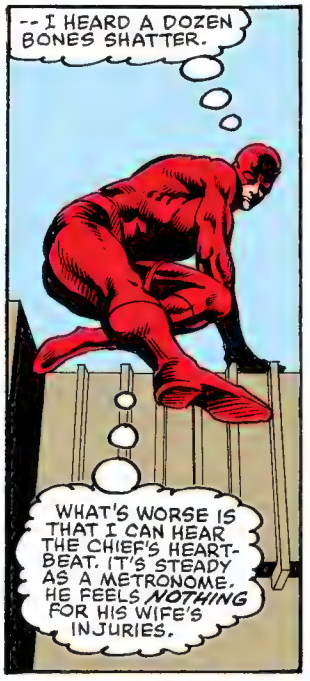

I HAD THE NOTION YOU DIDN'T EXACTLY KNOW WHAT YOU WERE DOING. SORRY I HAD TO HIT YOU, BUT YOU'RE A TOUGH FELLA... HARD TO STOP.
FOOD.
SAUSAGE
BEEF
FRANKFURTERS
ANYWAY, I WANTED TO SAY I'M SORRY ANY OF IT HAPPENED.
FOOD.
CRAZY DAME ... ALL THE TRAFFIC, SHE'LL GET--
THWOMPF



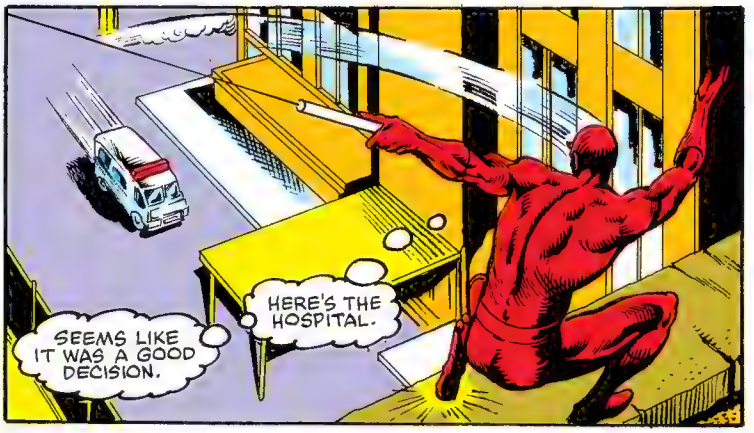
THIS'S MULCAHAY AT THE COURT-HOUSE. WE NEED AN AMBU-LANCE...FAST!

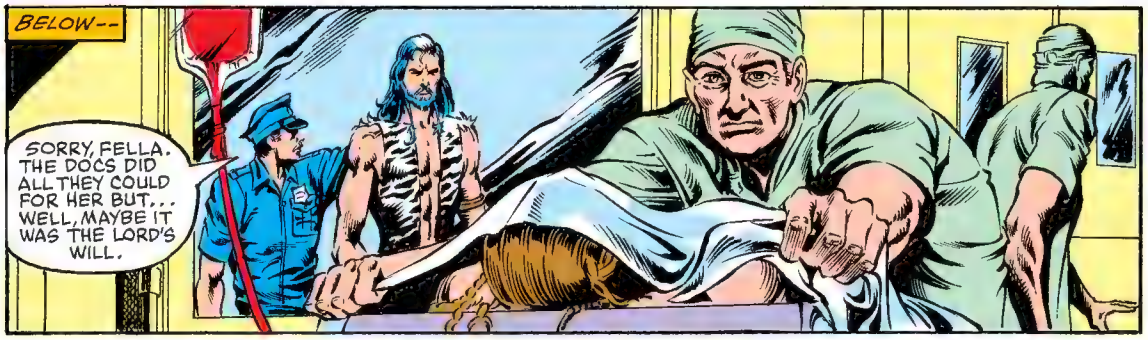
THEN--
SHE'LL BE FINE, FELLA. YOU MARK MY WORDS...


...SHE'LL BE JUST DANDY.
I DOUBT IT. I CAN HEAR HER HEART. IT'S BARELY BEATING. AND WHEN THAT TRUCK STRUCK HER--


--I HEARD A DOZEN BONES SHATTER.
WHAT'S WORSE IS THAT I CAN HEAR THE CHIEF'S HEART-BEAT. IT'S STEADY AS A METRONOME. HE FEELS NOTHING FOR HIS WIFE'S INJURIES.

I HAD A FEELING FOGGY WAS BITING OFF MORE THAN HE COULD CHEW WHEN HE AGREED TO REPRESENT THE KINJORGE.
THAT'S WHY I DECIDED TO COME AS DAREDEVIL INSTEAD OF AS MATT MURDOCK.


SEEMS LIKE IT WAS A GOOD DECISION.
HERE'S THE HOSPITAL.


BELOW--
SORRY, FELLA. THE DOCS DID ALL THEY COULD FOR HER BUT... WELL, MAYBE IT WAS THE LORD'S WILL.

C'MON. NOBODY'S IN THE CANTEEN. YOU CAN... LET LOOSE OF YOUR FEELINGS, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.

BUY YOU A CUP OF COFFEE? TEA? HOT CHOCOLATE?

AAGH--

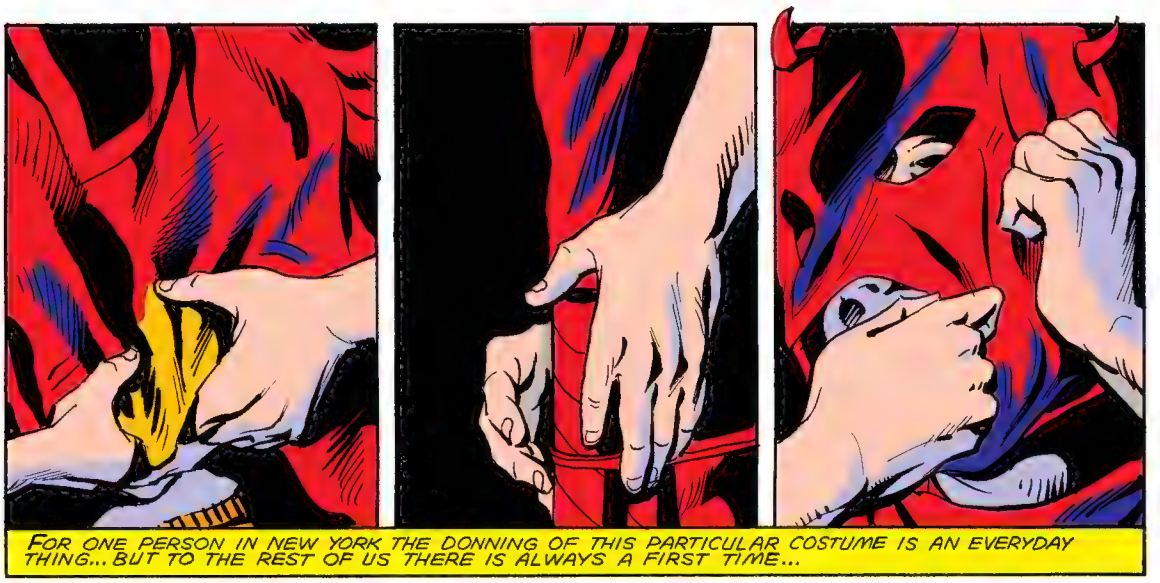
KHREEESZH

YOU BE SORRY.

NO HE WON'T. YOU WILL.
KWOTT
UNLESS YOU STOP IT. NOW.
WUNT-CH
THAT THRUST SHOULD HAVE PARALYZED EVERY NERVE IN HIS BODY.
HE'S VERY STRONG, AND FAST.
I MAY HAVE A PROBLEM.

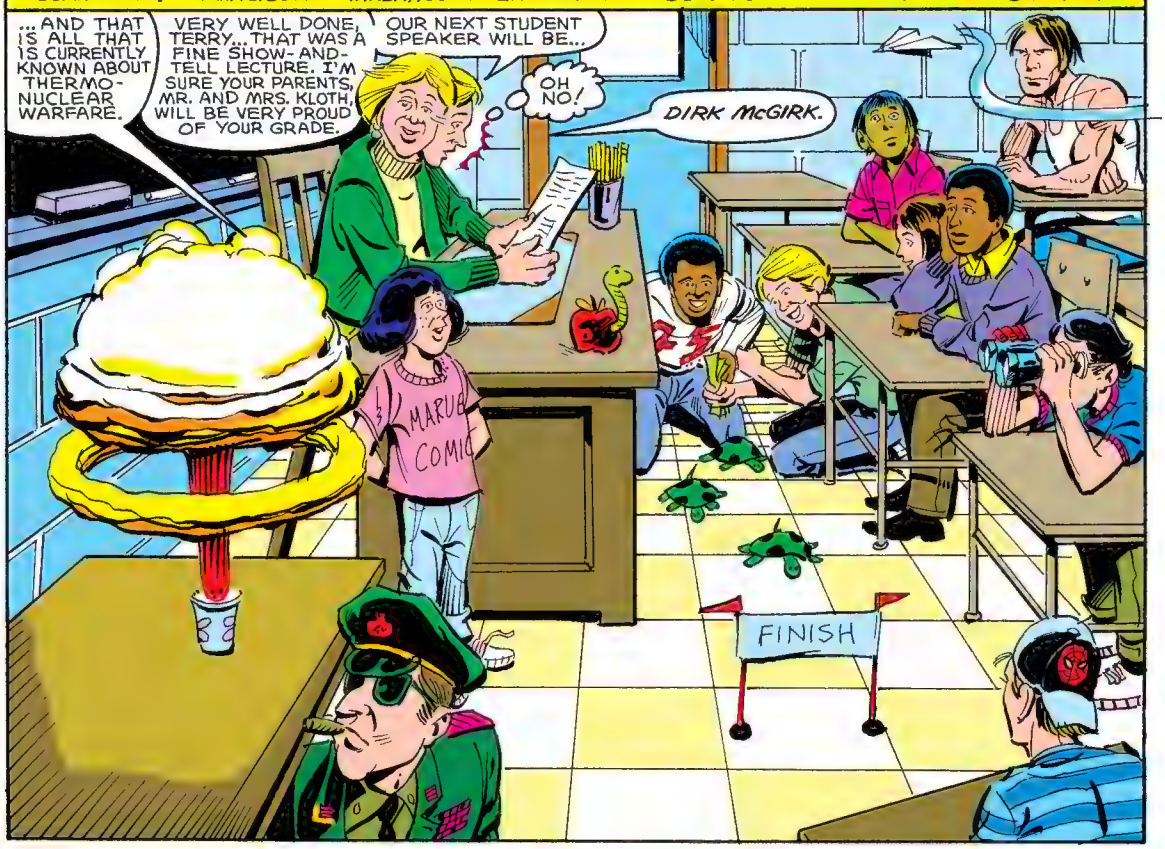
RZZZAZ

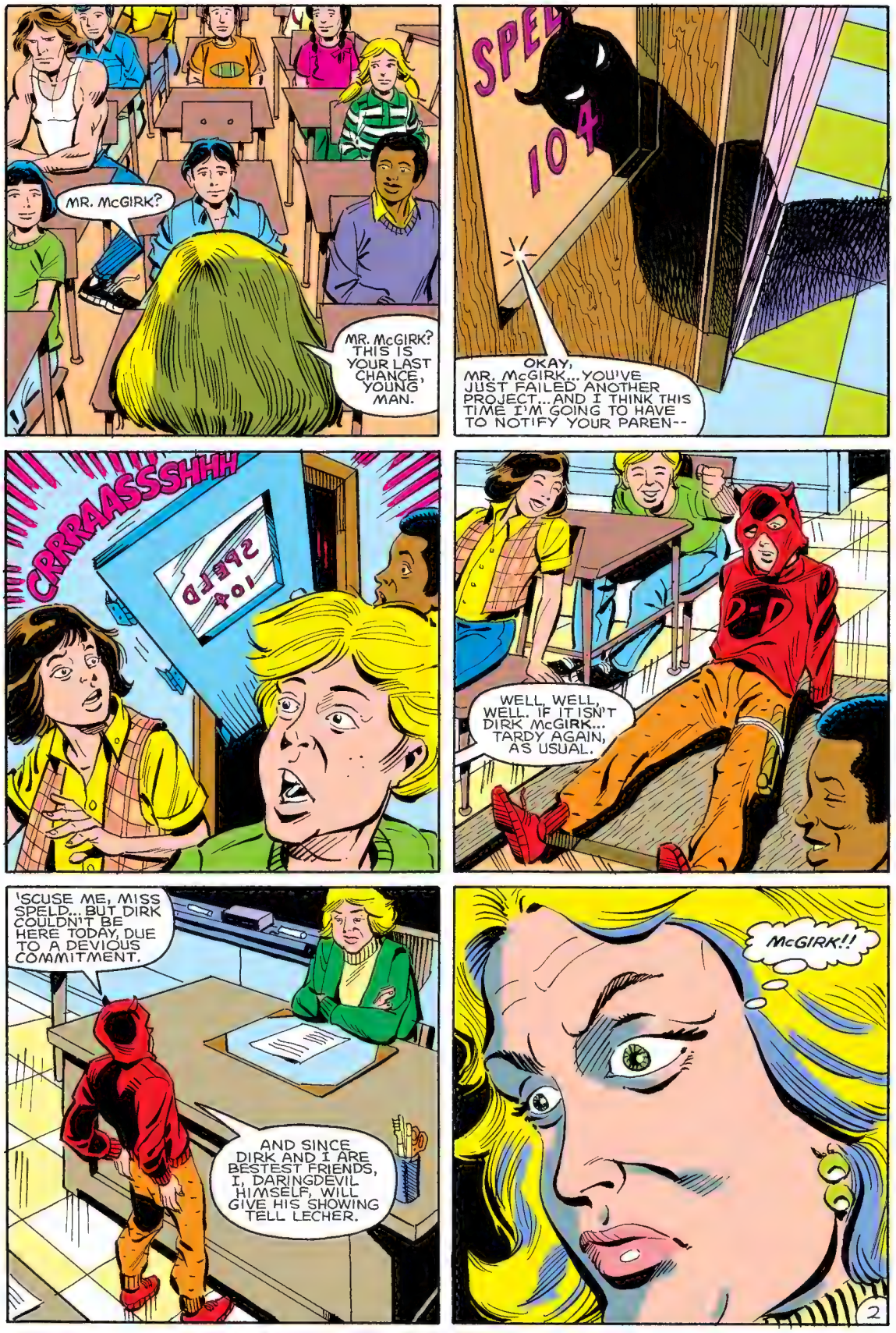
TWOK
THANKS A LOT, FELLA. GUESS YOU SAVED MY LIFE. YOU BEAT HIM GOOD.
I'M NOT SO SURE. I DON'T KNOW IF I BEAT HIM--
--OR IF THOSE ELECTRICAL CABLES HE PUNCHED INTO DID.
AND HE WAS OUT OF HIS ELEMENT ...SURROUNDED BY STRANGE SMELLS, SOUNDS, RHYTHMS.
IF WE'D FOUGHT ON HIS TURF, THE OUTCOME MIGHT HAVE BEEN DIFFERENT.
KINDA AMAZING WHEN YOU THINK ABOUT IT-- HOW HE HAS NO HUMAN FEELING AT ALL.
OH, BUT HE HAS. HE WANTED TO KILL YOU...TO GET REVENGE. THAT'S UGLY, BUT IT'S ALSO CERTAINLY HUMAN.
HE'S GOT EMOTIONS-- THE BASIC ONES.
HE'S STRONG, FAST, TOUGH AND BASICALLY INTELLIGENT. HE'S PROBABLY ABSOLUTELY RUTHLESS.
HE MAY BE THE MOST DANGEROUS MAN I'VE EVER MET.
END.

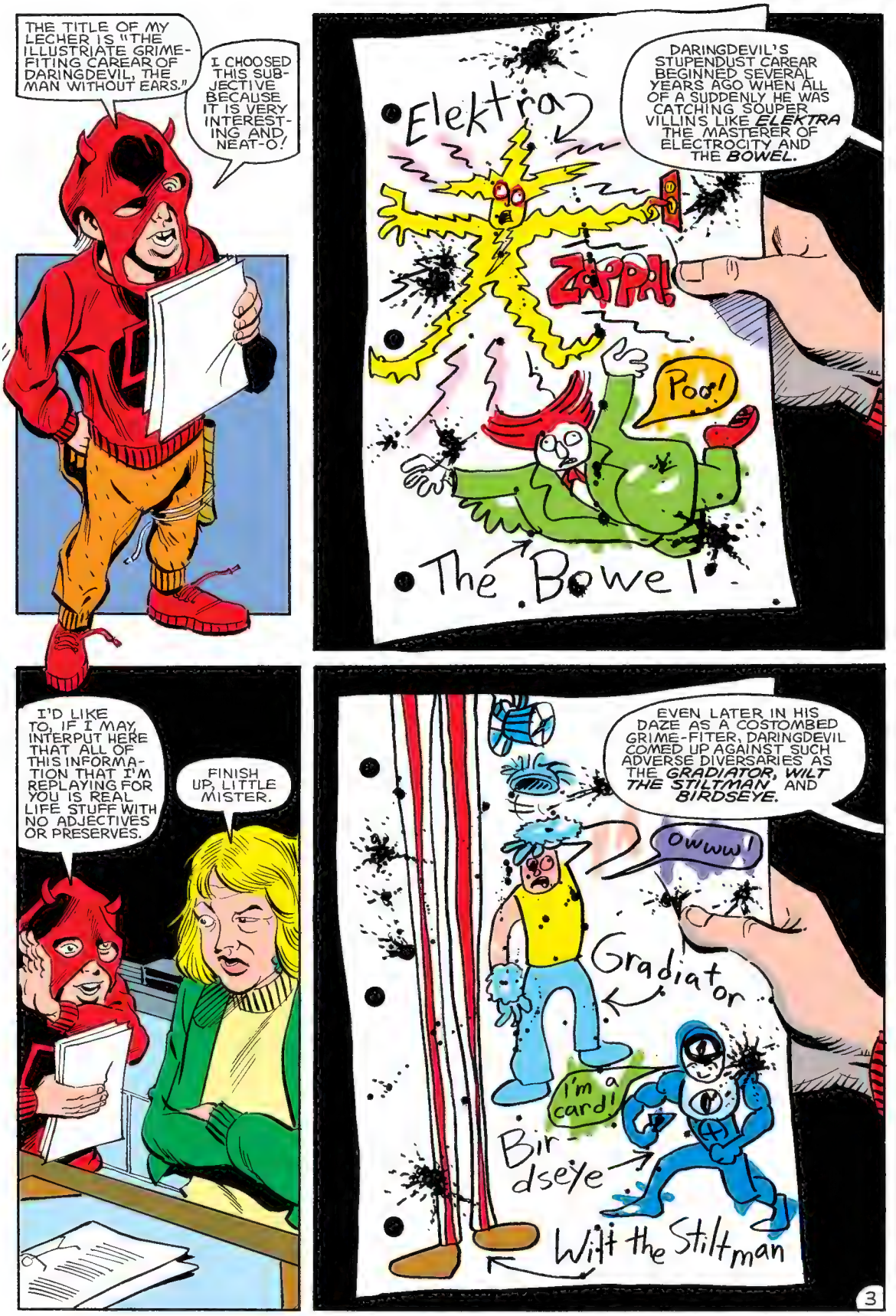

FOR ONE PERSON IN NEW YORK THE DONNING OF THIS PARTICULAR COSTUME IS AN EVERYDAY THING... BUT TO THE REST OF US THERE IS ALWAYS A FIRST TIME...

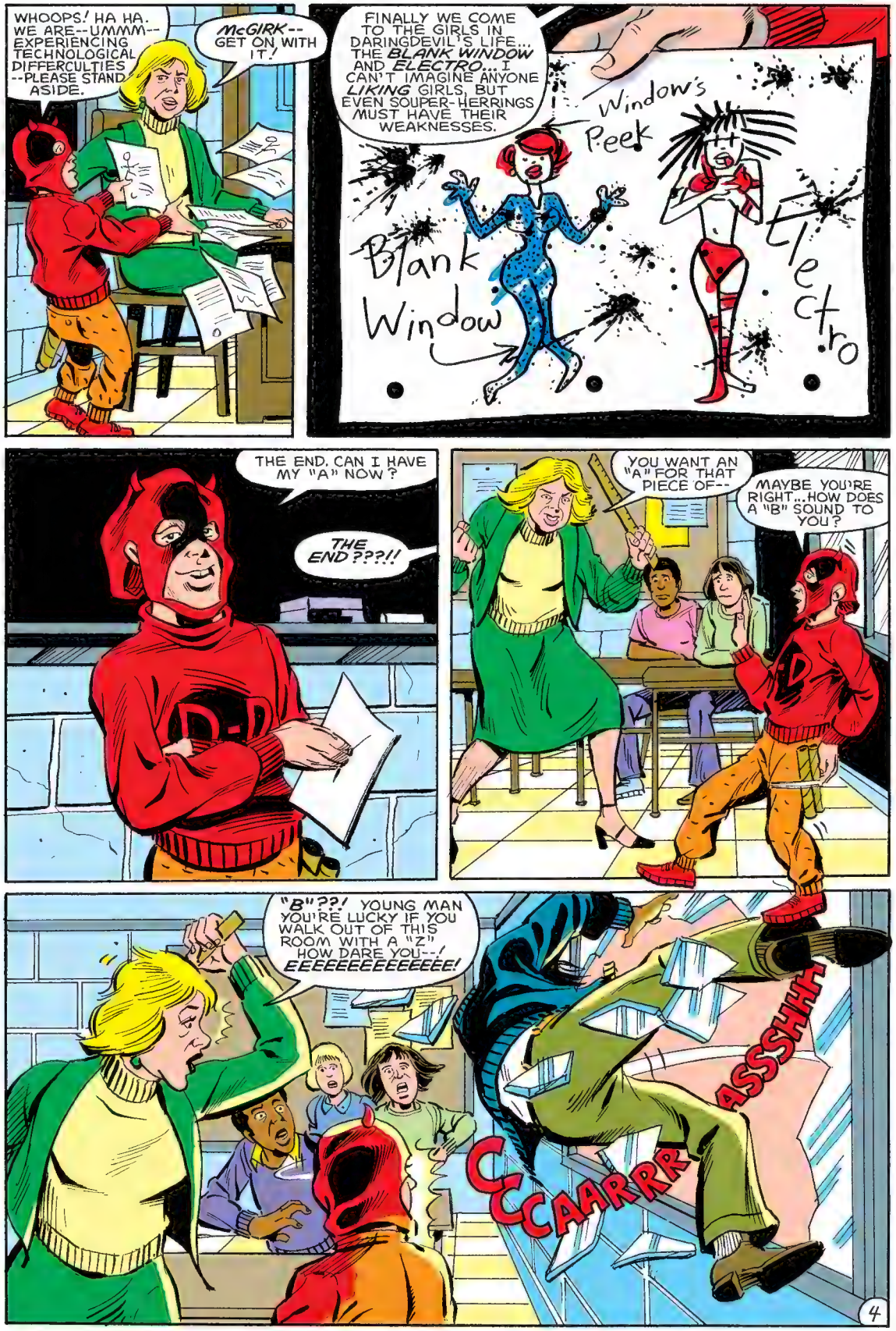
A LIFE IN THE DAY!

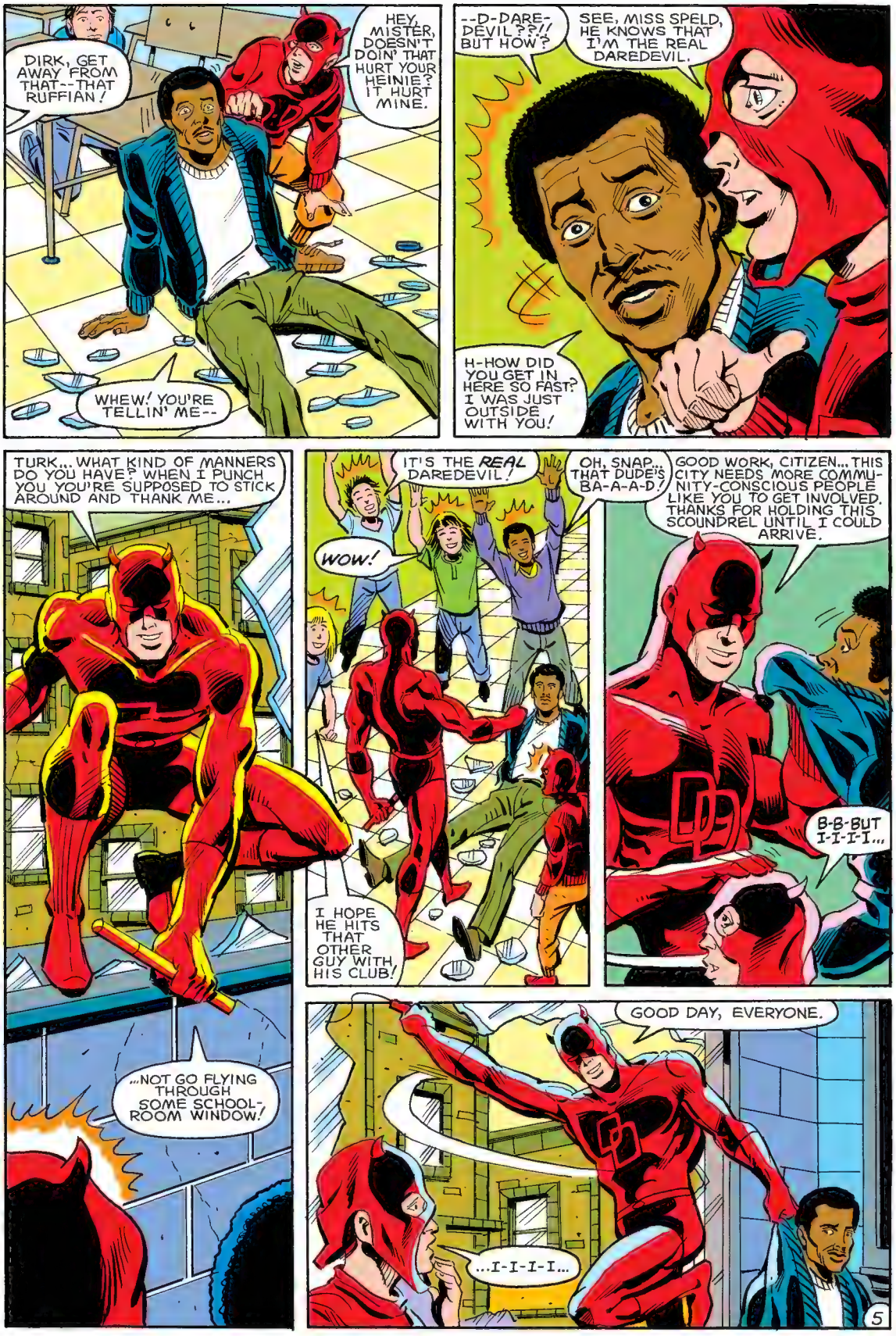
~~DENNY O'NEIL~~ MIKE CARLIN SCRIPTER | ~~WILLIAM JOHNSON~~ LUKE McDONNELL PENCILER | ~~DANNY BULANADI~~ LUKE McDONNELL INKER, TOO | ~~JOE ROSEN~~ DIANA ALBERS LETTERER | ~~GLYNIS WEIN~~ JULIANNA FERRITER COLORIST | ~~BOB BUDIANSKY~~ MIKE HIGGINS EDITOR | ~~JIM SHOOTER~~ ANN NOCENTI EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

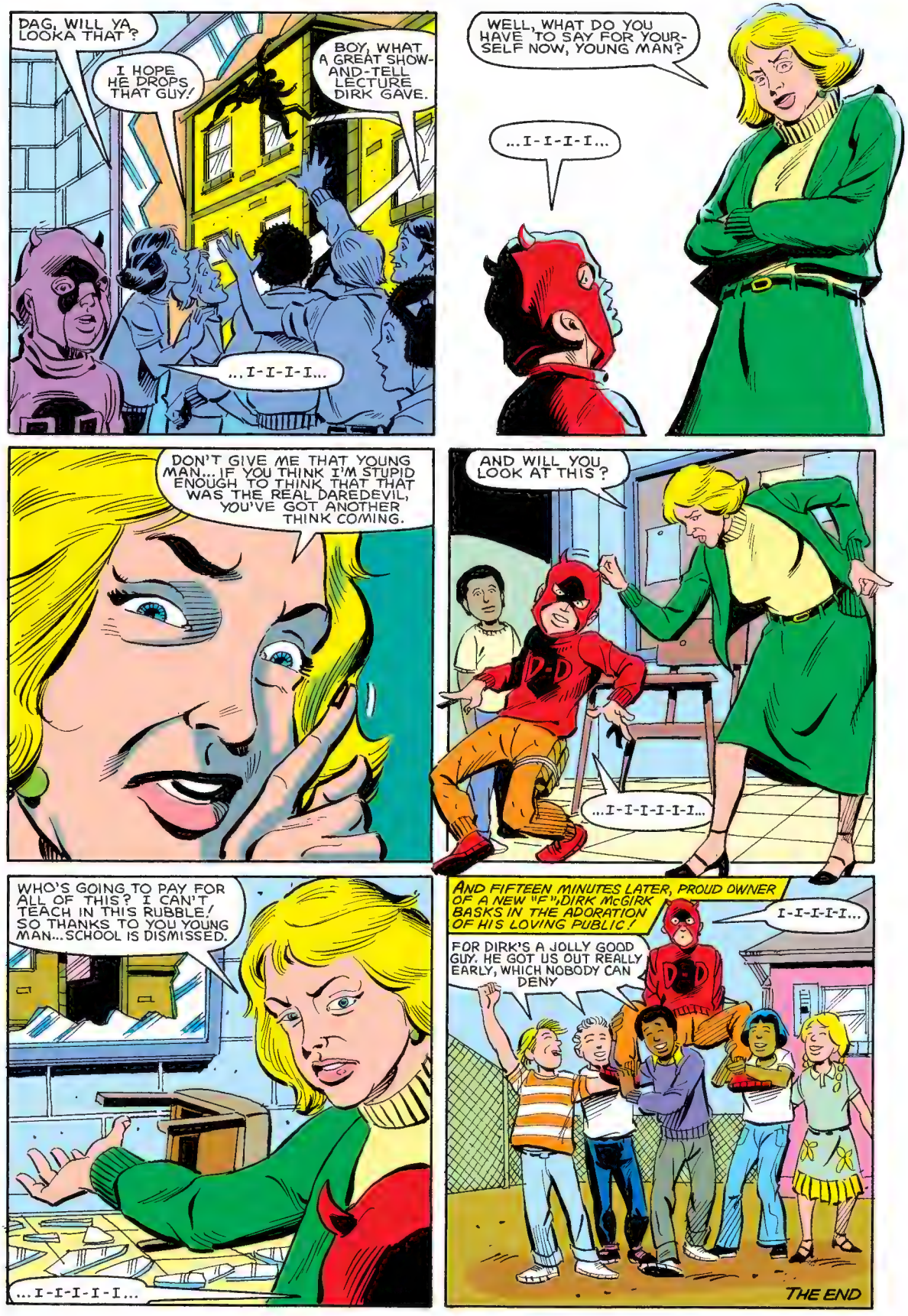

...AND THAT IS ALL THAT IS CURRENTLY KNOWN ABOUT THERMO-NUCLEAR WARFARE.
VERY WELL DONE, TERRY... THAT WAS A FINE SHOW-AND-TELL LECTURE. I'M SURE YOUR PARENTS, MR. AND MRS. KLOTH, WILL BE VERY PROUD OF YOUR GRADE.
OUR NEXT STUDENT SPEAKER WILL BE...
OH NO!
DIRK McGIRK.
FINISH


MR. McGIRK?
MR. McGIRK? THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE, YOUNG MAN.
SPEL
104
OKAY, MR. McGIRK... YOU'VE JUST FAILED ANOTHER PROJECT... AND I THINK THIS TIME I'M GOING TO HAVE TO NOTIFY YOUR PAREN--
CRRRAASSSHHH
SPELD 104
WELL, WELL, WELL. IF IT ISN'T DIRK McGIRK... TARDY AGAIN, AS USUAL.
'SCUSE ME, MISS SPELD... BUT DIRK COULDN'T BE HERE TODAY, DUE TO A DEVIOUS COMMITMENT.
AND SINCE DIRK AND I ARE BESTEST FRIENDS, I, DARINGDEVIL HIMSELF, WILL GIVE HIS SHOWING TELL LECHER.
McGIRK!!
2


THE TITLE OF MY LECHER IS "THE ILLUSTRIATE GRIME-FITING CAREAR OF DARINGDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT EARS."
I CHOOSED THIS SUB-JECTIVE BECAUSE IT IS VERY INTEREST-ING AND, NEAT-O!
DARINGDEVIL'S STUPENDUST CAREAR BEGINNED SEVERAL YEARS AGO WHEN ALL OF A SUDDENLY HE WAS CATCHING SOUPER VILLINS LIKE ELEKTRA THE MASTERER OF ELECTROCITY AND THE BOWEL.
Elektra
ZAPPA!
Poo!
The Bowel
I'D LIKE TO, IF I MAY, INTERPUT HERE THAT ALL OF THIS INFORMA-TION THAT I'M REPLAYING FOR YOU IS REAL LIFE STUFF WITH NO ADJECTIVES OR PRESERVES.
FINISH UP, LITTLE MISTER.
EVEN LATER IN HIS DAZE AS A COSTOMBED GRIME-FITER, DARINGDEVIL COMED UP AGAINST SUCH ADVERSE DIVERSARIES AS THE GRADIATOR, WILT THE STILTMAN, AND BIRDSEYE.
Owww!
Gradiator
I'm a card!
Birdseye
Wilt the Stiltman
3


WHOOPS! HA HA. WE ARE--UMMM--EXPERIENCING TECHNOLOGICAL DIFFERCULTIES --PLEASE STAND ASIDE.
McGIRK--GET ON WITH IT!
FINALLY WE COME TO THE GIRLS IN DARINGDEVIL'S LIFE... THE BLANK WINDOW AND ELECTRO... I CAN'T IMAGINE ANYONE LIKING GIRLS, BUT EVEN SOUPER-HERRINGS MUST HAVE THEIR WEAKNESSES.
Window's Peek
Blank Window
Electro
THE END. CAN I HAVE MY "A" NOW?
THE END???!!
YOU WANT AN "A" FOR THAT PIECE OF--
MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT...HOW DOES A "B" SOUND TO YOU?
"B"??! YOUNG MAN YOU'RE LUCKY IF YOU WALK OUT OF THIS ROOM WITH A "Z" HOW DARE YOU--! EEEEEEEEEEEEEE!
CCCAARRR
ASSSHH
4


DIRK, GET AWAY FROM THAT--THAT RUFFIAN!
HEY, MISTER, DOESN'T DOIN' THAT HURT YOUR HEINIE? IT HURT MINE.
WHEW! YOU'RE TELLIN' ME--
--D-DARE-DEVIL??!! BUT HOW?
SEE, MISS SPELD, HE KNOWS THAT I'M THE REAL DAREDEVIL.
H-HOW DID YOU GET IN HERE SO FAST? I WAS JUST OUTSIDE WITH YOU!
TURK... WHAT KIND OF MANNERS DO YOU HAVE? WHEN I PUNCH YOU YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO STICK AROUND AND THANK ME...
...NOT GO FLYING THROUGH SOME SCHOOL-ROOM WINDOW!
IT'S THE REAL DAREDEVIL!
WOW!
I HOPE HE HITS THAT OTHER GUY WITH HIS CLUB!
OH, SNAP... THAT DUDE'S BA-A-A-D!
GOOD WORK, CITIZEN... THIS CITY NEEDS MORE COMMUNITY-CONSCIOUS PEOPLE LIKE YOU TO GET INVOLVED. THANKS FOR HOLDING THIS SCOUNDREL UNTIL I COULD ARRIVE.
B-B-BUT I-I-I-I...
GOOD DAY, EVERYONE.
...I-I-I-I...


DAG, WILL YA LOOKA THAT?
I HOPE HE DROPS THAT GUY!
BOY, WHAT A GREAT SHOW-AND-TELL LECTURE DIRK GAVE.
...I-I-I-I...
WELL, WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO SAY FOR YOURSELF NOW, YOUNG MAN?
...I-I-I-I...
DON'T GIVE ME THAT YOUNG MAN... IF YOU THINK I'M STUPID ENOUGH TO THINK THAT THAT WAS THE REAL DAREDEVIL, YOU'VE GOT ANOTHER THINK COMING.
AND WILL YOU LOOK AT THIS?
...I-I-I-I-I...
WHO'S GOING TO PAY FOR ALL OF THIS? I CAN'T TEACH IN THIS RUBBLE! SO THANKS TO YOU YOUNG MAN... SCHOOL IS DISMISSED.
...I-I-I-I-I...
AND FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER, PROUD OWNER OF A NEW "F", DIRK McGIRK BASKS IN THE ADORATION OF HIS LOVING PUBLIC!
I-I-I-I-I...
FOR DIRK'S A JOLLY GOOD GUY. HE GOT US OUT REALLY EARLY, WHICH NOBODY CAN DENY
THE END

MARVEL
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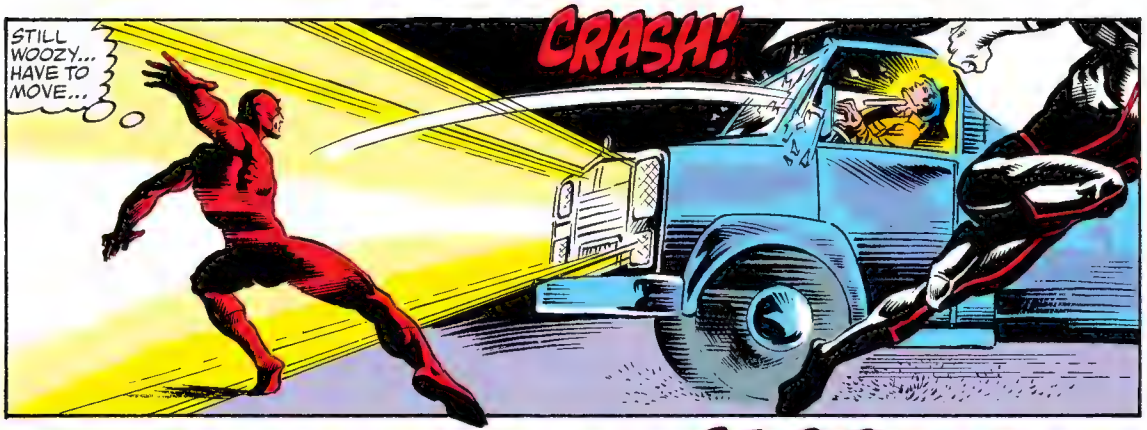
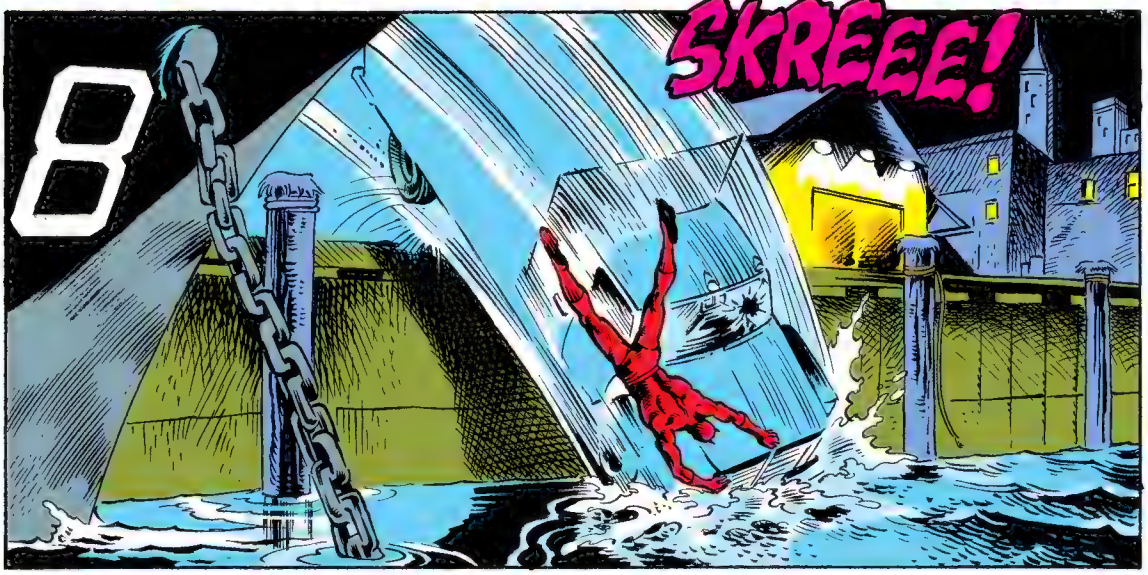
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
DAREDEVIL
JOHN BYRNE

THE DEVIL'S EYES ARE DEAD, BURNED AWAY BY AN ACCIDENT LONG AGO. OTHER HEIGHTENED SENSES SCREAM TO HIM OF THE CRIME BEING COMMITTED BELOW.
HIS SPECIAL RADAR SENSE ZEROES IN UNERRINGLY ON THE THIEVES.
SPAK
DISTANT, MOURNFUL CHURCHBELLS CHIME FIVE O'CLOCK.
UMPH!
DAREDEVIL!
STAN LEE PRESENTS
TRUMPS!
STEVEN GRANT, WRITER
GEOF ISHERWOOD, PENCILER
U.S. NAVY
DANNY BULANADI, INKER
JIM NOVAK, LETTERER
GEORGE ROUSSOS, COLORIST
DENNIS O'NEIL, EDITOR
JIM SHOOTER, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

FOUR HEART-BEATS. PUNKS-- AND NOT BRIGHT.
OOF!
TRUMP! DO SOMETHIN' OR THERE WON'T BE NOTHIN' LEFT O' US BUT FUR 'N' CLAWS!
GET BEATEN INTO BAD HEALTH IF YOU WANT, BOYS! ME, I GOT A BETTER IDEA!
ENOUGH, HERO! I GIVE UP!
INTERESTING. WONDER WHAT HE HAS IN MIND?
NOTHING UP MY SLEEVE.
SURRENDER ISN'T IT! HIS PULSE IS SPEEDING, MUSCLES TENSED...
PRESTO!
BLAM
ARRGH!
IMPOSSIBLE! HE DODGED THAT SHOT AT POINT BLANK RANGE!
YOU STILL PUT 'IM OUTTA ACTION--AND I'M GONNA KEEP 'IM THERE!
STYMIE! NO!
VROOM
GUNSHOT... CAUGHT ME BY SUR-PRISE...
TOO LOUD FOR SUPER-SENSITIVE EARS...
WHAT?! TRUCK BEARING STRAIGHT AT ME!

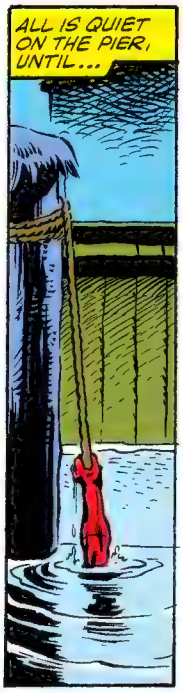

STILL WOOZY... HAVE TO MOVE...
CRASH!

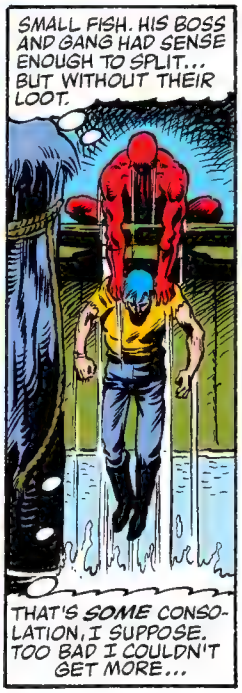

8
SKREEE!

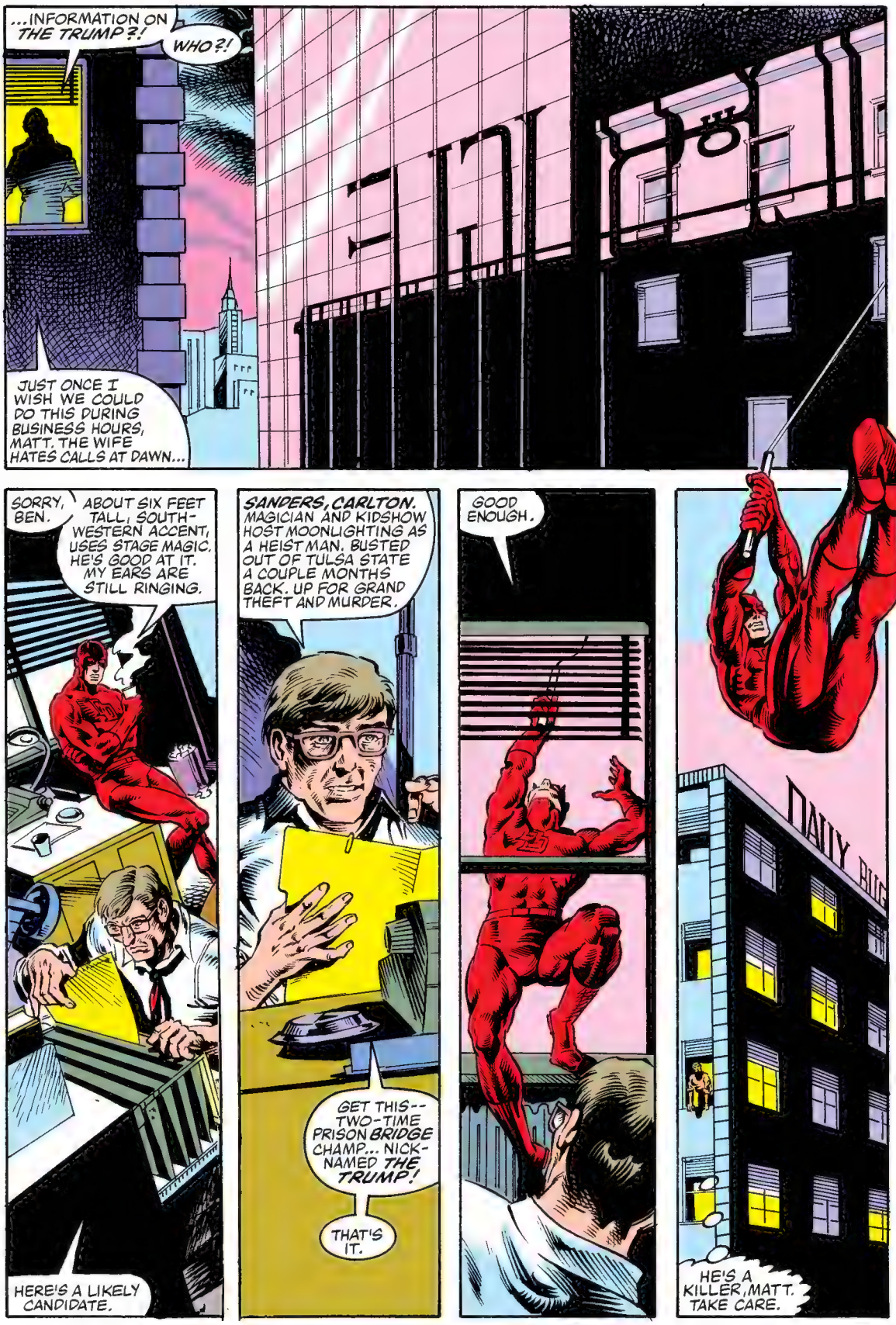
GREAT! WE LOST THE LOCAL BOY, BUT 'E TOOK THE HORNHEADED SLINCH WITH 'IM!
YOU'RE ALL IDIOTS! HOW DO WE MOVE WEAPONS WITHOUT A TRUCK?!

PEOPLE OUT WEST ARE READY TO PAY A LOT OF MONEY FOR THOSE GUNS!
AHHH--SKIP IT! SPLIT BEFORE THE COPS SHOW! WE'LL GET GUNS SOMEWHERE ELSE!

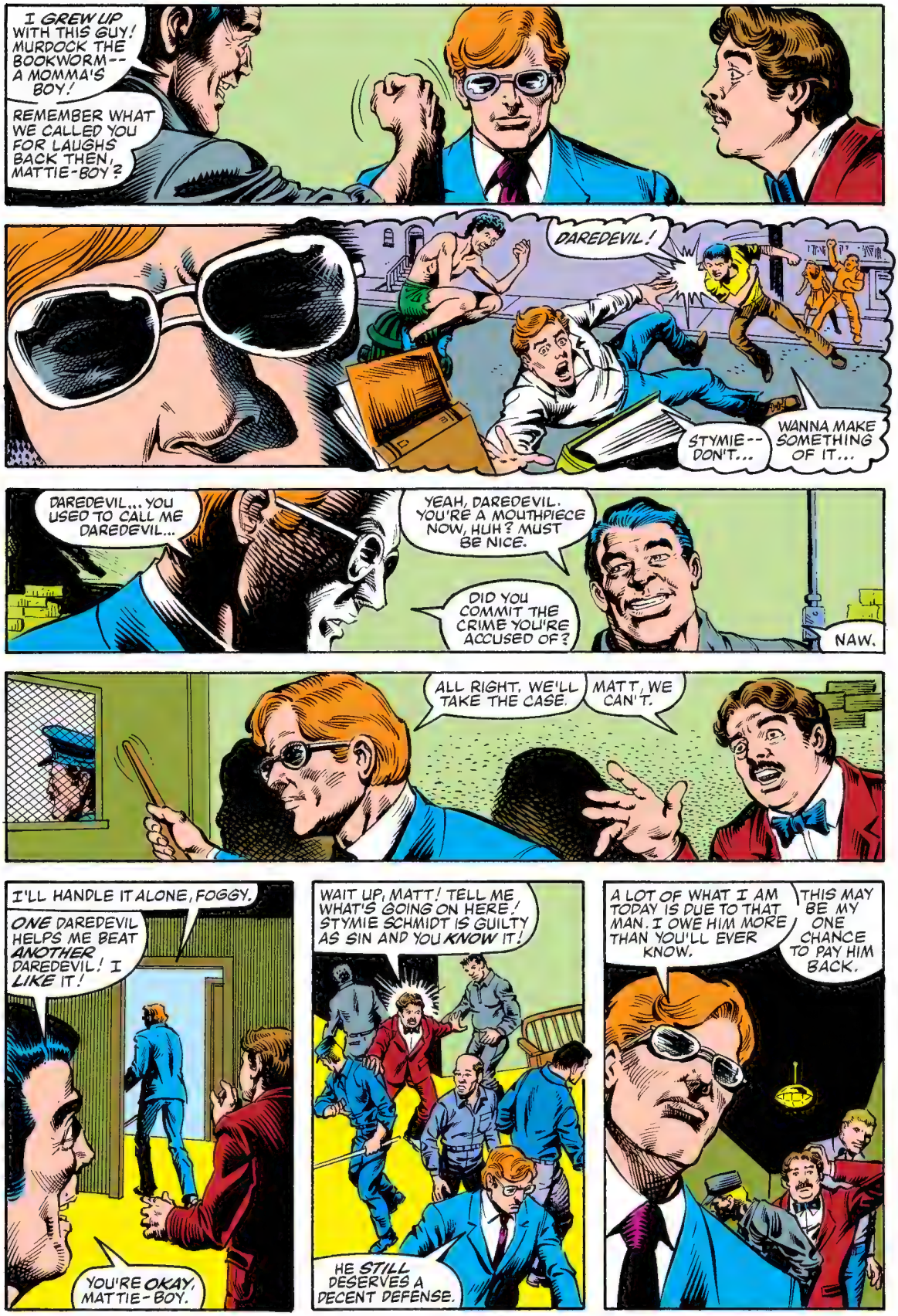
FOOTSTEPS FADE INTO THE DISTANCE.


ALL IS QUIET ON THE PIER, UNTIL...


SMALL FISH. HIS BOSS AND GANG HAD SENSE ENOUGH TO SPLIT... BUT WITHOUT THEIR LOOT.
THAT'S SOME CONSOLATION, I SUPPOSE. TOO BAD I COULDN'T GET MORE...

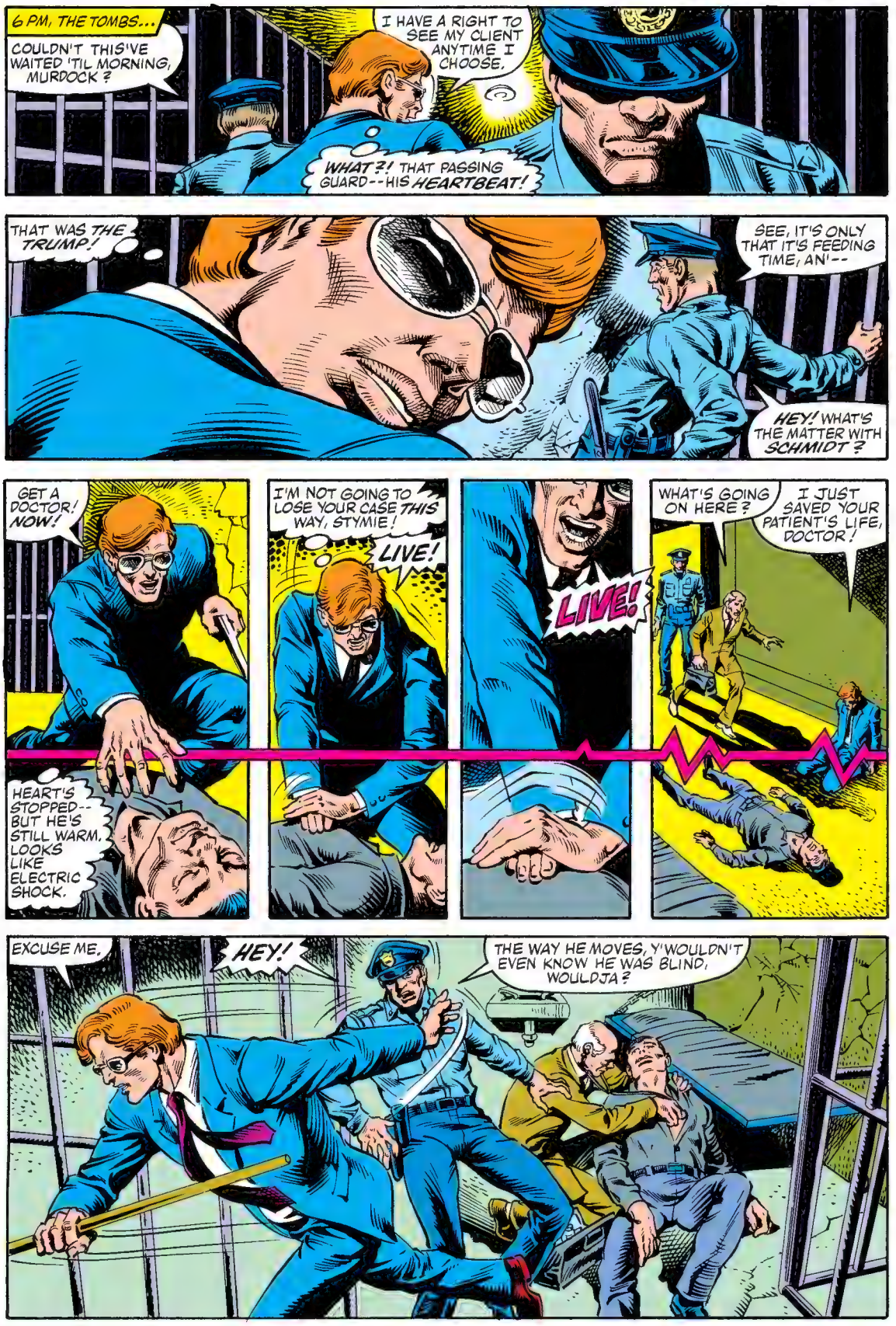

...INFORMATION ON THE TRUMP?!
WHO?!
JUST ONCE I WISH WE COULD DO THIS DURING BUSINESS HOURS, MATT. THE WIFE HATES CALLS AT DAWN...
SORRY, BEN.
ABOUT SIX FEET TALL, SOUTH-WESTERN ACCENT, USES STAGE MAGIC. HE'S GOOD AT IT. MY EARS ARE STILL RINGING.
HERE'S A LIKELY CANDIDATE.
SANDERS, CARLTON. MAGICIAN AND KIDSHOW HOST MOONLIGHTING AS A HEIST MAN. BUSTED OUT OF TULSA STATE A COUPLE MONTHS BACK. UP FOR GRAND THEFT AND MURDER.
GET THIS-- TWO-TIME PRISON BRIDGE CHAMP... NICK-NAMED THE TRUMP!
THAT'S IT.
GOOD ENOUGH.
DAILY BUG
HE'S A KILLER, MATT. TAKE CARE.

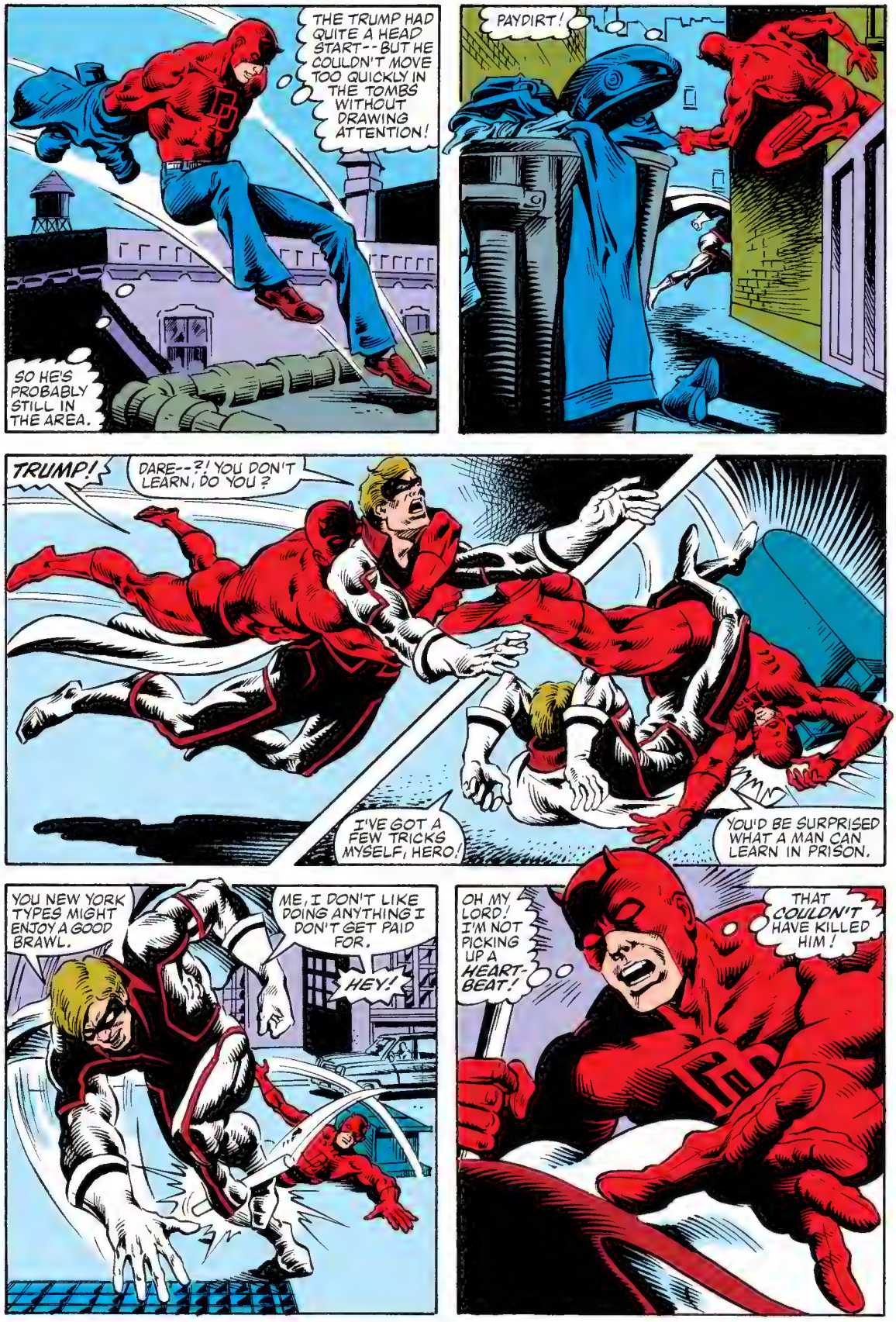
THE TOMBS, 10 AM...
I GOT BACKERS, NELSON! I CAN AFFORD THE NELSON-MURDOCK FIRM!
YOU'D BE WASTING THEIR MONEY, MR. SCHMIDT.
CALL ME STYMIE.
YOU HAVE AN OPEN-AND-SHUT CASE. A STARTING PUBLIC DEFENDER COULD MAKE AS MUCH WITH IT AS I CAN.
I WAS FRAMED.
YOU WERE CAUGHT DRIVING A GETAWAY TRUCK TO BE USED IN A CRIME. YOU TRIED TO KILL A MAN.
I WAS JUST WALKIN' BY. THE COPS GOT IT IN FOR ME.
AM I MISSING SOMETHING, FOGGY?
HI, MATT. MEET STEWART SCHMIDT...
CALL ME STYMIE.
HE'S DETERMINED TO HAVE US REPRESENT HIM.
I DESERVE THE BEST, RIGHT?
MR. SCHMIDT, THIS IS MY PARTNER, MATT MURDOCK...
MATT MUR--?!
DAREDEVIL!

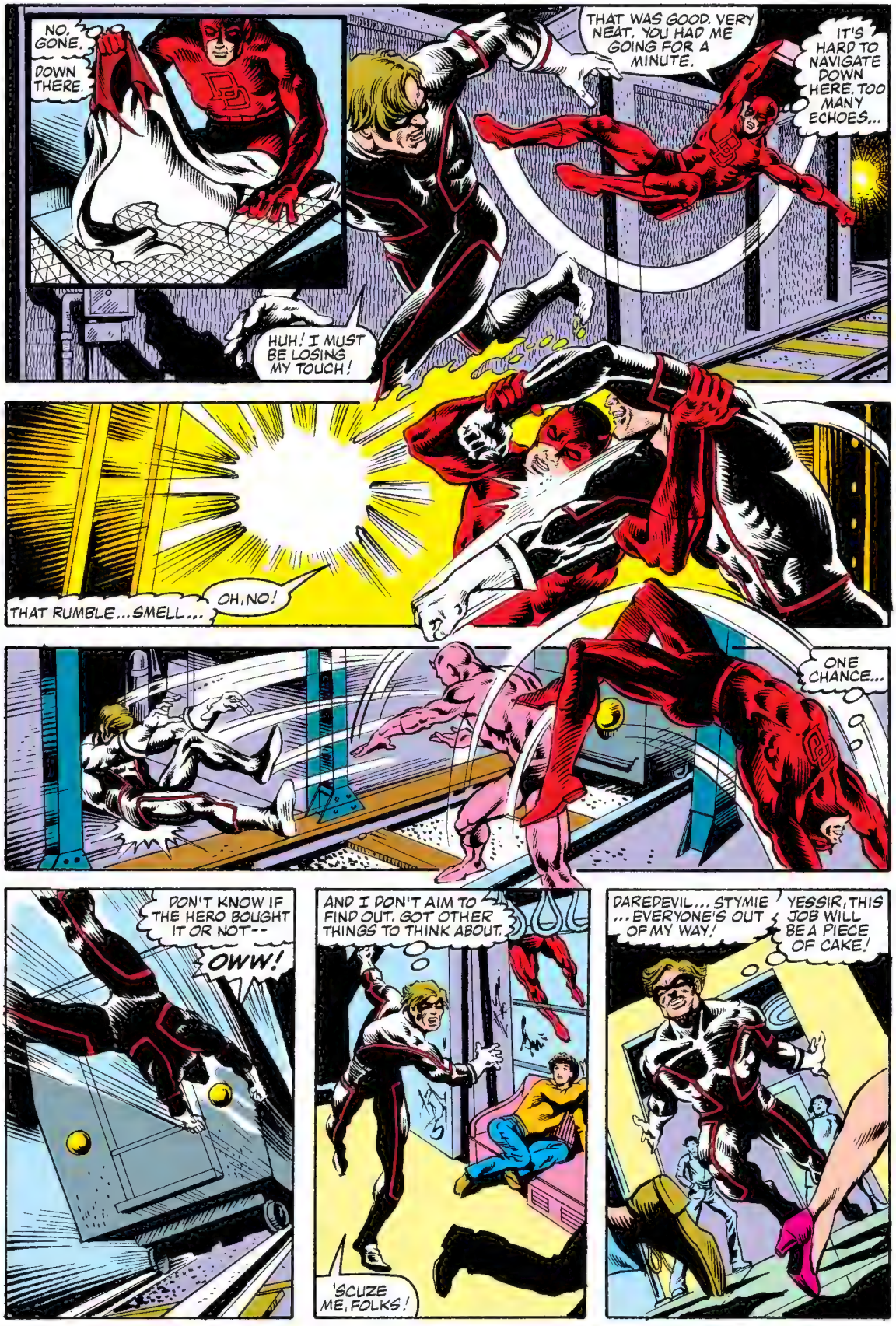

I GREW UP WITH THIS GUY! MURDOCK THE BOOKWORM--A MOMMA'S BOY!
REMEMBER WHAT WE CALLED YOU FOR LAUGHS BACK THEN, MATTIE-BOY?
DAREDEVIL!
STYMIE--DON'T...
WANNA MAKE SOMETHING OF IT...
DAREDEVIL... YOU USED TO CALL ME DAREDEVIL...
YEAH, DAREDEVIL. YOU'RE A MOUTHPIECE NOW, HUH? MUST BE NICE.
DID YOU COMMIT THE CRIME YOU'RE ACCUSED OF?
NAW.
ALL RIGHT. WE'LL TAKE THE CASE.
MATT, WE CAN'T.
I'LL HANDLE IT ALONE, FOGGY.
ONE DAREDEVIL HELPS ME BEAT ANOTHER DAREDEVIL! I LIKE IT!
YOU'RE OKAY, MATTIE-BOY.
WAIT UP, MATT! TELL ME WHAT'S GOING ON HERE! STYMIE SCHMIDT IS GUILTY AS SIN AND YOU KNOW IT!
HE STILL DESERVES A DECENT DEFENSE.
A LOT OF WHAT I AM TODAY IS DUE TO THAT MAN. I OWE HIM MORE THAN YOU'LL EVER KNOW.
THIS MAY BE MY ONE CHANCE TO PAY HIM BACK.

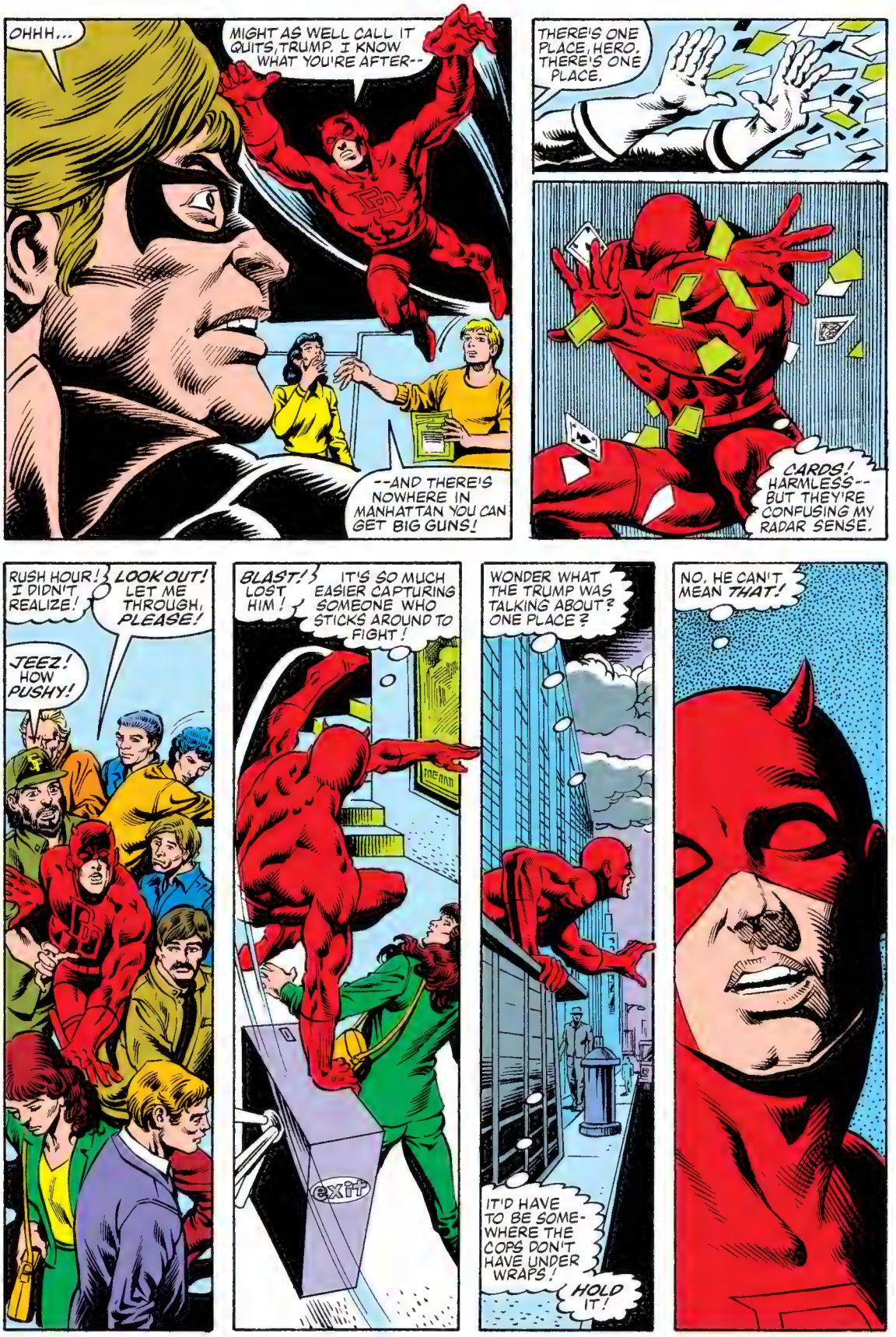
NOON...
WE BLEW IT, TRUMP!
THIS RACKET'S SO SLUFFED UP ORAL ROBERTS COULDN'T GIVE IT LEGS!
MOOSE HEAD BREWERY
WHERE'RE WE EVER GONNA FIND 'NOTHER SHIP CARRYIN' WEAPONS? COPS PROB'LY HAVE EVERY ARMORY IN EVERY STATE HEREABOUTS COVERED!
AN' THAT SLINCH STYMIE'S PROB'LY SPILLIN' HIS GUTS 'BOUT US RIGHT NOW!
Y'KNOW, BURT...
YOU'D COMPLAIN IF THEY WERE HANGING YOU WITH A NEW ROPE.
FOOSH!
BE HAPPY THAT WAS JUST A CONCUSSION PELLET IN MY CANE. I SHOULD'VE BURNED YOU BAD FOR LIPPING OFF.
IF NOBODY ELSE HAS GOT COMPLAINTS, LISTEN UP!
I GOT A PLACE TO HIT--AN ARMORY NO ONE WOULD EXPECT US TO TRY FOR.
THE MOB'S ARMORY.
HUH?! YOU'RE ALL ET UP WITH DUMB.! OUR LIVES WON'T BE WORTH MULE EGGS!
WRONG. WE'LL STRIKE BEFORE THEY KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING--
--AND ONCE WE'RE OUT OF TOWN, THERE'S NOTHING THEY CAN DO.
AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT STYMIE SCHMIDT!
I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM!
AH WISH HE WOULDN'T DO THAT!

4 PM...
WHAT'S WITH MATT, FOGGY? HE WANTS EVERYTHING THROWN ON A BACK BURNER SO HE CAN HANDLE THIS SCHMIDT CASE.
FRANKLIN NELSON
I WISH I KNEW, BECKY. IT'S LIKE AN OBSESSION WITH HIM.
I DON'T LIKE IT WHEN HE GETS LIKE THIS.
SORRY--NO DEALS, WE'RE GOING FOR A JUDGEMENT OF INNOCENCE.
D.A.'S OFFICE?
UH-HUH.
DUMB, MATT--REAL DUMB. ANY FIRST YEAR LAW STUDENT WOULD KNOW ENOUGH TO BARGAIN IN A CASE LIKE THIS.
THE WAY YOU'RE HANDLING IT, IT'S LIKE YOU WANT SCHMIDT TO GET THE WORST SENTENCE POSSI--
OH, MATT.
YOU KNOW THAT'S NOT TRUE...
HELLO? I'D LIKE TO MAKE ARRANGEMENTS TO SEE MY CLIENT.
FOGGY! YOU CAN'T LEAVE! YOU HAVE THE MRS. KRAMER APPOINTMENT AT 4:30!
RESCHEDULE IT! THIS IS IMPORTANT!
I HAVE TO GET SOME FACTS --AND QUICKLY!


6 PM, THE TOMBS...
COULDN'T THIS'VE WAITED 'TIL MORNING, MURDOCK?
I HAVE A RIGHT TO SEE MY CLIENT ANYTIME I CHOOSE.
WHAT?! THAT PASSING GUARD--HIS HEARTBEAT!
THAT WAS THE TRUMP!
SEE, IT'S ONLY THAT IT'S FEEDING TIME, AN'--
HEY! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH SCHMIDT?
GET A DOCTOR! NOW!
HEART'S STOPPED--BUT HE'S STILL WARM. LOOKS LIKE ELECTRIC SHOCK.
I'M NOT GOING TO LOSE YOUR CASE THIS WAY, STYMIE!
LIVE!
LIVE!
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
I JUST SAVED YOUR PATIENT'S LIFE, DOCTOR!
EXCUSE ME,
HEY!
THE WAY HE MOVES, Y'WOULDN'T EVEN KNOW HE WAS BLIND, WOULDJA?


THE TRUMP HAD QUITE A HEAD START--BUT HE COULDN'T MOVE TOO QUICKLY IN THE TOMBS WITHOUT DRAWING ATTENTION!
SO HE'S PROBABLY STILL IN THE AREA.
PAYDIRT!
TRUMP!
DARE--?! YOU DON'T LEARN, DO YOU?
I'VE GOT A FEW TRICKS MYSELF, HERO!
YOU'D BE SURPRISED WHAT A MAN CAN LEARN IN PRISON.
YOU NEW YORK TYPES MIGHT ENJOY A GOOD BRAWL.
ME, I DON'T LIKE DOING ANYTHING I DON'T GET PAID FOR.
HEY!
OH MY LORD! I'M NOT PICKING UP A HEART-BEAT!
THAT COULDN'T HAVE KILLED HIM!

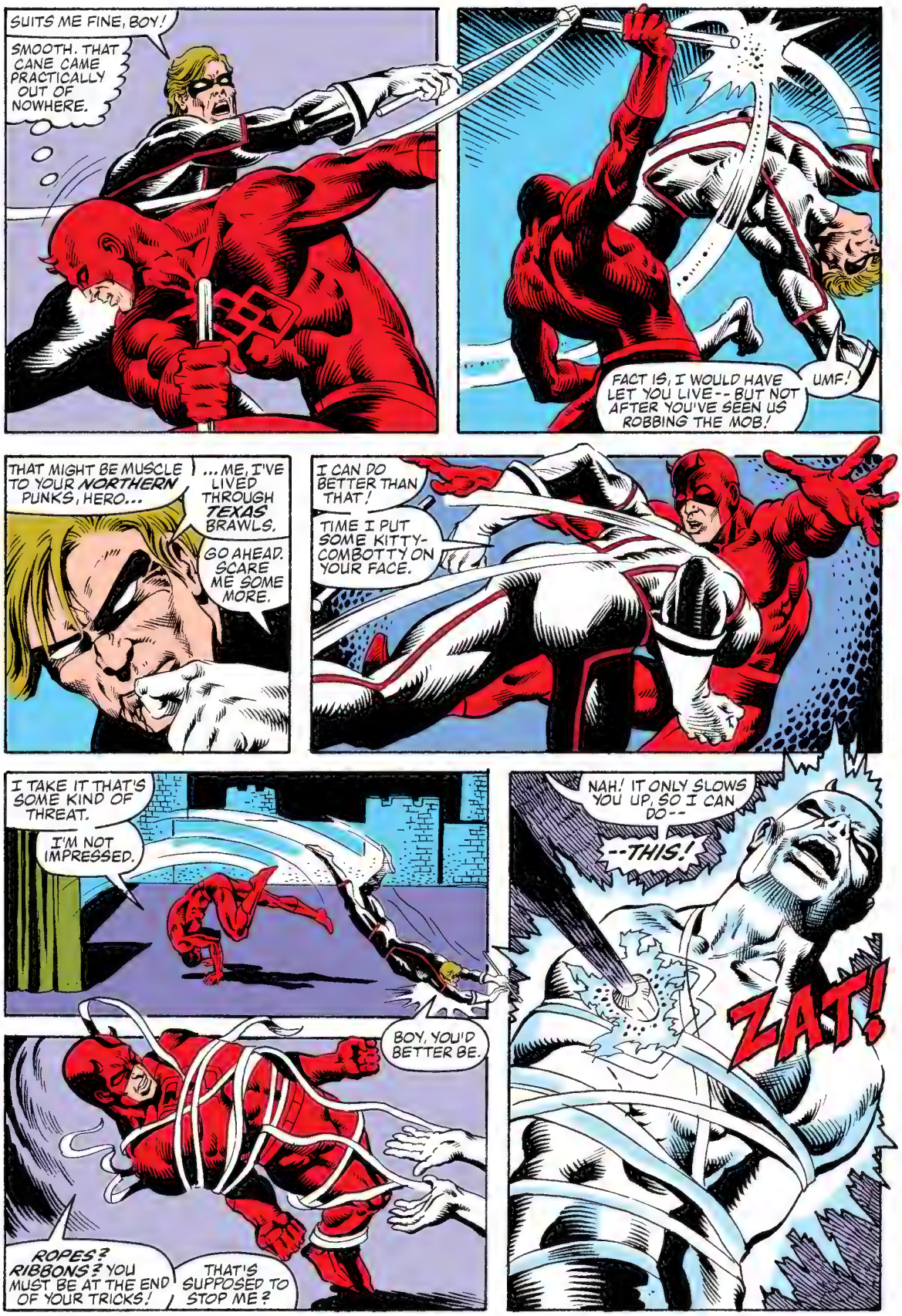

NO, GONE. DOWN THERE.
HUH! I MUST BE LOSING MY TOUCH!
THAT WAS GOOD. VERY NEAT. YOU HAD ME GOING FOR A MINUTE.
IT'S HARD TO NAVIGATE DOWN HERE. TOO MANY ECHOES...
THAT RUMBLE... SMELL...
OH, NO!
ONE CHANCE...
DON'T KNOW IF THE HERO BOUGHT IT OR NOT--
OWW!
AND I DON'T AIM TO FIND OUT. GOT OTHER THINGS TO THINK ABOUT.
'SCUZE ME, FOLKS!
DAREDEVIL... STYMIE ... EVERYONE'S OUT OF MY WAY!
YESSIR, THIS JOB WILL BE A PIECE OF CAKE!


OHHH...
MIGHT AS WELL CALL IT QUITS, TRUMP. I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE AFTER--
--AND THERE'S NOWHERE IN MANHATTAN YOU CAN GET BIG GUNS!
THERE'S ONE PLACE, HERO. THERE'S ONE PLACE.
CARDS! HARMLESS-- BUT THEY'RE CONFUSING MY RADAR SENSE.
RUSH HOUR! I DIDN'T REALIZE!
LOOK OUT! LET ME THROUGH, PLEASE!
JEEZ! HOW PUSHY!
BLAST! LOST HIM!
IT'S SO MUCH EASIER CAPTURING SOMEONE WHO STICKS AROUND TO FIGHT!
EXIT
WONDER WHAT THE TRUMP WAS TALKING ABOUT? ONE PLACE?
IT'D HAVE TO BE SOMEWHERE THE COPS DON'T HAVE UNDER WRAPS!
HOLD IT!
NO, HE CAN'T MEAN THAT!

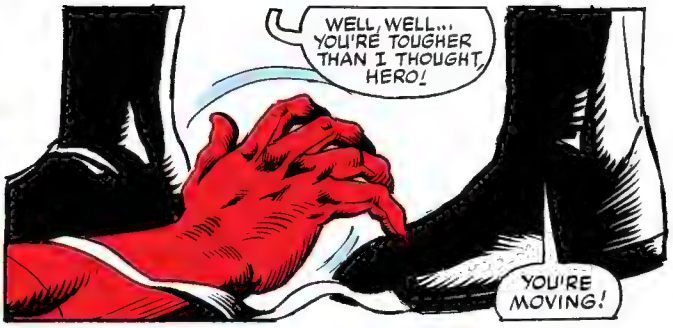
8:30 PM...
Candy Store
MAX'S
TAXI
CLOSING SOON. WHAT'LL IT BE?
UMMM... DOUBLE THICK STRAWBERRY MALT. ARE YOU MAX?
YEAH. WHAT'S IT TO YOU?
I WAS WONDERING IF YOU COULD TELL ME ANYTHING ABOUT THIS BOY. HE USED TO COME IN HERE ABOUT TWENTY YEARS AGO.
TWENTY--?!
LOTTA KIDS COME THROUGH HERE, MISTER. I DON'T EVEN SEE FACES NO MORE.
WAITAMINIT! THE MURDOCK KID, RIGHT?
I SORTA LOOKED OUT FOR HIM. THE OTHER KIDS PICKED ON HIM FIERCE. HIS POP WOULDN'T LET HIM FIGHT, OR SOMETHING.
WHAT ABOUT STYMIE SCHMIDT?
OH, HE WAS MEAN! DUMPED BUTTERSCOTCH SYRUP OVER MURDOCK IN HERE FIRST TIME MURDOCK HAD A DATE. GIRL LAUGHED HER HEAD OFF.
THEY WAS ALL PRETTY MEAN.
MIND IF I USE YOUR PHONE?
SURE--YOUR DIME.
BY THE WAY, I'LL HAVE ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE.

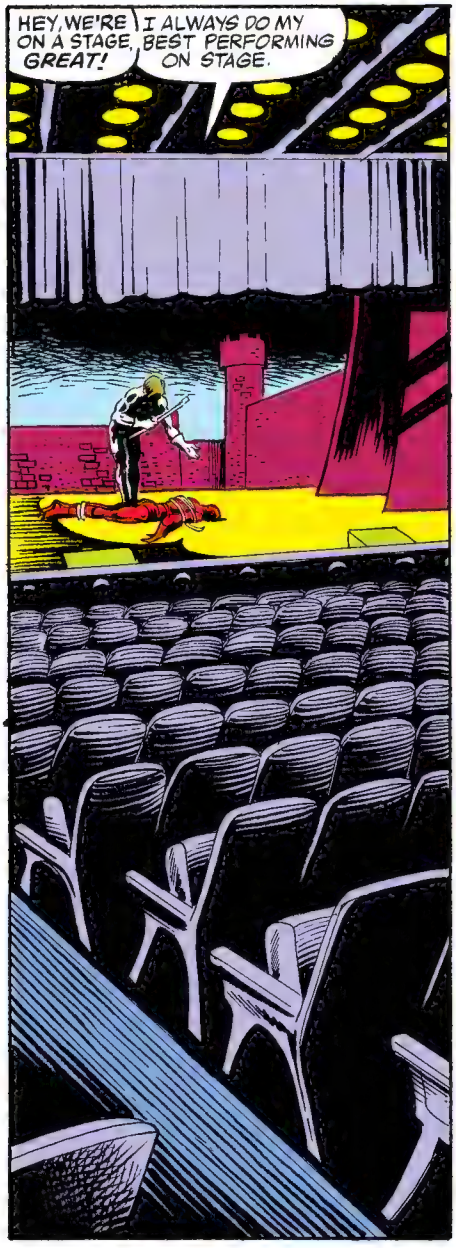
8:30 PM...
LISTEN TA ME, GROTTO. THIS JOB IS DIFF'RENT... A CINCH...
I DUNNO, TURK...
I LIKE STAYIN' OUTTA JAIL...
WHOA!
HA-A-ALP!
I'M CLEAN. I SWEAR.
SURE.
I NEED SOME INFOR-MATION, TURK.
AN OFF-BROADWAY THEATER, 8:45 PM...
NOCK! NOCK! NOCK!
YEAH, YEAH... I'M COMIN'...
GIVE IT A REST, HUH? YOU GUYS ARE FIFTEEN MINUTES EARLY...
BACK STAGE
THWAP!
POP

9 PM...
WHAT'D YOU OPEN SO SLOW FOR, MICKEY? WE GOT A WHOLE TRUCK TO UNLOAD.
IF IT'S SUCH A HASSLE, LEAVE THE CRATES IN THE TRUCK.
IT WOULD SAVE US THE TROUBLE OF LOADING IT AGAIN.
HUH?!
IT'S A FIX! GET 'IM!
WOMP!
WHACK!
AH, YES! THESE LITTLE BABIES WILL REVOLUTIONIZE CRIME.
BOYS, OUR FORTUNES ARE MADE!
WHAT IN--?!
THOK!
AW, NO! CAN'T YOU TAKE A HINT, HERO?
NO FLUNKIES. NO CROWDS. NOWHERE TO GO.
JUST YOU AND ME, TRUMP!

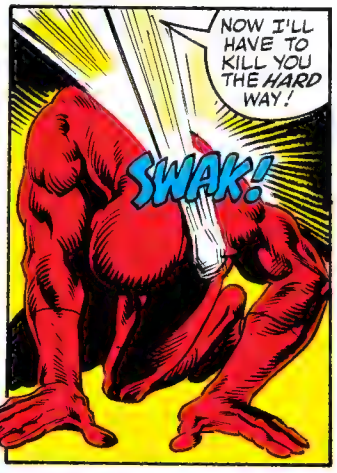

SUITS ME FINE, BOY!
SMOOTH. THAT CANE CAME PRACTICALLY OUT OF NOWHERE.
FACT IS, I WOULD HAVE LET YOU LIVE-- BUT NOT AFTER YOU'VE SEEN US ROBBING THE MOB!
UMF!
THAT MIGHT BE MUSCLE TO YOUR NORTHERN PUNKS, HERO...
...ME, I'VE LIVED THROUGH TEXAS BRAWLS.
GO AHEAD. SCARE ME SOME MORE.
I CAN DO BETTER THAN THAT!
TIME I PUT SOME KITTY-COMBOTTY ON YOUR FACE.
I TAKE IT THAT'S SOME KIND OF THREAT.
I'M NOT IMPRESSED.
BOY, YOU'D BETTER BE.
ROPES? RIBBONS? YOU MUST BE AT THE END OF YOUR TRICKS!
THAT'S SUPPOSED TO STOP ME?
NAH! IT ONLY SLOWS YOU UP, SO I CAN DO--
--THIS!
ZAT!

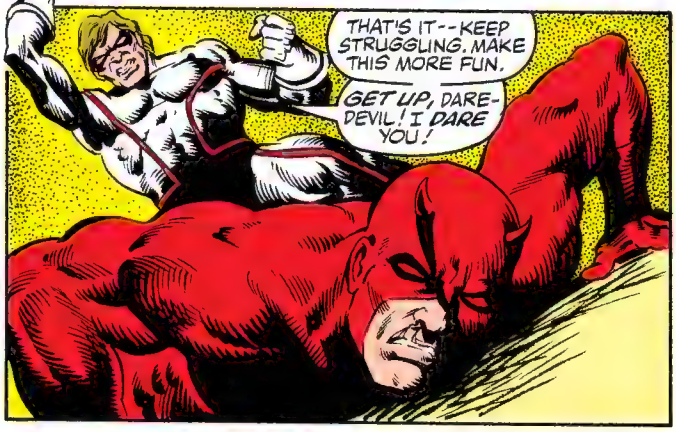
ONE JOLT OF ELECTRICITY, ONE DEAD HERO. I'VE ALWAYS GOT A TRUMP CARD UP MY SLEEVE, BOY.
FIRST STYMIE, THEN YOU -- AND ALL MY TROUBLES ARE GONE.

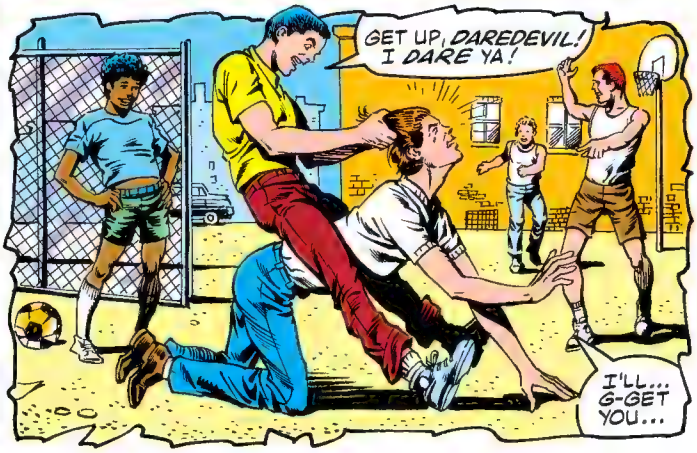

WELL, WELL... YOU'RE TOUGHER THAN I THOUGHT, HERO!
YOU'RE MOVING!


HEY, WE'RE ON A STAGE, GREAT!
I ALWAYS DO MY BEST PERFORMING ON STAGE.

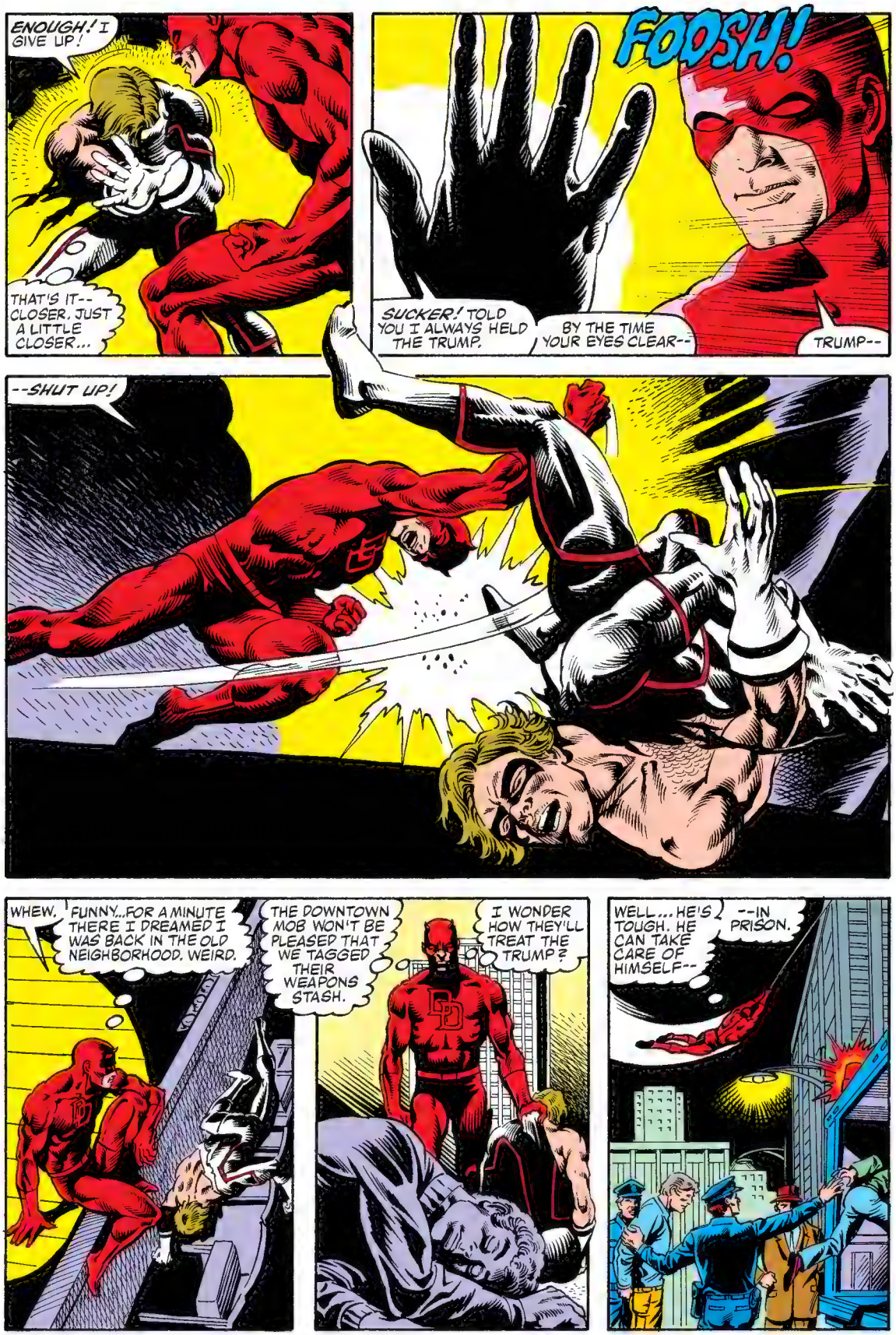
I SWEAR YOU'RE CROSS-THREADED BETWEEN THE EARS. YOU COULD'VE JUST LAIN THERE.


NOW I'LL HAVE TO KILL YOU THE HARD WAY!
SWAK!

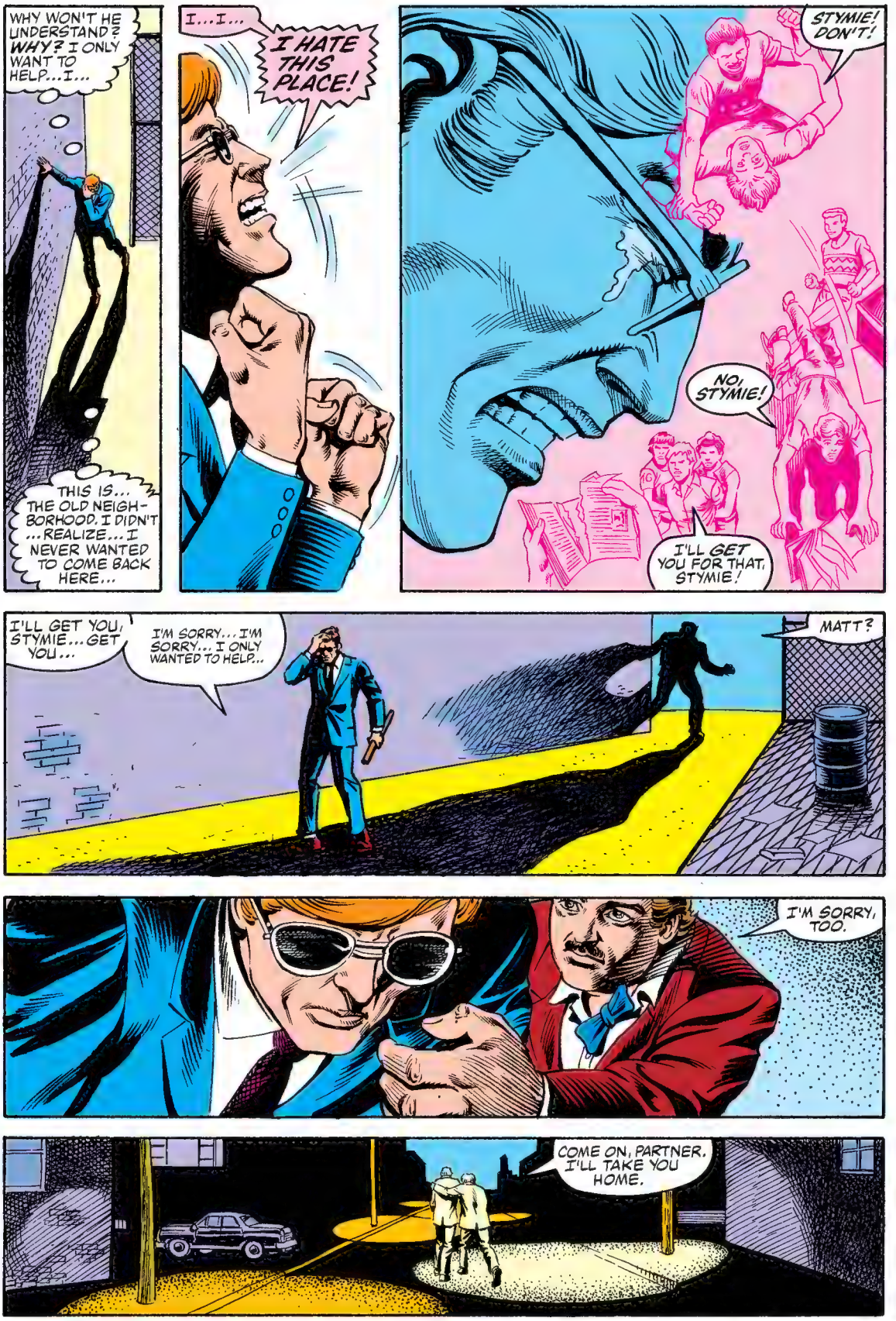

THAT'S IT -- KEEP STRUGGLING. MAKE THIS MORE FUN.
GET UP, DAREDEVIL! I DARE YOU!


GET UP, DAREDEVIL! I DARE YA!
I'LL... G-GET YOU...

TWAK!
...GET YOU... I'LL GET YOU...
END OF THE ROAD, HERO.
THOT!
WUMP!
LOOK AT YOU, YOU'RE CLUMSY... BARELY STANDING...
SUR-PRISE.
WHA--?! MY COAT!
NO MORE TRICKS, TRUMP!
NO MORE TRICKS.


ENOUGH! I GIVE UP!
THAT'S IT-- CLOSER. JUST A LITTLE CLOSER...
FOOSH!
SUCKER! TOLD YOU I ALWAYS HELD THE TRUMP.
BY THE TIME YOUR EYES CLEAR--
TRUMP--
--SHUT UP!
WHEW.
FUNNY...FOR A MINUTE THERE I DREAMED I WAS BACK IN THE OLD NEIGHBORHOOD. WEIRD.
THE DOWNTOWN MOB WON'T BE PLEASED THAT WE TAGGED THEIR WEAPONS STASH.
I WONDER HOW THEY'LL TREAT THE TRUMP?
WELL... HE'S TOUGH. HE CAN TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF--
--IN PRISON.

11 PM...
FOGGY! WHAT--?!
YOUR MESSAGE SAID IT WAS URGENT I GET OVER HERE.
SIT DOWN, MATT. HAVE A SODA.
IT'S LATE AND I'M TIRED AND I'M IN NO MOOD FOR GAMES.
:SLURP:
I'VE DONE SOME CHECKING AROUND, MATT. I WANT YOU OFF THE SCHMIDT CASE.
THERE'S BEEN NOTHING BUT BAD BLOOD BETWEEN YOU AND SCHMIDT SINCE YOU FIRST MET. I THINK YOU THINK THIS IS YOUR BIG CHANCE FOR REVENGE.
NO... THAT'S NOT TRUE...
I THINK YOU'RE GOING TO WALK INTO COURT AND PRETEND TO DEFEND SCHMIDT AND DESTROY WHATEVER IS LEFT OF HIS LIFE.
YOU'RE ENTITLED TO HATE SCHMIDT, I THINK--BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN YOU CAN USE YOUR POSITION TO CRUCIFY HIM.
NO...
TWO MORE, MAX.
MAX?! OH MY LORD... WHAT'S THIS ADDRESS...?
NO MATTER WHAT STYMIE SCHMIDT MAY HAVE DONE TO YOU, WHAT YOU'RE ABOUT TO DO TO YOURSELF IS SO MUCH WORSE!
NO... YOU'RE WRONG... YOU'RE WRONG...
MATT?
...WHY DID YOU BRING ME BACK HERE... WHY...
MATT!
Candy Store


WHY WON'T HE UNDERSTAND? WHY? I ONLY WANT TO HELP... I...
THIS IS... THE OLD NEIGHBORHOOD. I DIDN'T ...REALIZE... I NEVER WANTED TO COME BACK HERE...
I... I...
I HATE THIS PLACE!
STYMIE! DON'T!
NO, STYMIE!
I'LL GET YOU FOR THAT, STYMIE!
I'LL GET YOU, STYMIE... GET YOU...
I'M SORRY... I'M SORRY... I ONLY WANTED TO HELP...
MATT?
I'M SORRY, TOO.
COME ON, PARTNER. I'LL TAKE YOU HOME.

THE TOMBS, II AM...
MATTIE-BOY! GOOD TO SEE YOU!
MAYBE NOT. I'M TURNING YOUR CASE OVER TO A PUBLIC DEFENDER--SOMEONE WHO CAN BE OBJECTIVE ABOUT YOU.
WHAT?!
I ALWAYS KNEW YOU WERE A WIMPO! WHATSA-MATTER? NOT ENOUGH MONEY FOR YOU?
YOU WANNA HIT ME? GO AHEAD. YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO!
YOU WON'T-- WIMPO!
NO... I WON'T.
WHEN... WE WERE KIDS... WHY ME? WHAT DID I EVER DO TO YOU?
HUH? WHY?!
I DUNNO... I NEVER THOUGHT ABOUT IT.
THAT'S BEEN BUGGING YOU ALL THESE YEARS, HUH?
GOOD! YOU WANT TO HEAR SOMETHING? I NEVER EVEN THINK ABOUT IT!
THE PAST MEANS NOTHING, MURDOCK! NOTHING!
FOR SOME OF US, STYMIE...
...ONLY FOR SOME OF US.
NEXT ISSUE:
DD'S STRANGEST FOE EVER!!

STAN LEE PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

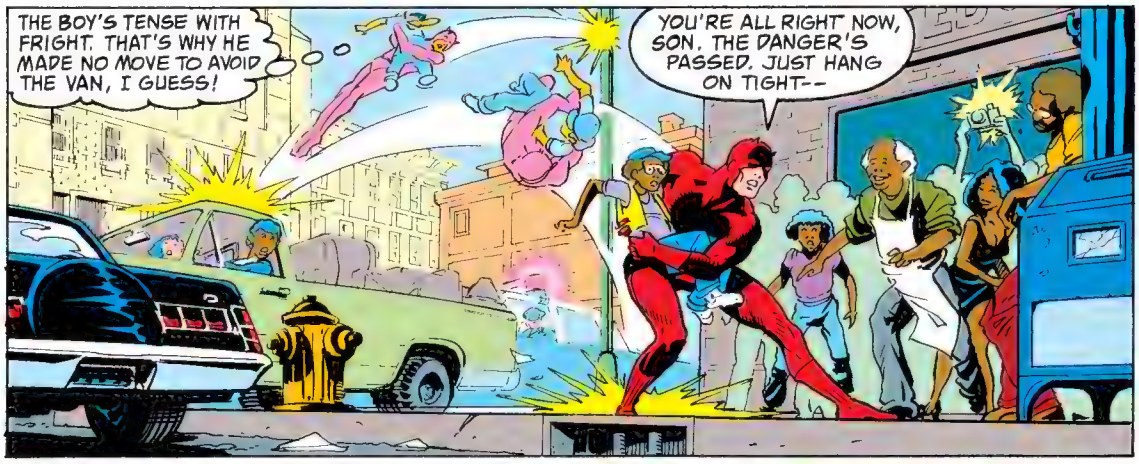
TO THOSE OF US POSSESSED OF NORMAL SENSES, THERE IS ALWAYS THE CHANCE THAT DANGER MAY BE UPON US BEFORE WE EVER BECOME AWARE OF IT.
SKREEEEEEEEE
GEEZ--! THAT DAILY BUGLE DELIVERY VAN JUST SWERVED OUT OF CONTROL!
POLICE
DAILY BUGLE
DAILY BUGLE

THE FIRST INSTANT WE MIGHT BE AWARE OF OUR PERIL COULD BE THE SIGHT OF TWO-AND-A-HALF TONS OF HURTLING METAL BARRELING OFF THE STREET AND ONTO THE CROWDED SIDEWALK.
WE MIGHT SEE OUR FELLOW UNFORTUNATES DIVING OUT OF ITS DESTRUCTIVE PATH.
IF SO, WE'D BE LUCKY; WE'D HAVE AN ADVANTAGE OVER THOSE WHO, BY ACCIDENT OR BY BIRTH, LACK THAT VERY GIFT OF SIGHT WHICH WOULD ALLOW THEM TO PERCEIVE THEIR PERIL AND, PERCEIVING, ACT TO AVOID IT.
SKRAM
WHAT IS IT, SKIPPER? WHAT'S HAPPENING?!
FOR CHRISSAKE, MARTY--GET OFF THE WHEEL!
ROWF ROWF
NO USE! HE'S DEAD, AND I CAN'T BUDGE HIM!

Bless the Beasts & Children...

BILL MANTLO WRITER * GEORGE FREEMAN ARTIST * ANNETTE KAWECKI, LETTERS * GLYNIS WEIN COLORS * AL MILGROM EDITOR * JIM SHOOTER CHIEF

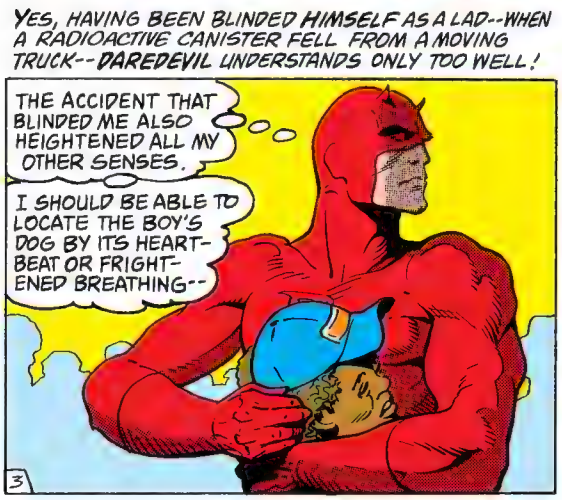
BUT THERE IS ONE BLIND MAN WHOSE HYPERSENSES DETECTED THE DANGER...
...AS SOON AS HE HEARD THE VAN DRIVER'S HEART CEASE BEATING.
THAT'S IT, SKIPPER-- JUST KEEP BARKING.
THAT'S WHAT I NEED TO GUIDE ME TO YOUR MASTER!
I CAN'T HEAR HIS HEARTBEAT OVER THE STREET NOISE!
ROWF ROWF
TENUOUSLY TIED TO A SLENDER CABLE-LINE, A STARTLING CRIMSON-CLAD FIGURE DIVES OUT OF THE SKY...
...IN TIME TO SAVE THE BOY.
SKARASH!
SK-SKIPPER! I LET GO OF HIS LEASH!
IN THE CACOPHONY OF SOUNDS ACCOMPANYING THE CRASH, THE MAN CALLED DAREDEVIL EITHER DOES NOT HEAR THE BOY'S PLAINT...
...OR, HEARING, IGNORES IT AS IMMATERIAL TO HIS MISSION OF THE MOMENT.
TERRIFIED, THE DOG BREAKS AND RUNS.
THAT IS OUR STORY, AS YOU SHALL SEE.
12


THE BOY'S TENSE WITH FRIGHT. THAT'S WHY HE MADE NO MOVE TO AVOID THE VAN, I GUESS!
YOU'RE ALL RIGHT NOW, SON. THE DANGER'S PASSED. JUST HANG ON TIGHT--

--AND I'LL SET YOU BACK DOWN SAFELY, THERE.
MY, OH MY! THAT WAS THE AMAZINGEST--!
DAREDEVIL, YOU WERE TERRIFIC!
SKIPPER! WHERE'S SKIPPER?
SKIPPER? OH, YOUR DOG.

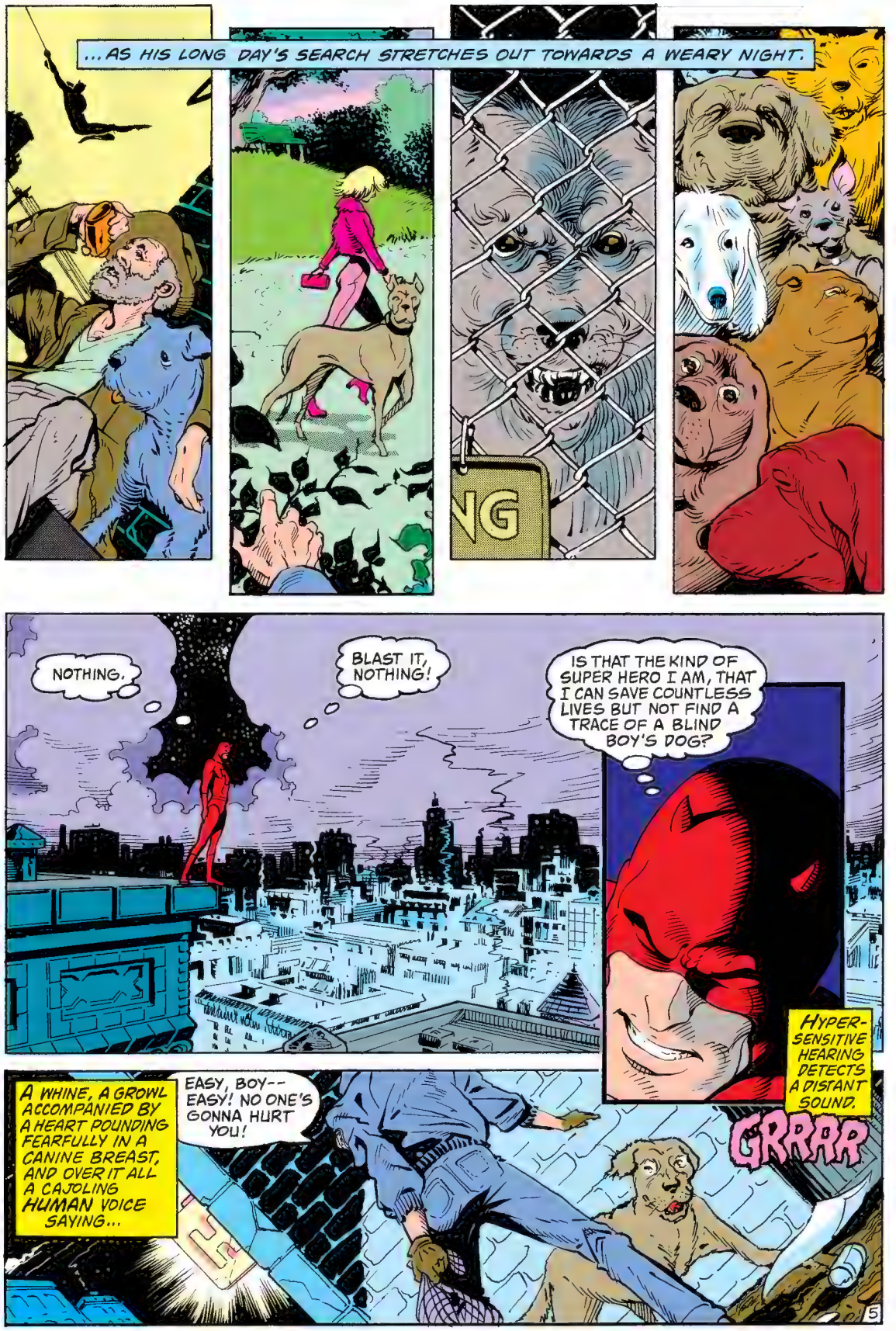
HE WAS PROBABLY JUST FRIGHTENED BY THE CRASH, SON. HE'LL TURN UP... HEY!
NO! I'VE GOTTA FIND HIM! I'VE GOTTA!

WITHOUT MY DOG, I'M BLIND!
SUDDENLY, DAREDEVIL UNDERSTANDS WHY THE BOY MADE NO MOVE TO SAVE HIMSELF.

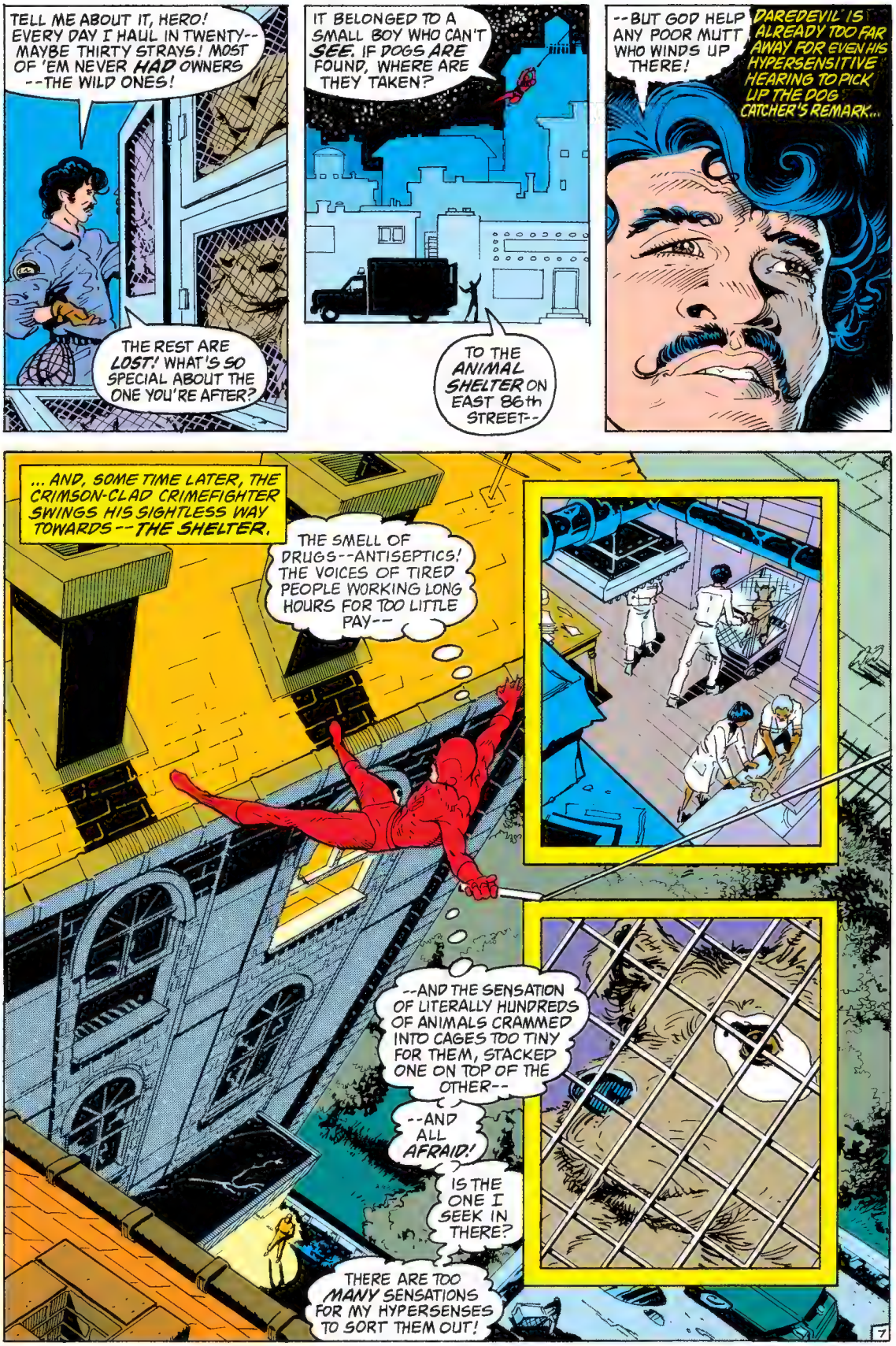

YES, HAVING BEEN BLINDED HIMSELF AS A LAD--WHEN A RADIOACTIVE CANISTER FELL FROM A MOVING TRUCK--DAREDEVIL UNDERSTANDS ONLY TOO WELL!
THE ACCIDENT THAT BLINDED ME ALSO HEIGHTENED ALL MY OTHER SENSES.
I SHOULD BE ABLE TO LOCATE THE BOY'S DOG BY ITS HEART-BEAT OR FRIGHTENED BREATHING--
3

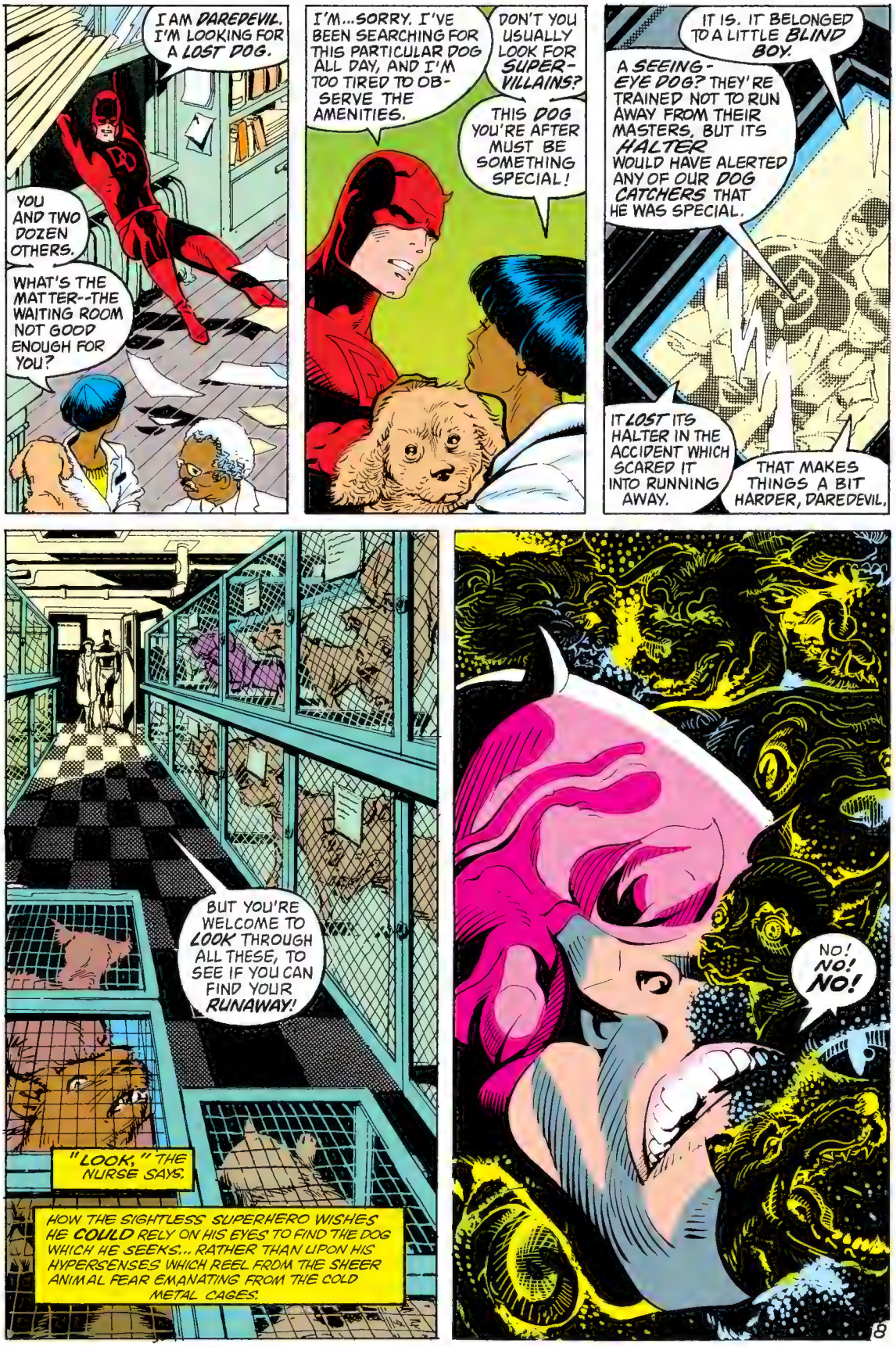
--BUT... I CAN'T!
SKIPPER SEEING EYE DOG

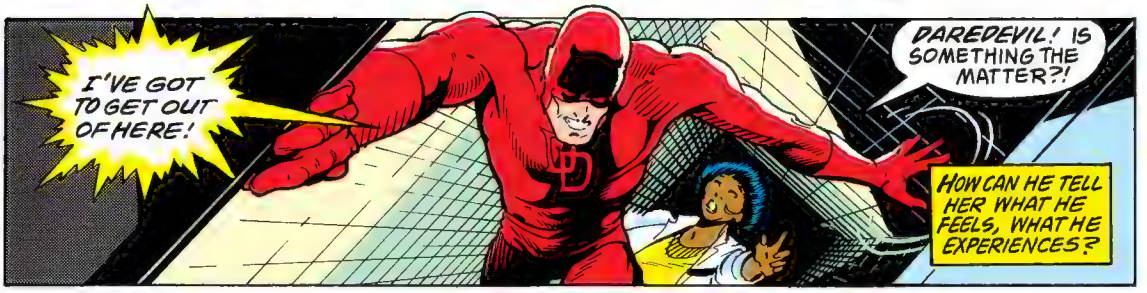
DAREDEVIL, YOU'LL FIND SKIPPER, WON'T YOU? HE'S A SEEING-EYE DOG--TRAINED NOT TO RUN AWAY...
RELAX, SON. I'LL FIND HIM.
...BUT HE WAS NEW! THIS WAS MY FIRST DAY OUT WITH HIM, AND THE CRASH MUST'VE SCARED HIM BAD!
IT'S A BIG CITY, DAREDEVIL, YOU DON'T WANT TO MAKE ANY PROMISES YOU CAN'T KEEP.
TELEPHONE THE BOY'S PARENTS, OFFICER.
TELL THEM I'VE GONE TO LOOK FOR HIS DOG.
IF ANYBODY CAN FIND SKIPPER, DAREDEVIL CAN!
BUT THE SIGHTLESS SUPER HERO SOON LEARNS THAT THE OFFICER MAY HAVE BEEN RIGHT.
NEW YORK IS A BIG CITY--THE BIGGEST,
AND FULL OF DOGS OF EVERY BREED AND DESCRIPTION!
EVEN WITH MY HYPERSENSES AND RADAR SENSE--
--HOW AM I GOING TO FIND A BLIND BOY'S LOST DOG OUT OF ALL THOSE MILLIONS?
IT IS A QUESTION DARE-DEVIL WILL ASK HIMSELF AGAIN AND AGAIN...

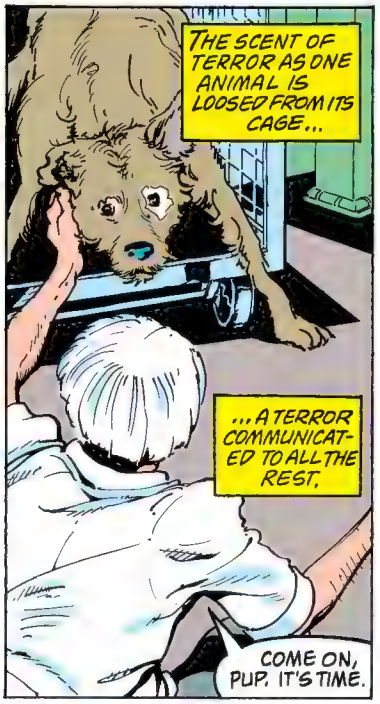

...AS HIS LONG DAY'S SEARCH STRETCHES OUT TOWARDS A WEARY NIGHT.
NOTHING.
BLAST IT, NOTHING!
IS THAT THE KIND OF SUPER HERO I AM, THAT I CAN SAVE COUNTLESS LIVES BUT NOT FIND A TRACE OF A BLIND BOY'S DOG?
HYPER-SENSITIVE HEARING DETECTS A DISTANT SOUND.
GRRRR
A WHINE, A GROWL ACCOMPANIED BY A HEART POUNDING FEARFULLY IN A CANINE BREAST, AND OVER IT ALL A CAJOLING HUMAN VOICE SAYING...
EASY, BOY-- EASY! NO ONE'S GONNA HURT YOU!
5

THE FEAR EMANATING FROM THE TRAPPED DOG STABS LIKE A KNIFE INTO DAREDEVIL'S GUT.
JUST WANNA GET YOU OFF THE STREETS, BOY!
DAREDEVIL SENSES THE MAN'S PULSE BEGIN TO RACE, HE HEARS THE WHISPER OF WOVEN CORDS--A NET--AS IT'S TOSSED INTO THE AIR.
DON'T MAKE MY JOB ANY HARDER, YA LOUSY STRAY!
LEAVE THAT DOG ALONE!
CAN'T YOU SENSE HOW TERRIFIED IT IS?!
ANGER OVERWHELMS DAREDEVIL'S REASON. HE HAS SPENT AN ENTIRE DAY HYPER-SENSITIZED TO DOG SMELLS, DOG SOUNDS, DOG FEARS.
THAT, AND HIS OWN FAILURE, COMPELS HIM TO ACT AS HE NOW ACTS.
WHAT KIND OF SCUM ARE YOU TO TERRORIZE AN ANIMAL?!
D-DAREDEVIL! ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND?! I'M A DOG CATCHER--I WORK FOR THE A.S.P.C.A.!* IT'S MY JOB TO BRING STRAY DOGS IN OFF THE STREETS!
ASPCA
*AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS -- EDITORI-AL
OH, I... SEE.
WHAT'S THE DEAL, MAN? YOU SUDDENLY BECOME CHAMPION OF THE UNDER-DOG OR SOMETHIN'?
I WAS SEARCHING FOR A DOG LOST EARLY THIS MORNING, BUT THERE ARE SO MANY DOGS IN THIS CITY...

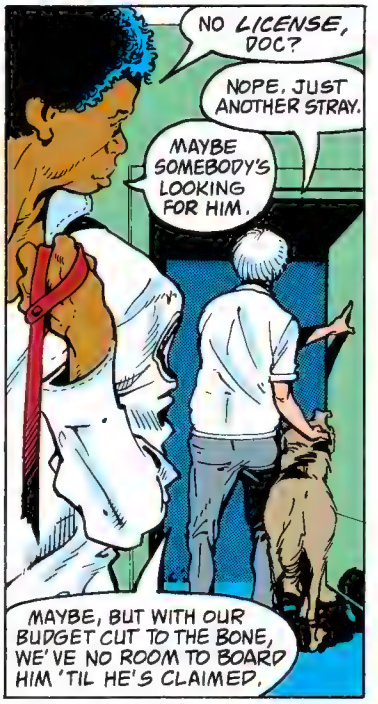

TELL ME ABOUT IT, HERO! EVERY DAY I HAUL IN TWENTY--MAYBE THIRTY STRAYS! MOST OF 'EM NEVER HAD OWNERS --THE WILD ONES!
THE REST ARE LOST! WHAT'S SO SPECIAL ABOUT THE ONE YOU'RE AFTER?
IT BELONGED TO A SMALL BOY WHO CAN'T SEE. IF DOGS ARE FOUND, WHERE ARE THEY TAKEN?
TO THE ANIMAL SHELTER ON EAST 86th STREET--
--BUT GOD HELP ANY POOR MUTT WHO WINDS UP THERE!
DAREDEVIL IS ALREADY TOO FAR AWAY FOR EVEN HIS HYPERSENSITIVE HEARING TO PICK UP THE DOG CATCHER'S REMARK...
... AND, SOME TIME LATER, THE CRIMSON-CLAD CRIMEFIGHTER SWINGS HIS SIGHTLESS WAY TOWARDS --THE SHELTER.
THE SMELL OF DRUGS--ANTISEPTICS! THE VOICES OF TIRED PEOPLE WORKING LONG HOURS FOR TOO LITTLE PAY--
--AND THE SENSATION OF LITERALLY HUNDREDS OF ANIMALS CRAMMED INTO CAGES TOO TINY FOR THEM, STACKED ONE ON TOP OF THE OTHER--
--AND ALL AFRAID!
IS THE ONE I SEEK IN THERE?
THERE ARE TOO MANY SENSATIONS FOR MY HYPERSENSES TO SORT THEM OUT!
7


I AM DAREDEVIL. I'M LOOKING FOR A LOST DOG.
YOU AND TWO DOZEN OTHERS.
WHAT'S THE MATTER--THE WAITING ROOM NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU?
I'M...SORRY. I'VE BEEN SEARCHING FOR THIS PARTICULAR DOG ALL DAY, AND I'M TOO TIRED TO OBSERVE THE AMENITIES.
DON'T YOU USUALLY LOOK FOR SUPER-VILLAINS?
THIS DOG YOU'RE AFTER MUST BE SOMETHING SPECIAL!
IT IS. IT BELONGED TO A LITTLE BLIND BOY.
A SEEING-EYE DOG? THEY'RE TRAINED NOT TO RUN AWAY FROM THEIR MASTERS, BUT ITS HALTER WOULD HAVE ALERTED ANY OF OUR DOG CATCHERS THAT HE WAS SPECIAL.
IT LOST ITS HALTER IN THE ACCIDENT WHICH SCARED IT INTO RUNNING AWAY.
THAT MAKES THINGS A BIT HARDER, DAREDEVIL.
BUT YOU'RE WELCOME TO LOOK THROUGH ALL THESE, TO SEE IF YOU CAN FIND YOUR RUNAWAY!
"LOOK," THE NURSE SAYS.
HOW THE SIGHTLESS SUPERHERO WISHES HE COULD RELY ON HIS EYES TO FIND THE DOG WHICH HE SEEKS... RATHER THAN UPON HIS HYPERSENSES WHICH REEL FROM THE SHEER ANIMAL FEAR EMANATING FROM THE COLD METAL CAGES.
NO! NO! NO!


I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!
DAREDEVIL! IS SOMETHING THE MATTER?!
HOW CAN HE TELL HER WHAT HE FEELS, WHAT HE EXPERIENCES?


THE SCENT OF TERROR AS ONE ANIMAL IS LOOSED FROM ITS CAGE...
...A TERROR COMMUNICATED TO ALL THE REST.
COME ON, PUP. IT'S TIME.

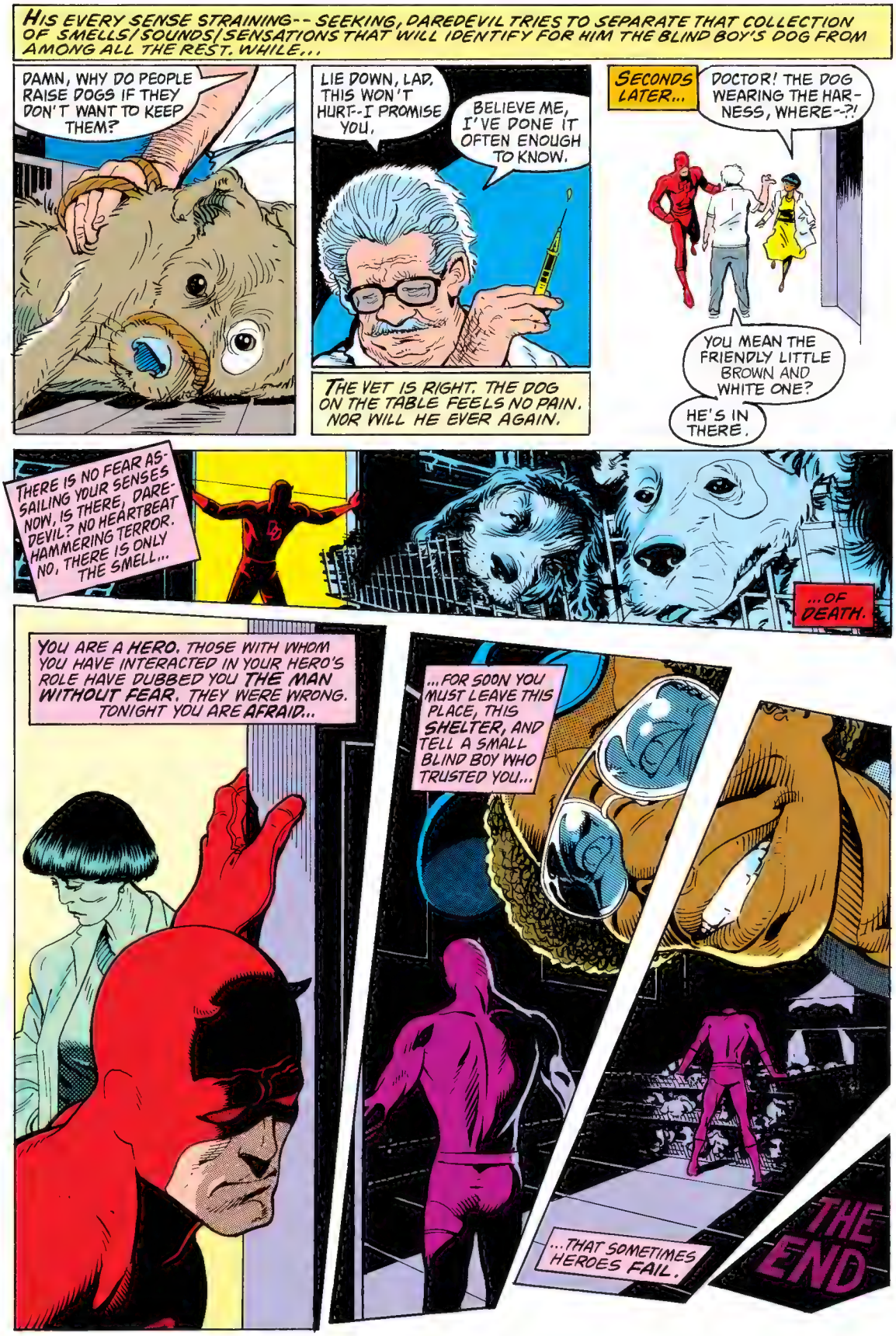
THE SORROW OF A VETERINARIAN WHO HAS BEEN TOO LONG AT HIS TASK OF COPING WITH OTHER PEOPLE'S CASTOFFS.
FANCY HARNESS YOU'RE WEARING--WHAT'S LEFT OF IT.
YOU RUN OFF, OR DID THEY ABANDON YOU? GUESS IT DON'T MATTER.


NO LICENSE, DOC?
NOPE. JUST ANOTHER STRAY.
MAYBE SOMEBODY'S LOOKING FOR HIM.
MAYBE, BUT WITH OUR BUDGET CUT TO THE BONE, WE'VE NO ROOM TO BOARD HIM 'TIL HE'S CLAIMED.

TOO MUCH TERROR! TOO MUCH FEAR!
FROM THE ANIMALS, YOU MEAN? WHAT DID YOU EXPECT? IT'S ALWAYS LIKE THIS.
WE WHO WORK HERE ARE USED TO IT--HARDENED TO IT.

SUDDENLY DAREDEVIL'S HYPER-SENSES LOCK ONTO CREAKING WHEELS OF A CAGE BEING WHEELED BY...
...AND ONTO A PARTICULAR SCENT CLINGING TO A SCRAP OF LEATHER HELD IN AN ATTENDANT'S HAND.

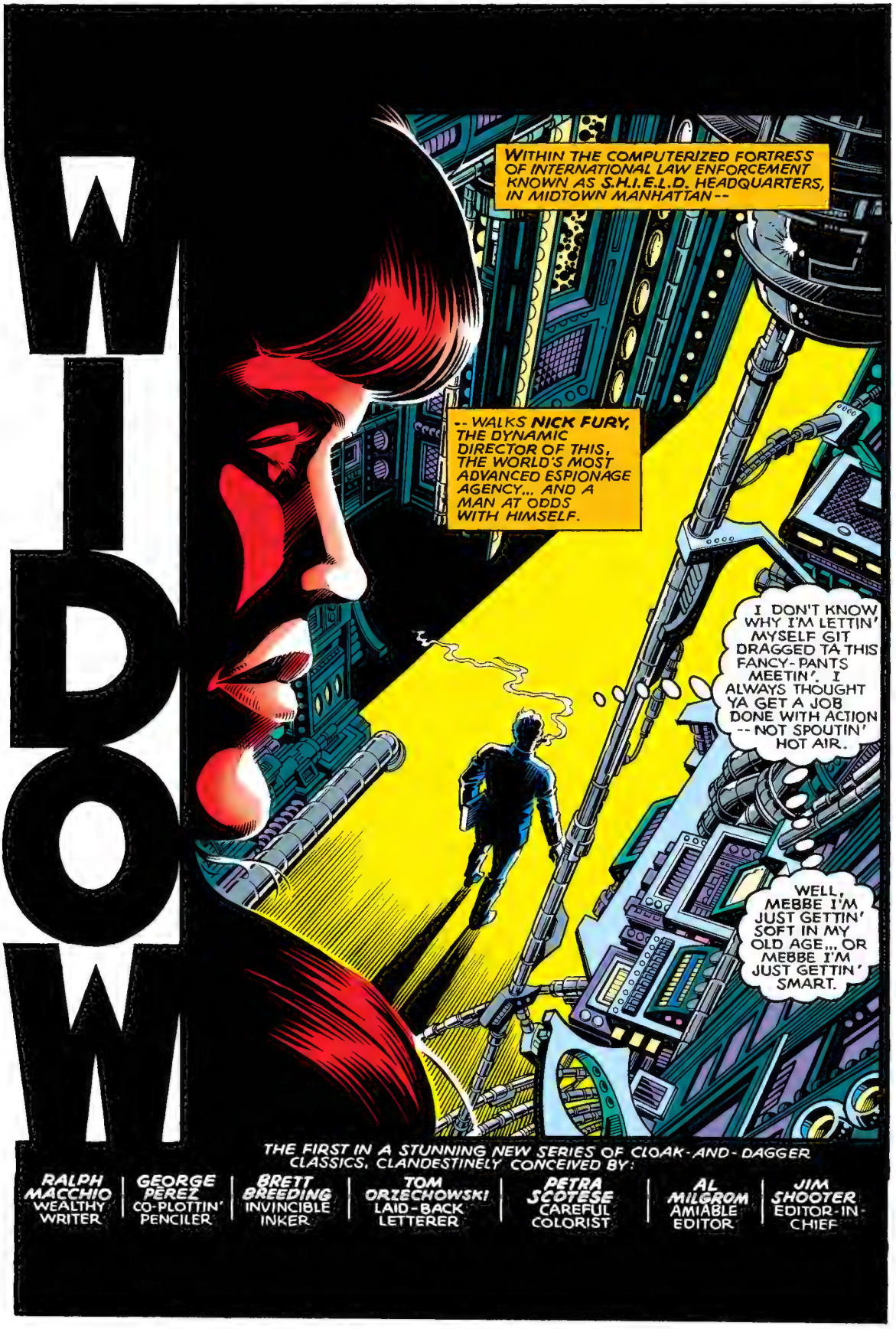
YOU! WHERE DID YOU GET THAT HARNESS?!
WHAT--?! DR. CARTER TOOK IT OFF A DOG--
--ON HIS WAY TO THE EUTHANASIA ROOM!
DAREDEVIL, COME ON!

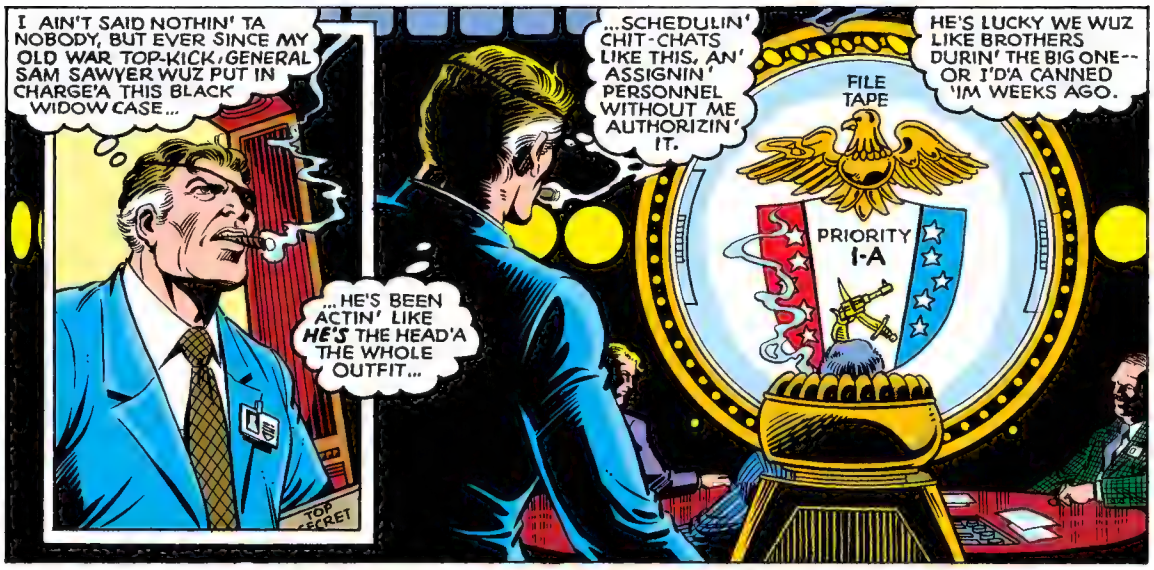

HIS EVERY SENSE STRAINING-- SEEKING, DAREDEVIL TRIES TO SEPARATE THAT COLLECTION OF SMELLS/SOUNDS/SENSATIONS THAT WILL IDENTIFY FOR HIM THE BLIND BOY'S DOG FROM AMONG ALL THE REST. WHILE...
DAMN, WHY DO PEOPLE RAISE DOGS IF THEY DON'T WANT TO KEEP THEM?
LIE DOWN, LAD. THIS WON'T HURT--I PROMISE YOU.
BELIEVE ME, I'VE DONE IT OFTEN ENOUGH TO KNOW.
THE VET IS RIGHT. THE DOG ON THE TABLE FEELS NO PAIN. NOR WILL HE EVER AGAIN.
SECONDS LATER...
DOCTOR! THE DOG WEARING THE HARNESS, WHERE--?!
YOU MEAN THE FRIENDLY LITTLE BROWN AND WHITE ONE?
HE'S IN THERE.
THERE IS NO FEAR ASSAILING YOUR SENSES NOW, IS THERE, DAREDEVIL? NO HEARTBEAT HAMMERING TERROR. NO, THERE IS ONLY THE SMELL...
...OF DEATH.
YOU ARE A HERO. THOSE WITH WHOM YOU HAVE INTERACTED IN YOUR HERO'S ROLE HAVE DUBBED YOU THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR. THEY WERE WRONG. TONIGHT YOU ARE AFRAID...
...FOR SOON YOU MUST LEAVE THIS PLACE, THIS SHELTER, AND TELL A SMALL BLIND BOY WHO TRUSTED YOU...
...THAT SOMETIMES HEROES FAIL.
THE END

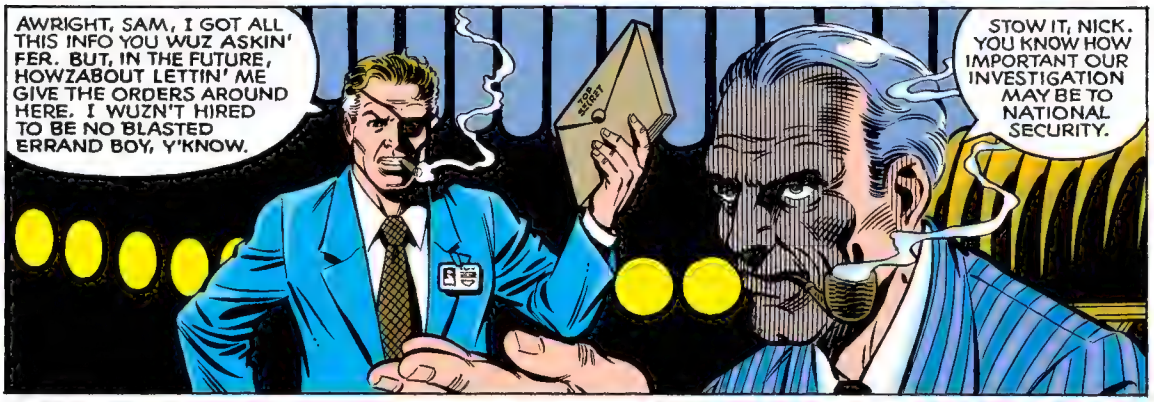
FREEMAN·82

Marvel Fanfare #9 (June 1983) Black Widow pinup
by Al Milgrom

Ralph Macchio and George Pérez began work on their Black Widow solo epic in 1978. It took until 1983 for the story, set around the time of Natasha's return to *Daredevil* circa issues #155-158, to see print in *Marvel Fanfare* #10-13.

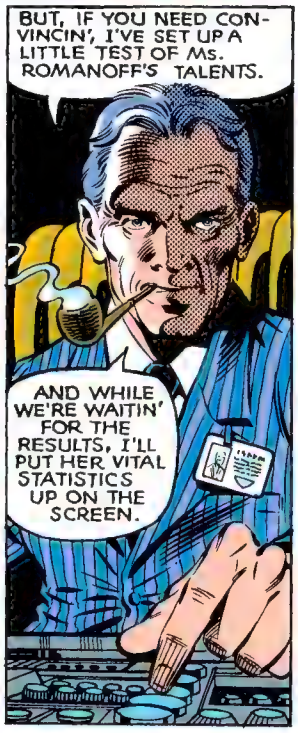

WIDOW
WITHIN THE COMPUTERIZED FORTRESS OF INTERNATIONAL LAW ENFORCEMENT KNOWN AS S.H.I.E.L.D. HEADQUARTERS, IN MIDTOWN MANHATTAN--
-- WALKS NICK FURY, THE DYNAMIC DIRECTOR OF THIS, THE WORLD'S MOST ADVANCED ESPIONAGE AGENCY... AND A MAN AT ODDS WITH HIMSELF.
I DON'T KNOW WHY I'M LETTIN' MYSELF GIT DRAGGED TA THIS FANCY-PANTS MEETIN'. I ALWAYS THOUGHT YA GET A JOB DONE WITH ACTION -- NOT SPOUTIN' HOT AIR.
WELL, MEBBE I'M JUST GETTIN' SOFT IN MY OLD AGE... OR MEBBE I'M JUST GETTIN' SMART.
THE FIRST IN A STUNNING NEW SERIES OF CLOAK-AND-DAGGER CLASSICS, CLANDESTINELY CONCEIVED BY:
RALPH MACCHIO WEALTHY WRITER
GEORGE PEREZ CO-PLOTTIN' PENCILER
BRETT BREEDING INVINCIBLE INKER
TOM ORZECHOWSKI LAID-BACK LETTERER
PETRA SCOTESE CAREFUL COLORIST
AL MILGROM AMIABLE EDITOR
JIM SHOOTER EDITOR-IN-CHIEF


I AIN'T SAID NOTHIN' TA NOBODY, BUT EVER SINCE MY OLD WAR TOP-KICK, GENERAL SAM SAWYER WUZ PUT IN CHARGE'A THIS BLACK WIDOW CASE...
...HE'S BEEN ACTIN' LIKE HE'S THE HEAD'A THE WHOLE OUTFIT...
TOP SECRET
...SCHEDULIN' CHIT-CHATS LIKE THIS, AN' ASSIGNIN' PERSONNEL WITHOUT ME AUTHORIZIN' IT.
FILE TAPE
PRIORITY I-A
HE'S LUCKY WE WUZ LIKE BROTHERS DURIN' THE BIG ONE-- OR I'D'A CANNED 'IM WEEKS AGO.

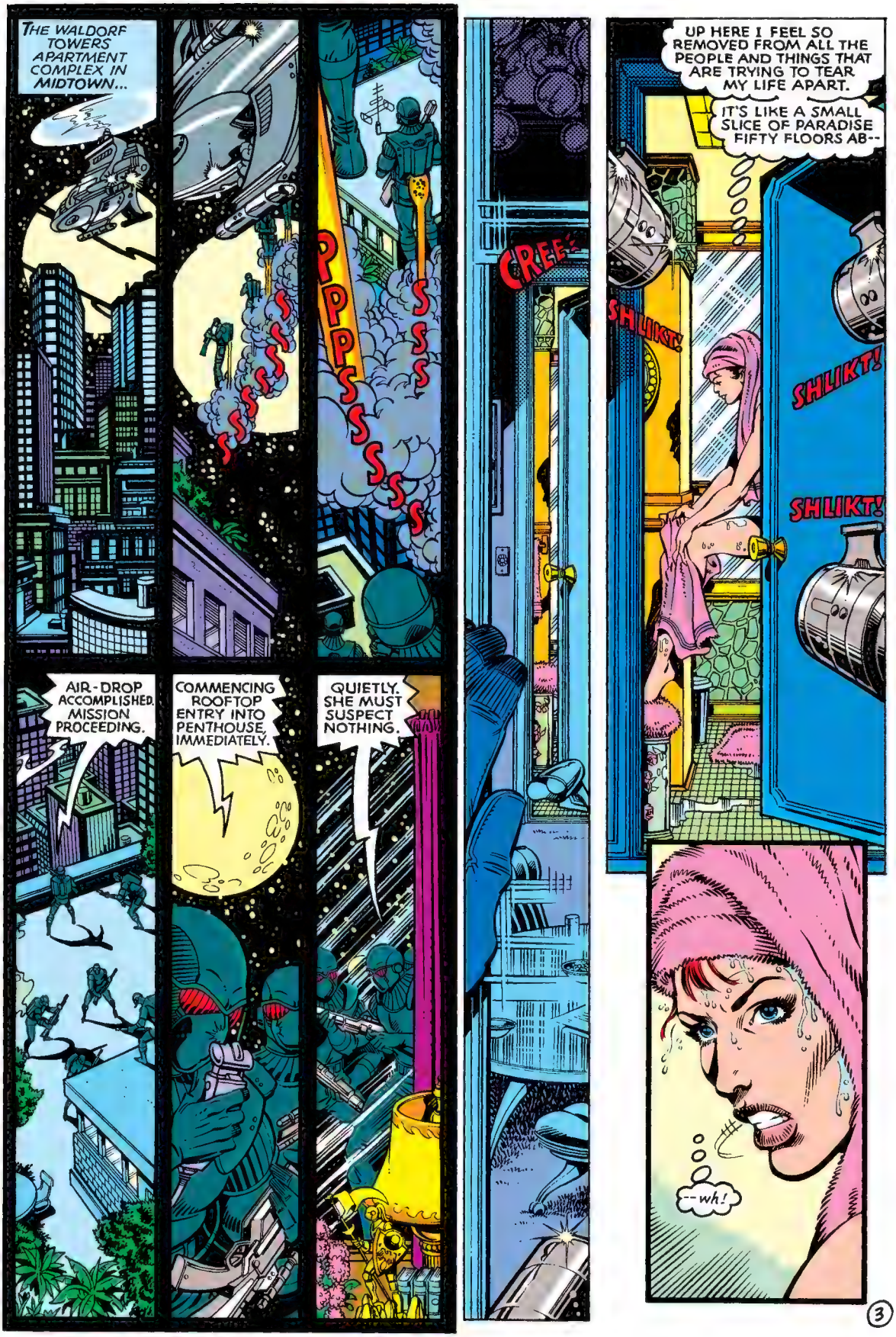

AWRIGHT, SAM, I GOT ALL THIS INFO YOU WUZ ASKIN' FER. BUT, IN THE FUTURE, HOWZABOUT LETTIN' ME GIVE THE ORDERS AROUND HERE. I WUZN'T HIRED TO BE NO BLASTED ERRAND BOY, Y'KNOW.
TOP SECRET
STOW IT, NICK. YOU KNOW HOW IMPORTANT OUR INVESTIGATION MAY BE TO NATIONAL SECURITY.

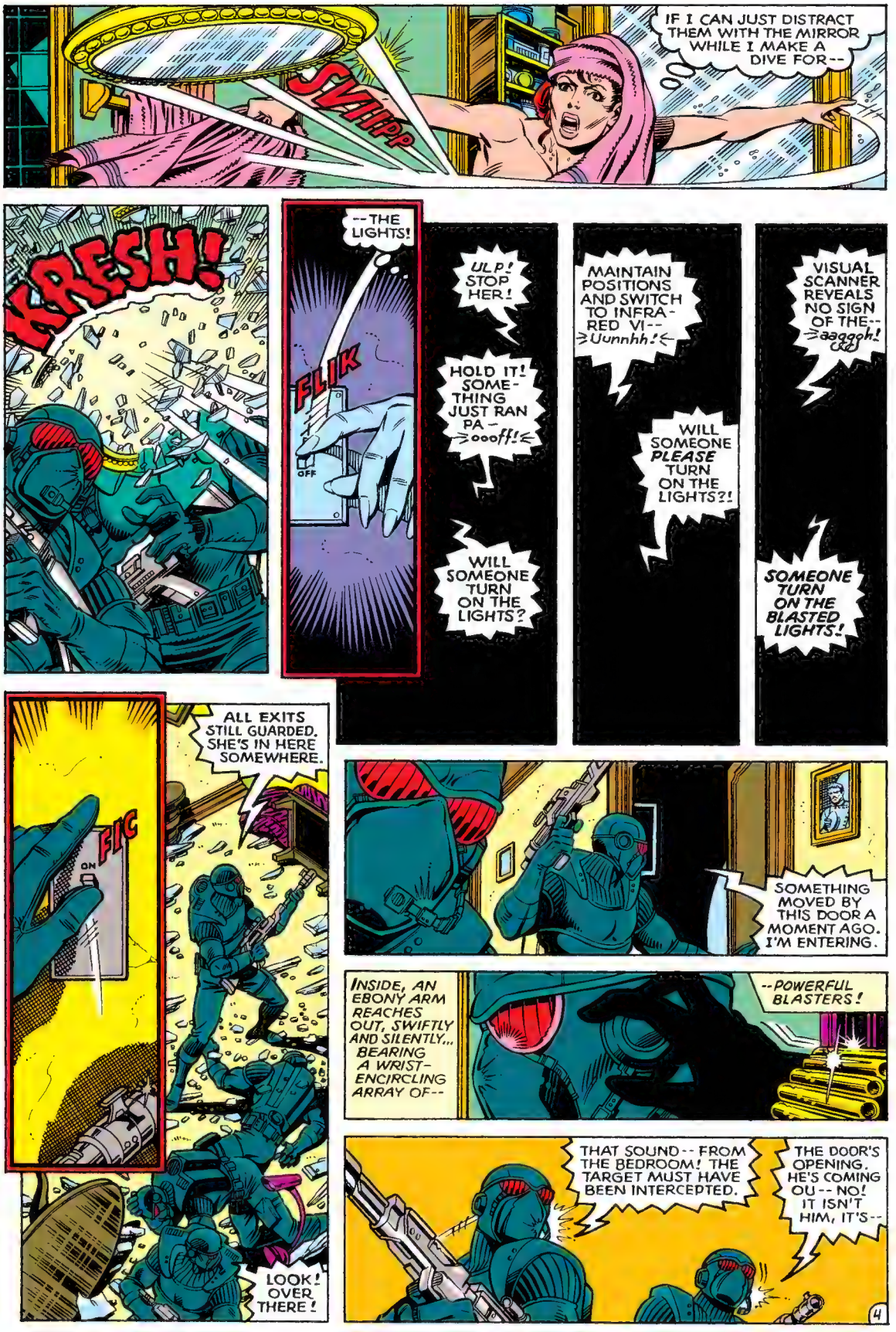
SAWYER'S RIGHT, SIR. EVEN THOUGH HE'S TECHNICALLY UNDER YOUR JURISDICTION HERE, HE WAS ASKED TO HEAD THIS OPERATION BY THE PRESIDENT HIMSELF.
JUST AS WE TWO FROM THE C.I.A. WERE ASKED TO BE IN ON IT.

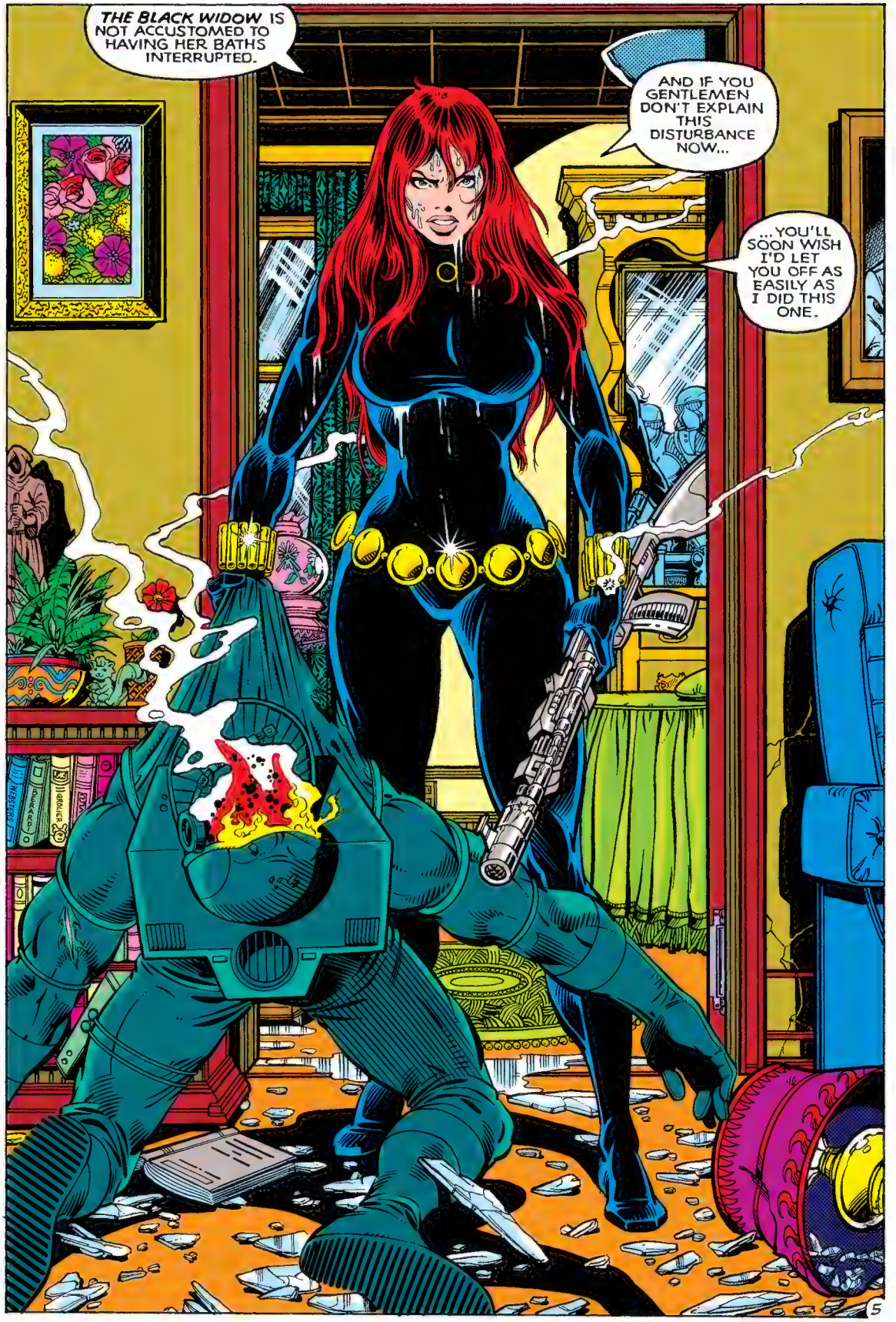
SWELL. NOW, LET'S GIT DOWN TO CASES. I AIN'T HAPPY THAT YER DECIDIN' TO USE NATASHA ROMANOFF ON THIS MISSION. PERIOD!
YOU'RE BEIN' ORNERY, NICK-- NOT TA MENTION A CHAUVINIST.
SHE'S PROB'LY THE FINEST SPY IN THE ENTIRE WORLD.


BUT, IF YOU NEED CONVINCIN', I'VE SET UP A LITTLE TEST OF Ms. ROMANOFF'S TALENTS.
AND WHILE WE'RE WAITIN' FOR THE RESULTS, I'LL PUT HER VITAL STATISTICS UP ON THE SCREEN.

S.H.I.E.L.D. FILE # 27684-R
ROMANOFF, NATASHA
CODE NAME BLACK WIDOW
BIRTHPLACE:
BIRTHDATE:
ENTERED SHIE
HEIGHT: 5'9
HAIR: AUBURN
EYES: GREEN
BIRTHM
OTHER
I HOPE YA AIN'T GETTIN' US IN TOO DEEP, SAM.

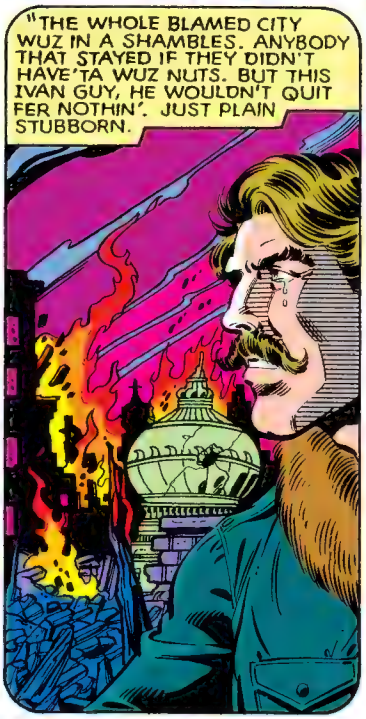

THE WALDORF TOWERS APARTMENT COMPLEX IN MIDTOWN...
PPSSSSSS
AIR-DROP ACCOMPLISHED. MISSION PROCEEDING.
COMMENCING ROOFTOP ENTRY INTO PENTHOUSE, IMMEDIATELY.
QUIETLY. SHE MUST SUSPECT NOTHING.
CREEE-
SHLIKT!
UP HERE I FEEL SO REMOVED FROM ALL THE PEOPLE AND THINGS THAT ARE TRYING TO TEAR MY LIFE APART.
IT'S LIKE A SMALL SLICE OF PARADISE FIFTY FLOORS AB--
SHLIKT!
SHLIKT!
--wh!


SVIIPP
IF I CAN JUST DISTRACT THEM WITH THE MIRROR WHILE I MAKE A DIVE FOR--
KRESH!
--THE LIGHTS!
FLIK
OFF
ULP! STOP HER!
HOLD IT! SOME-THING JUST RAN PA-
≥oooff!≤
WILL SOMEONE TURN ON THE LIGHTS?
MAINTAIN POSITIONS AND SWITCH TO INFRA-RED VI--
≥Uunnhh!≤
WILL SOMEONE PLEASE TURN ON THE LIGHTS?!
VISUAL SCANNER REVEALS NO SIGN OF THE--
≥aaggoh!≤
SOMEONE TURN ON THE BLASTED LIGHTS!
FIC
ON
ALL EXITS STILL GUARDED. SHE'S IN HERE SOMEWHERE.
LOOK! OVER THERE!
SOMETHING MOVED BY THIS DOOR A MOMENT AGO. I'M ENTERING.
INSIDE, AN EBONY ARM REACHES OUT, SWIFTLY AND SILENTLY... BEARING A WRIST-ENCIRCLING ARRAY OF--
--POWERFUL BLASTERS!
THAT SOUND-- FROM THE BEDROOM! THE TARGET MUST HAVE BEEN INTERCEPTED.
THE DOOR'S OPENING. HE'S COMING OU-- NO! IT ISN'T HIM, IT'S--
4


THE BLACK WIDOW IS NOT ACCUSTOMED TO HAVING HER BATHS INTERRUPTED.
AND IF YOU GENTLEMEN DON'T EXPLAIN THIS DISTURBANCE NOW...
...YOU'LL SOON WISH I'D LET YOU OFF AS EASILY AS I DID THIS ONE.

WHY DO YOU HAVE SUCH OBJECTIONS TO Ms. ROMANOFF, Mr. DIRECTOR?
'CAUSE SHE'S GOT A PERSONAL STAKE IN THIS AFFAIR, THAT'S WHY.
AND FER AN AGENT 'A SHIELD, THAT'S ENUFF TA CUT 'ER OUTTA THE CASE IN MY BOOK.
TELL US MORE, NICK.

"AWRIGHT, I'LL GIVE YA SOME BACKGROUND. IT ALL BEGAN DURIN' THE SIEGE 'A STALINGRAD IN WORLD WAR II. ONE 'A THE SURVIVORS -- IVAN PETROVICH -- WAS SEARCHIN' FER A SISTER HE NEVER FOUND.


"THE WHOLE BLAMED CITY WUZ IN A SHAMBLES. ANYBODY THAT STAYED IF THEY DIDN'T HAVE 'TA WUZ NUTS. BUT THIS IVAN GUY, HE WOULDN'T QUIT FER NOTHIN'. JUST PLAIN STUBBORN.

"SOMEHOW, THROUGH ALLA THE NOISE, HE HEARD A WOMAN SCREAMIN' AT 'IM FROM SOME BALCONY. SHE WUZ HOLDIN' A KID.

"HE RUSHED OVER, AN' JUST AS THE WHOLE THING CAUGHT FIRE, THE KID WUZ DROPPED INTO HIS ARMS.

"AS IF I HADDA TELL YA, THAT LITTLE GIRL WUZ NATASHA ROMANOFF, LATER TO GET THE MONIKER -- BLACK WIDOW. BUT THEN, SHE WUZ JUST A SCARED LITTLE BABE, WATCHIN' HER LIFE GO UP IN FLAMES -- AN' HELPLESS TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT."

THAT LEFT SCARS, MISTER -- DEEP SCARS, ON BOTH OF 'EM.
THE KIND THAT STAY WITH YA FER A LIFETIME.

"IVAN TOOK CARE OF 'ER LIKE SHE ***WUZ*** HIS LOST SISTER. THEN, AFTER THE WAR, THE SOVIET STATE PUT 'ER IN SCHOOL--AN' SHE WUZ ALWAYS TOPS IN THE CLASS NO MATTER WHAT THE SUBJECT.

"IN ANY KINDA ATHLETICS--GYMNASTICS, DANCE, THE MARTIAL ARTS, THAT LITTLE LADY WUZ THE VERY BEST... SOMETHIN' WHICH DIDN'T ESCAPE THE NOTICE OF THE STATE.

"YEARS LATER, WHILE SHE WUZ TRAININ' IN SOME ACADEMY, SHE MET ALEXI, THE GENT THAT SWEPT 'ER OFF HER FEET. IT WUZN'T LONG BEFORE THEY GOT HITCHED.

"HE TURNED OUT TA BE ONE'A RUSSIA'S GREATEST TEST PILOTS... BUT THEY HAD BIGGER PLANS FER 'IM.

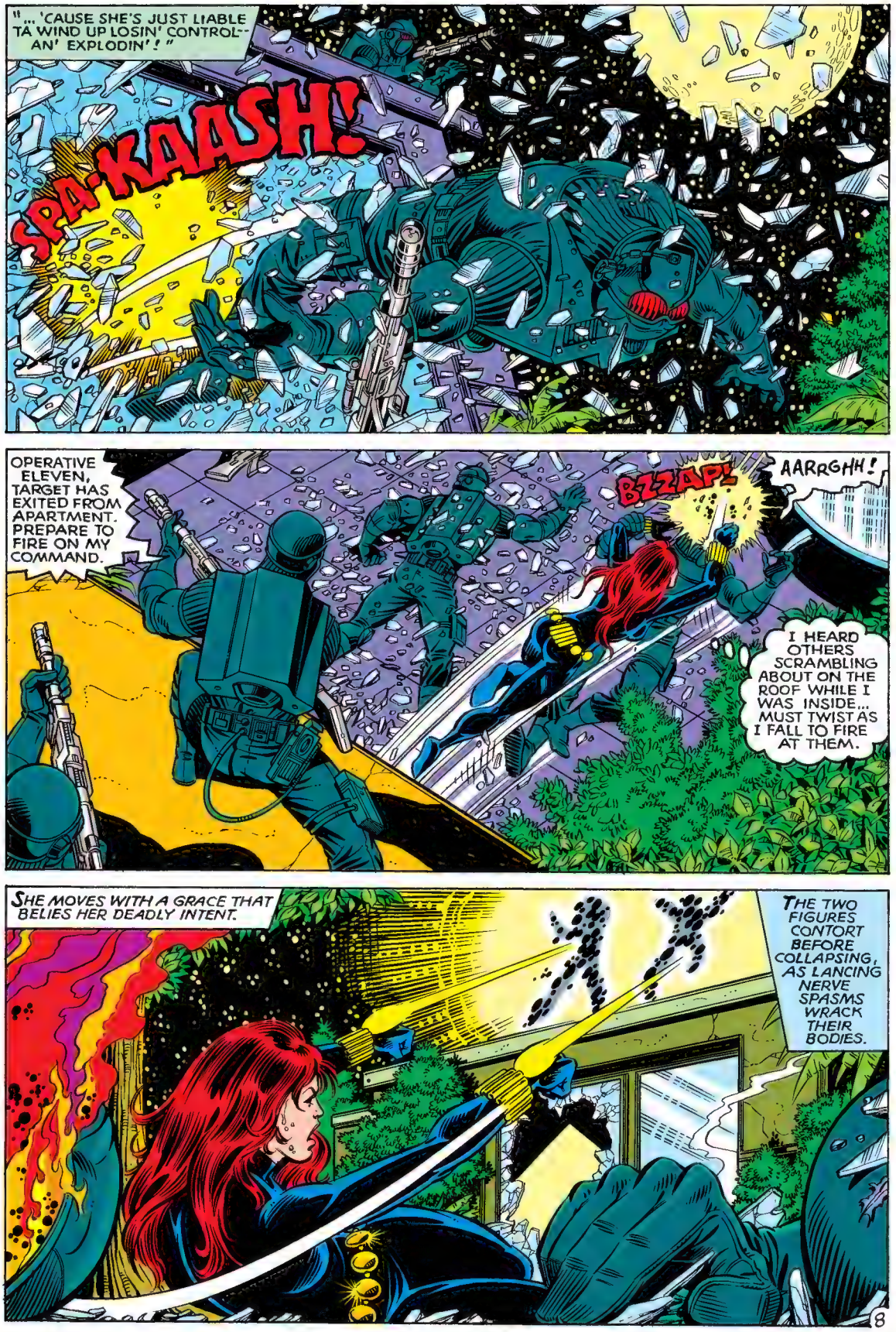
"SEEMS THE RUSSKIES ARRANGED FOR THE CRASH OF HIS PLANE--WHICH ALEXI WASN'T IN OF COURSE--SO THEY COULD HOLE 'IM UP SOMEWHERE AN' TRAIN 'IM TO BE THE SOVIETS' VERSION'A CAPTAIN AMERICA, NAMELY THE RED GUARDIAN.

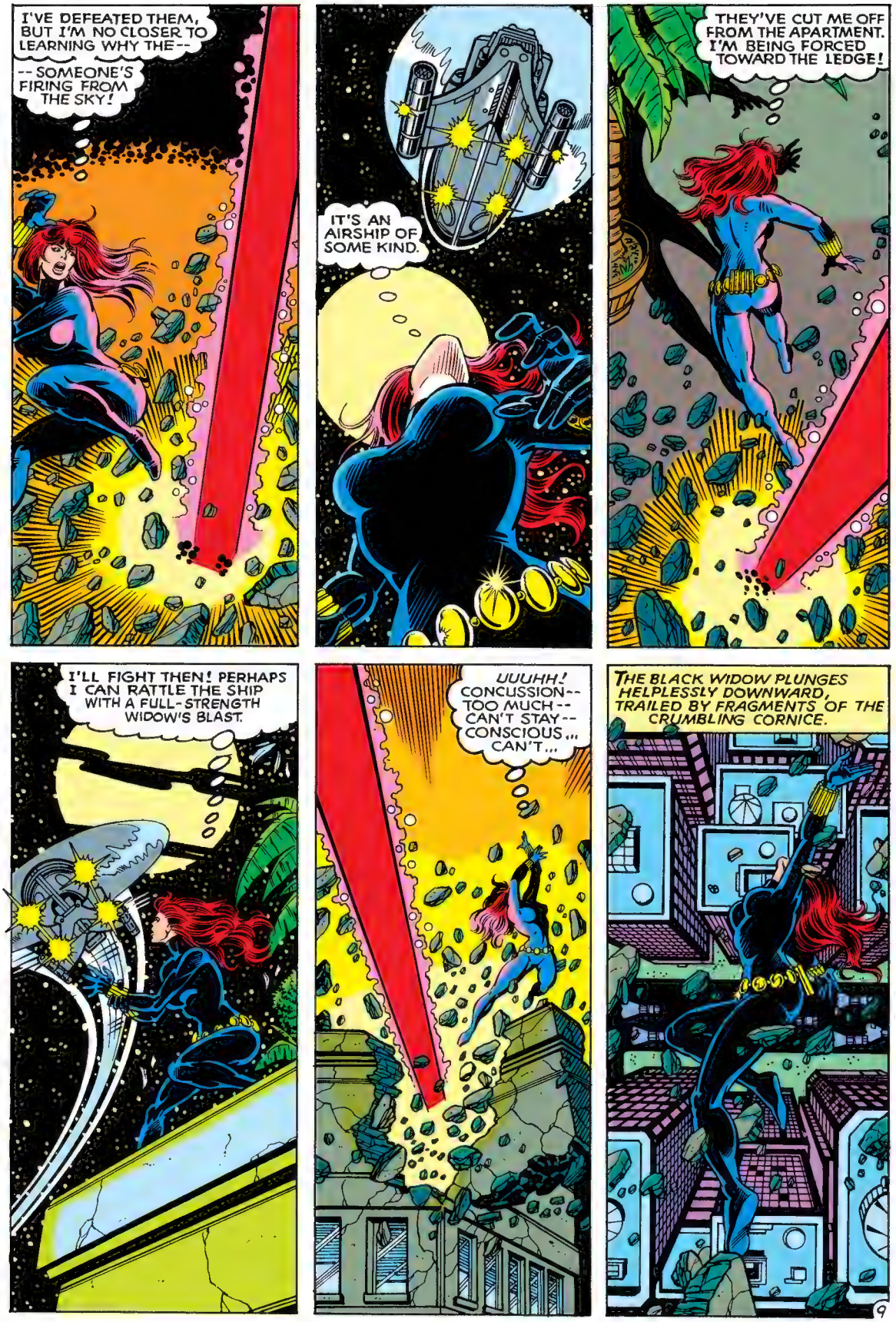
"NATASHA WUZ TOLD THAT ALEXI BOUGHT IT TESTIN' AN EXPERIMENTAL ROCKET-PLANE FOR USE AGAINST AMERICA. NATURALLY, SHE WANTED TO DO SOMETHIN' TO KEEP HIS MEM'RY ALIVE.

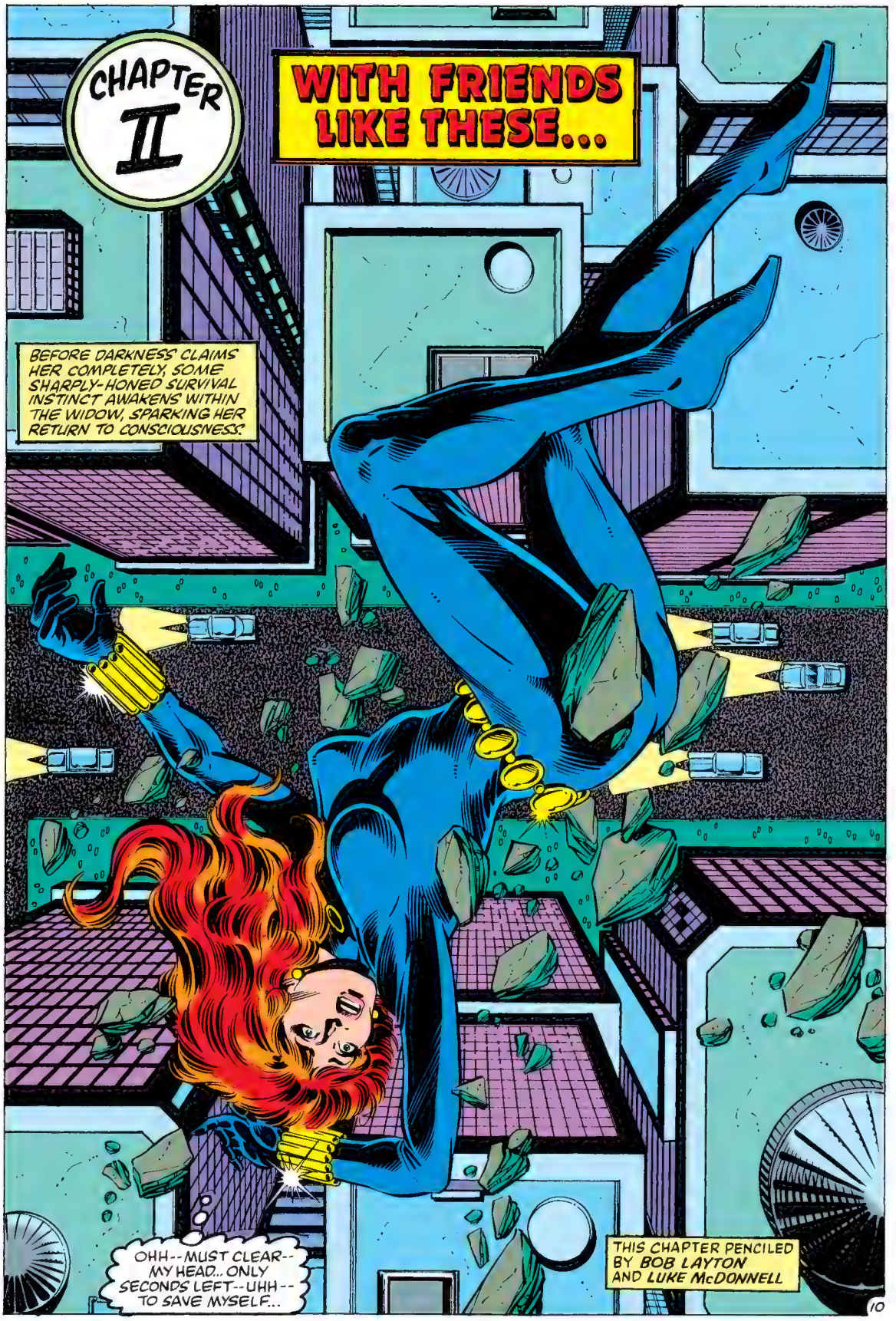
"AN' THAT'S ***JUST*** WHAT THE CRUMMY COMMIES WANTED TO HEAR.

"THEY GAVE 'ER SOME HEAVY SPY TRAININ' AN' A CODE NAME--THE BLACK WIDOW. THE STATE WANTED THE BEST AGENT IN THE WORLD... AN' THEY GOT A FANATIC TO BOOT, 'CAUSE WITH HER HUSBAND DEAD, THERE WUZN'T ***NOTHIN'*** SHE WOULDN'T DO IN THE CAUSE'A MOTHER RUSSIA.

"AN' EVEN THOUGH TONS'A WATER'S GONE UNDER THE BRIDGE SINCE SHE DEFECTED TO US A FEW YEARS AGO, THERE'S STILL A WHOLE LOTTA HATE AN' RESENTMENT BREWIN' INSIDE 'ER. I'LL TELL YA, THERE AIN'T NO WAY I'D WANNA BE THE GUY TA RILE 'ER UP."

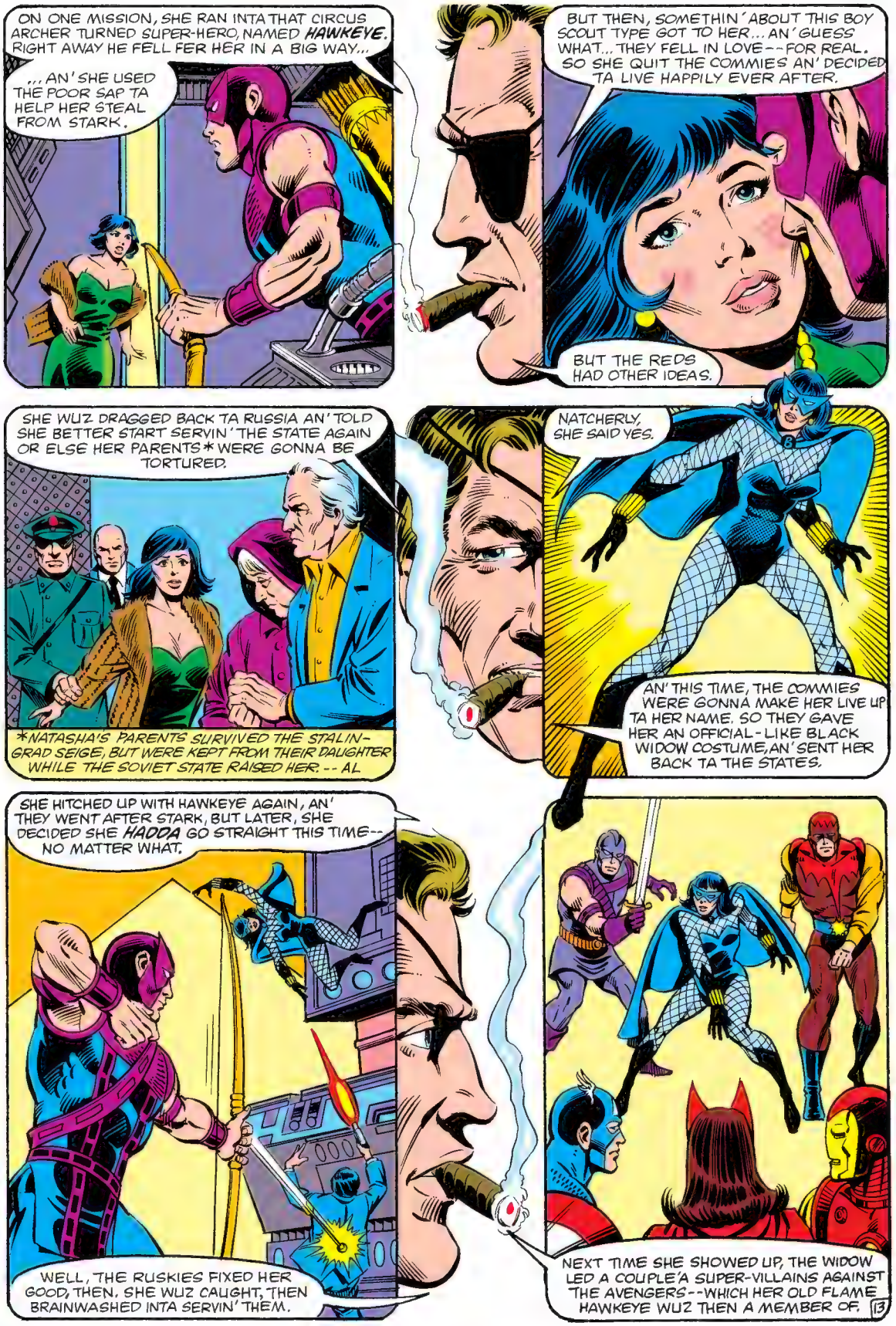

"... 'CAUSE SHE'S JUST LIABLE TA WIND UP LOSIN' CONTROL-- AN' EXPLODIN'!"
SPA-KAASH!
OPERATIVE ELEVEN, TARGET HAS EXITED FROM APARTMENT. PREPARE TO FIRE ON MY COMMAND.
BZZAP!
AARRGHH!
I HEARD OTHERS SCRAMBLING ABOUT ON THE ROOF WHILE I WAS INSIDE... MUST TWIST AS I FALL TO FIRE AT THEM.
SHE MOVES WITH A GRACE THAT BELIES HER DEADLY INTENT.
THE TWO FIGURES CONTORT BEFORE COLLAPSING, AS LANCING NERVE SPASMS WRACK THEIR BODIES.


I'VE DEFEATED THEM, BUT I'M NO CLOSER TO LEARNING WHY THE--
-- SOMEONE'S FIRING FROM THE SKY!
IT'S AN AIRSHIP OF SOME KIND.
THEY'VE CUT ME OFF FROM THE APARTMENT. I'M BEING FORCED TOWARD THE LEDGE!
I'LL FIGHT THEN! PERHAPS I CAN RATTLE THE SHIP WITH A FULL-STRENGTH WIDOW'S BLAST.
UUUHH! CONCUSSION-- TOO MUCH-- CAN'T STAY-- CONSCIOUS... CAN'T...
THE BLACK WIDOW PLUNGES HELPLESSLY DOWNWARD, TRAILED BY FRAGMENTS OF THE CRUMBLING CORNICE.


CHAPTER II
WITH FRIENDS LIKE THESE...
BEFORE DARKNESS CLAIMS HER COMPLETELY, SOME SHARPLY-HONED SURVIVAL INSTINCT AWAKENS WITHIN THE WIDOW, SPARKING HER RETURN TO CONSCIOUSNESS.
OHH--MUST CLEAR--MY HEAD... ONLY SECONDS LEFT--UHH--TO SAVE MYSELF...
THIS CHAPTER PENCILED BY BOB LAYTON AND LUKE McDONNELL

HAVE TO SOMER-SAULT AND TRY TO ARC MY FALL TOWARDS THAT WATER TOWER SO I CAN DO--
--THIS!
BRATCH!
MADE IT!
NOW IF I DON'T DROWN FIRST...
...I'M GOING BACK TO THAT PENTHOUSE...
TWANNGG!
...AND GET SOME ANSWERS!
11

AND JUST NOW REVIVING IS THE LUCKY MAN WHO'S GOING TO FILL ME IN ON THINGS.
UHHHH...
TALK! I WANT TO KNOW EVERYTHING ABOUT YOUR MISSION HERE! EVERYTHING!
NOW!
NICK, WASN'T THE BLACK WIDOW'S FIRST WORK FER THE SOVIETS AS A PLAINCLOTHES SPY... STEALIN' INDUSTRIAL SECRETS AND THINGS?
BEEN DOIN' YER HOMEWORK, HUH, SAM? WELL, YER RIGHT.
" SHE STARTED IN BY INFILTRATIN' STARK INDUSTRIES AN' TRYIN' TA STEAL WEAPONS PLANS THAT TONY STARK WUZ DOODLIN' WITH
THIS POLARIZER CAN LEVITATE ANY METAL OBJECT... NO MATTER HOW HEAVY.
12


ON ONE MISSION, SHE RAN INTA THAT CIRCUS ARCHER TURNED SUPER-HERO, NAMED HAWKEYE. RIGHT AWAY HE FELL FER HER IN A BIG WAY...
... AN' SHE USED THE POOR SAP TA HELP HER STEAL FROM STARK.
BUT THEN, SOMETHIN' ABOUT THIS BOY SCOUT TYPE GOT TO HER... AN' GUESS WHAT... THEY FELL IN LOVE--FOR REAL. SO SHE QUIT THE COMMIES AN' DECIDED TA LIVE HAPPILY EVER AFTER.
BUT THE REDS HAD OTHER IDEAS.
SHE WUZ DRAGGED BACK TA RUSSIA AN' TOLD SHE BETTER START SERVIN' THE STATE AGAIN OR ELSE HER PARENTS* WERE GONNA BE TORTURED.
*NATASHA'S PARENTS SURVIVED THE STALINGRAD SEIGE, BUT WERE KEPT FROM THEIR DAUGHTER WHILE THE SOVIET STATE RAISED HER. -- AL
NATCHERLY, SHE SAID YES.
AN' THIS TIME, THE COMMIES WERE GONNA MAKE HER LIVE UP TA HER NAME. SO THEY GAVE HER AN OFFICIAL-LIKE BLACK WIDOW COSTUME, AN' SENT HER BACK TA THE STATES.
SHE HITCHED UP WITH HAWKEYE AGAIN, AN' THEY WENT AFTER STARK, BUT LATER, SHE DECIDED SHE HADDA GO STRAIGHT THIS TIME-- NO MATTER WHAT.
WELL, THE RUSKIES FIXED HER GOOD, THEN. SHE WUZ CAUGHT, THEN BRAINWASHED INTA SERVIN' THEM.
NEXT TIME SHE SHOWED UP, THE WIDOW LED A COUPLE'A SUPER-VILLAINS AGAINST THE AVENGERS--WHICH HER OLD FLAME HAWKEYE WUZ THEN A MEMBER OF.
13

ONCE SHE SAW HER BOYFRIEND GETTIN' BEAT ON, IT SNAPPED HER OUTTA THE BRAINWASHIN'...

...AN' SHE HELPED THE AVENGERS DEFEAT THEM TURKEYS.

AFTER THAT, SHE WANDERED INTA OUR BACKYARD AN JOINED *SHIELD*. WE SENT HER ON A LOTTA MISSIONS.

AN' ONE IN PARTICULAR, IN THE ORIENT--

"--WHERE SHE RAN INTA THIS GUY CALLED THE *RED GUARDIAN*...

"...A RUSKIE VERSION OF CAPTAIN AMERICA... LIKE I WUZ TELLIN YA BEFORE...

"...WHO ALSO HAPPENED TA BE HER LONG-LOST HUBBIE *ALEXI*.

"SEEMED HE STILL LOVED HER--EVEN GAVE HIS LIFE HELPIN' HER ESCAPE DURIN' THAT MISSION.

"ANY LAST THOUGHTS SHE HAD OF GOIN' COMMIE AGAIN, DIED WITH ALEXI.

"EVERYBODY WUZ HAPPY TA KNOW THAT.

"SHE KEPT DOIN' TOP-NOTCH STUFF FER US, AN' THEN OUTTA A CLEAR BLUE SKY SAID SHE WANTED OUT OF THE SPY BIZ.

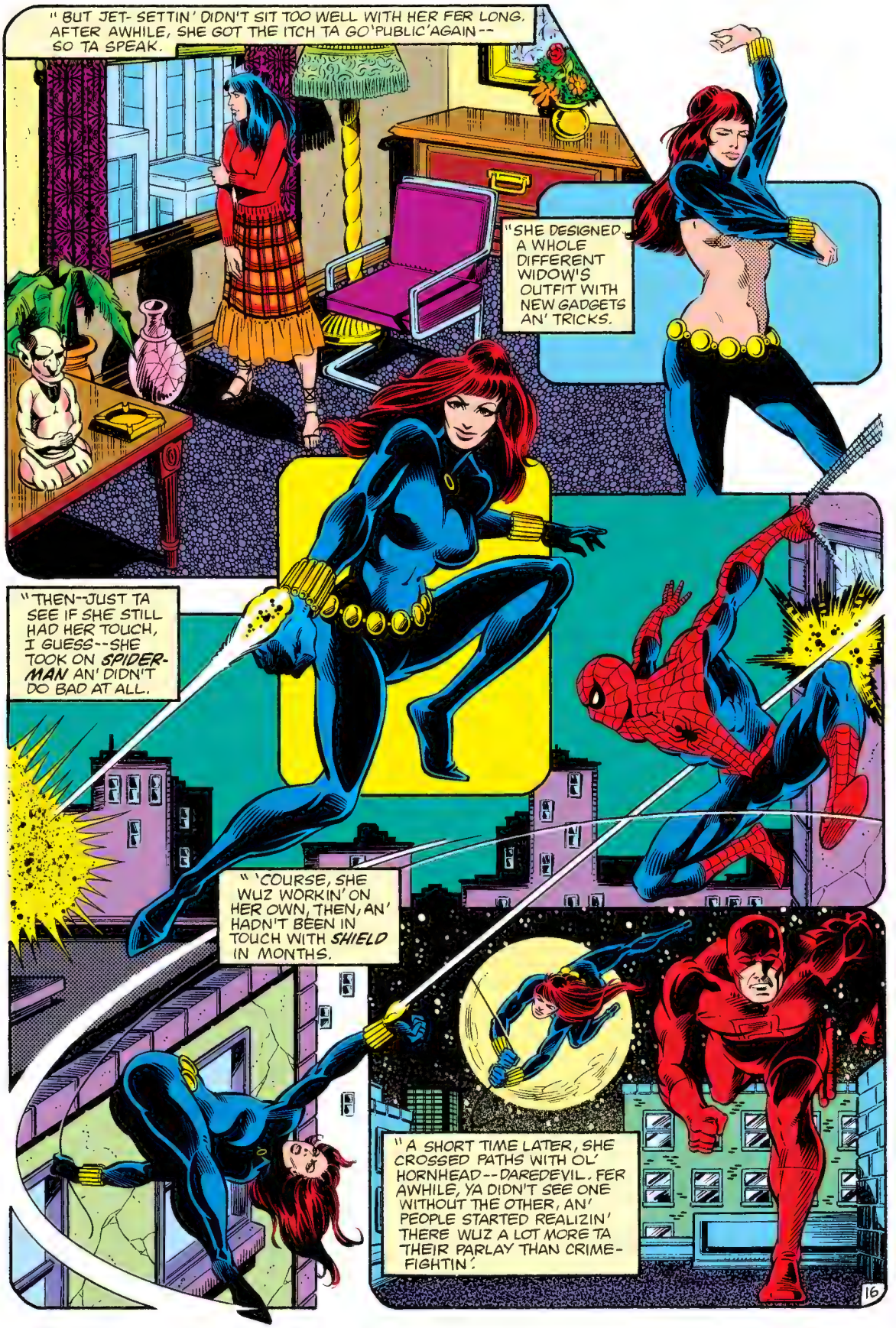
"SHE WUZ PACKIN' IT IN...

"...AN' NOT JUST WITH US.

"SHE ALSO KISSED OFF HAWKEYE--WHO, BY THAT TIME, HAD A NEW IDENTITY, AS 'GOLIATH' OR SOMETHIN.'

"NOW, STRICTLY ON HER OWN, SHE DECIDED TA LIVE THE JET-SET LIFE 'A RILEY AN' PUT EVERYTHIN' IN HER PAST BEHIND HER.

"THE BLACK WIDOW WAS NOW JUST NATASHA ROMANOFF--GLAMOR-PANTS.


"BUT JET-SETTIN' DIDN'T SIT TOO WELL WITH HER FER LONG. AFTER AWHILE, SHE GOT THE ITCH TA GO 'PUBLIC' AGAIN--SO TA SPEAK.
"SHE DESIGNED A WHOLE DIFFERENT WIDOW'S OUTFIT WITH NEW GADGETS AN' TRICKS.
"THEN--JUST TA SEE IF SHE STILL HAD HER TOUCH, I GUESS--SHE TOOK ON SPIDER-MAN AN' DIDN'T DO BAD AT ALL.
"'COURSE, SHE WUZ WORKIN' ON HER OWN, THEN, AN' HADN'T BEEN IN TOUCH WITH SHIELD IN MONTHS.
"A SHORT TIME LATER, SHE CROSSED PATHS WITH OL' HORNHEAD--DAREDEVIL. FER AWHILE, YA DIDN'T SEE ONE WITHOUT THE OTHER, AN' PEOPLE STARTED REALIZIN' THERE WUZ A LOT MORE TA THEIR PARLAY THAN CRIME-FIGHTIN'.

"BUT THAT DIDN'T LAST. THE WIDOW IS ONE INDEPENDENT LADY, AN' FROM WHAT I KNOW ABOUT D.D., HE AIN'T NO SHRINKIN' VIOLET EITHER.
"SO THEY STARTED HAVIN' PROBLEMS-- AN' THEN FIGHTS. THEY TRIED TA MAKE IT WORK...
"... BUT IN THE END, THEY HADDA CALL IT QUITS. THERE WUZ NO OTHER WAY.
" SO THEY SEPARATED. SHE WENT TO L.A....
"... AN' TA HELP FERGIT THE HURT, SHE FORMED A NEW SUPER-GROUP-- THE CHAMPIONS. THEY WEREN'T AROUND FER LONG... BUT LONG ENOUGH FER THE WIDOW TA GIT TA KNOW MR. MUSCLES, HISSELF...
"...HERCULES."
BUT THAT WUZ A QUICK FLING AN' THEN SHE DROPPED HIM AN' CAME BACK TA SHIELD. SO, YA SEE, GENTS, MS. ROMANOFF'S HAD HER SHARE'A HEARTBREAKS, AN' I DON'T WANNA ADD TO 'EM WITH THIS ASSIGN--
FURY!

WHO?!
THE BLACK WIDOW--AS IF YOU DIDN'T KNOW.
YOU SENT A SQUAD OF SHIELD GOONS OVER TO MY PENTHOUSE TO HARASS ME, THE ONE I QUESTIONED WOULDN'T TELL ME WHY. SO, YOU TELL ME.
HONEST, WIDOW, I DIDN'T GIVE NO ORDER TA--
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, FURY? WHAT MISSION? WHAT "PERSONAL STAKE." WHAT'S GOING ON?
SHOW HER THE PHOTOGRAPH, NICK.
SAM, I DON'T WANNA INVOLVE HER.
SHOW HER THE PHOTO-GRAPH!
AWRIGHT.
REMEMBER, NATASHA, THIS WASN'T MY IDEA. ANYWAY, WE THINK THE MAN IN THIS PHOTO MAY HAVE BEEN KIDNAPPED OR WORSE--DEFECTED TO THE SOVIETS.
HIS NAME IS... IVAN PETROVICH.
BUT I DID, NICK. THAT LITTLE TEST I SPOKE OF EARLIER, TO DEMONSTRATE MS. ROMANOFF'S FITNESS TO HANDLE THIS MISSION OR ANY OTHER.
DING BLAST IT, SAM! I KNOW SHE'S THE BEST. THE POINT IS, SHE'S GOT A PERSONAL STAKE IN THIS AFFAIR, SO I DON'T WANT HER BEIN' ANY PART OF IT.
TO BE CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE IN: "BACK IN THE U.S.S.R.!"

MARVEL
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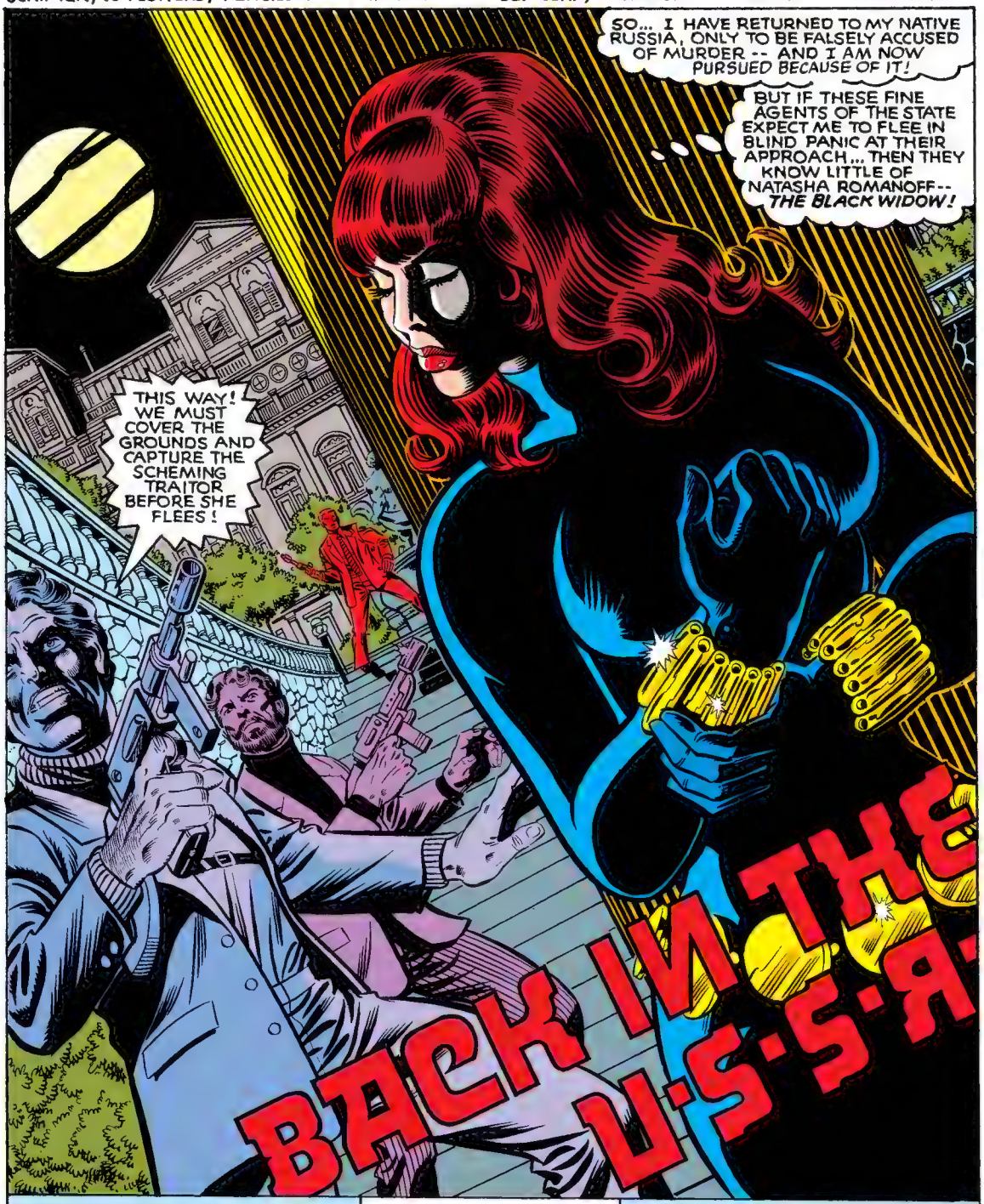
MARVEL FANFARE
11
NOV
PEREZ-LAYTON '78

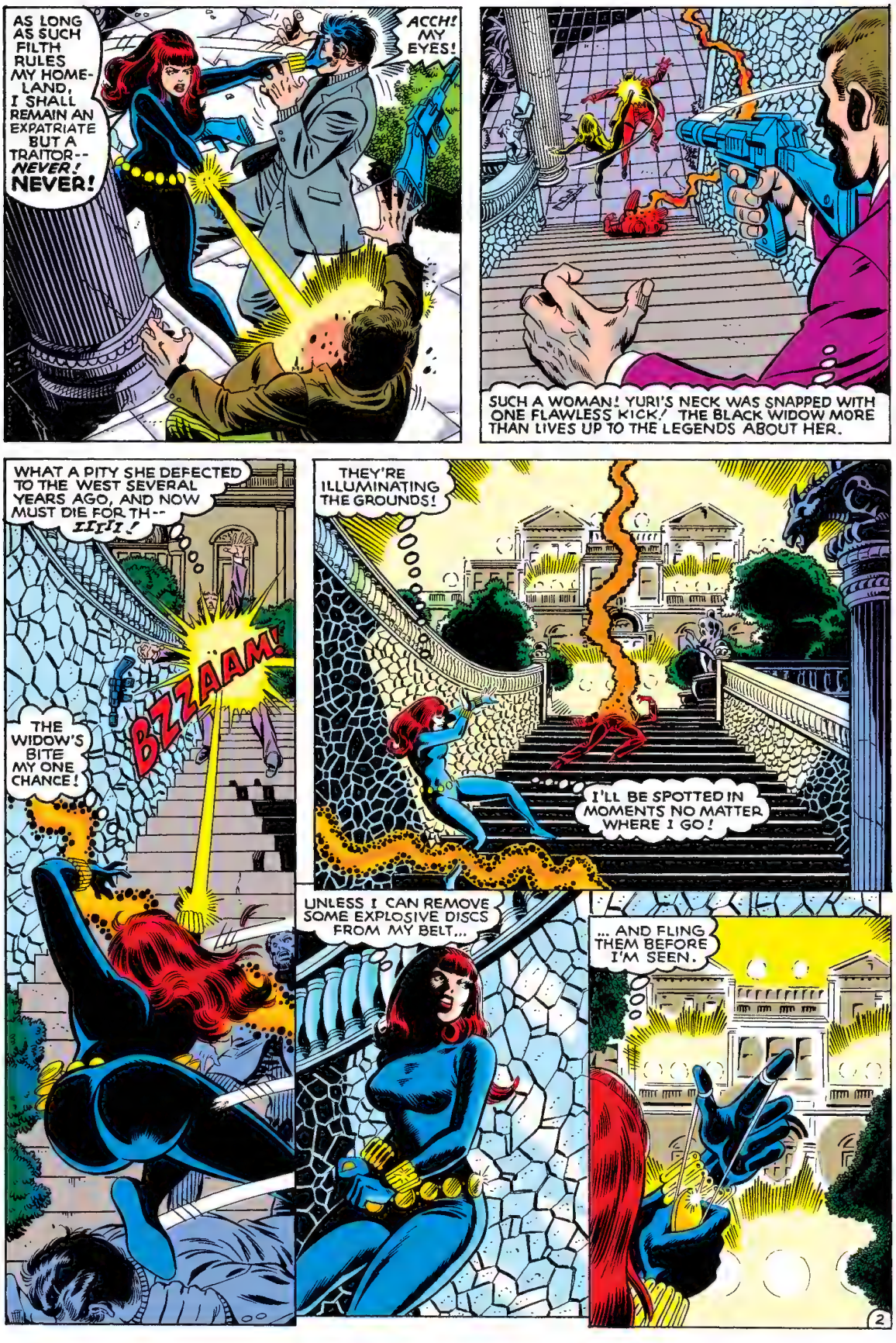
Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE BLACK WIDOW!

RALPH MACCHIO · GEORGE PERÉZ SCRIPTER/CO-PLOTTERS/ PENCILER | J.J. SINNABEL* INKER | TOM ORZECHOWSKI, letterer BEN SEAN, colorist | AL MILGROM EDITOR | JIM SHOOTER Ed.-IN-CHIEF

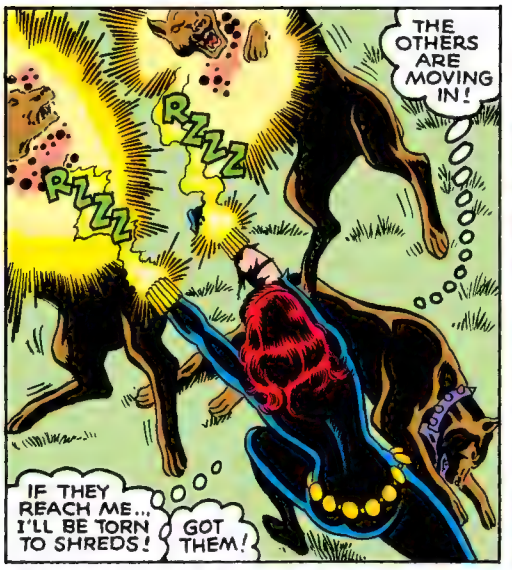

SO... I HAVE RETURNED TO MY NATIVE RUSSIA, ONLY TO BE FALSELY ACCUSED OF MURDER -- AND I AM NOW PURSUED BECAUSE OF IT!
BUT IF THESE FINE AGENTS OF THE STATE EXPECT ME TO FLEE IN BLIND PANIC AT THEIR APPROACH... THEN THEY KNOW LITTLE OF NATASHA ROMANOFF-- THE BLACK WIDOW!
THIS WAY! WE MUST COVER THE GROUNDS AND CAPTURE THE SCHEMING TRAITOR BEFORE SHE FLEES!
BACK IN THE U.S.S.R.

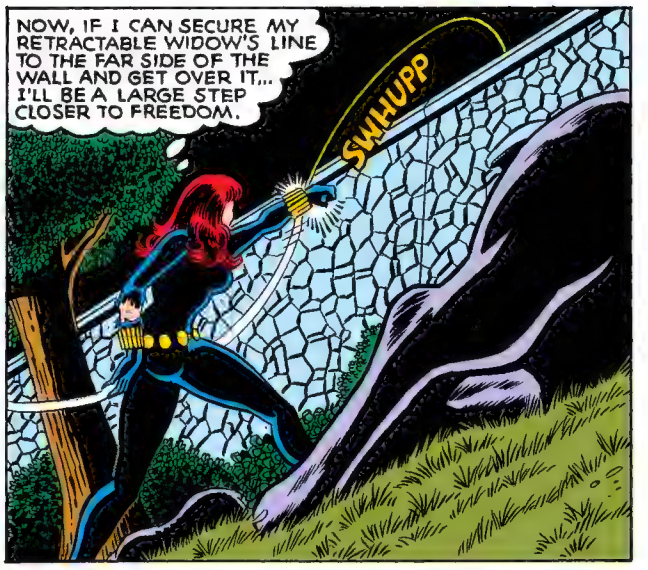
THIS STORY TAKES PLACE SOME TIME BEFORE THE WIDOW CHANGED HER COSTUME AND HAIRDO--AS SEEN IN RECENT ISSUES OF DAREDEVIL -- EDITOR I-AL.

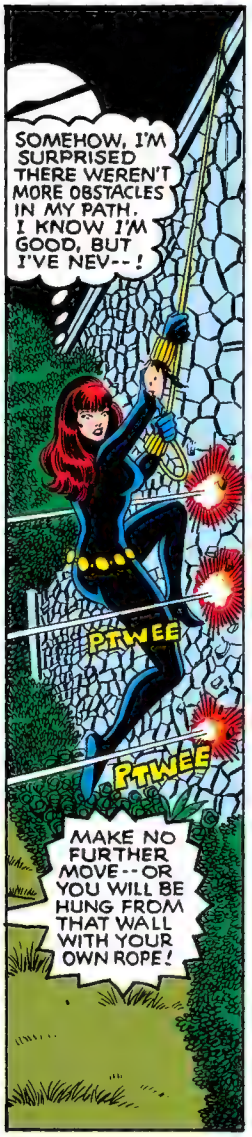
*GEORGE'S EXTRAVAGANT PENCILS, WITH MORE DETAIL THAN YOU CAN SHAKE A PEN AT, WERE TOO MUCH FOR ANY ONE MORTAL INKER. THUS THE EMBELLISHING DUO OF JOE SINNOTT AND JACK ABEL SHARED THE TASK, HENCE THE NAME J.J. SINNABEL.


AS LONG AS SUCH FILTH RULES MY HOME-LAND, I SHALL REMAIN AN EXPATRIATE BUT A TRAITOR-- NEVER! NEVER!
ACCH! MY EYES!
SUCH A WOMAN! YURI'S NECK WAS SNAPPED WITH ONE FLAWLESS KICK! THE BLACK WIDOW MORE THAN LIVES UP TO THE LEGENDS ABOUT HER.
WHAT A PITY SHE DEFECTED TO THE WEST SEVERAL YEARS AGO, AND NOW MUST DIE FOR TH-- IIII!
BZZAAM!
THE WIDOW'S BITE MY ONE CHANCE!
THEY'RE ILLUMINATING THE GROUNDS!
I'LL BE SPOTTED IN MOMENTS NO MATTER WHERE I GO!
UNLESS I CAN REMOVE SOME EXPLOSIVE DISCS FROM MY BELT...
... AND FLING THEM BEFORE I'M SEEN.
2

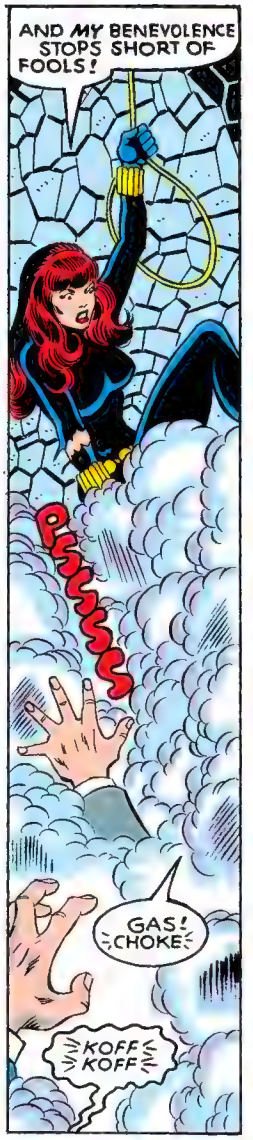
MOMENTS LATER, AFTER THE MAKESHIFT SLINGSHOT HAS FIRED A SEQUENCE OF DESTRUCTIVE DISCS...
BA-
WHOOOM!
COULDN'T SMASH ALL THE LIGHTS! THERE'S STILL ENOUGH TO BE TRACKED BY! I'LL HAVE TO TAKE MY CHANCES IN THE OPEN...
...I'VE NO CHOICE!
AND I CAN'T OUTRUN WHAT'S JUST FOUND ME!
DOGS! DOBERMANS! MAYBE I CAN TAKE OUT THE LEADER...
...AND THE OTHERS WILL BACK OFF.
BLAST! IT STRUCK TOO FAST -- NO TIME TO USE THE WIDOW'S BITE! I'LL HAVE TO FORCE MY WRIST INTO ITS MOUTH -- KEEP ITS JAWS FROM CLOSING AND CRUSHING THE BONES!
I'VE ONLY BOUGHT SECONDS... MUST CONCENTRATE -- IGNORE THE PAIN! DRAW ON ALL MY STRENGTH FOR ONE BLOW... SNAP ITS NECK BEFORE I PASS OUT.
OOOH! ARM'S GONE NUMB! MUST STRIKE --
CHUK
--NOW!

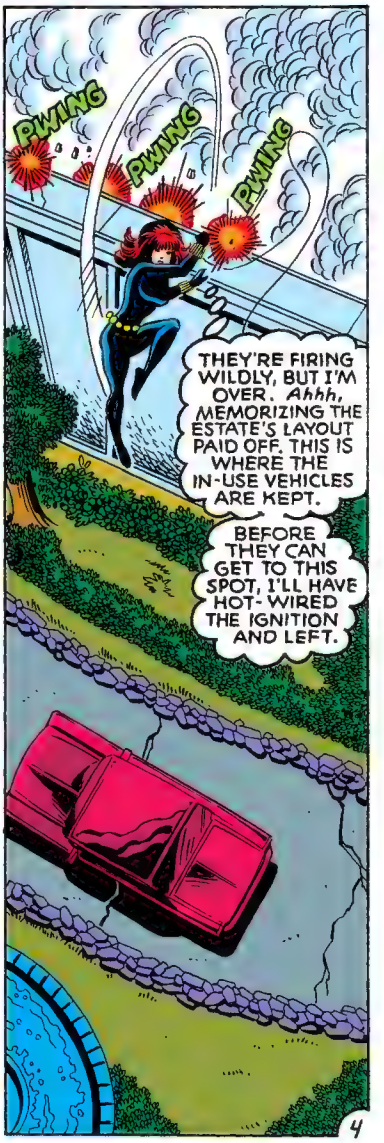

RZZZ
RZZZ
THE OTHERS ARE MOVING IN!
IF THEY REACH ME... I'LL BE TORN TO SHREDS!
GOT THEM!


NOW, IF I CAN SECURE MY RETRACTABLE WIDOW'S LINE TO THE FAR SIDE OF THE WALL AND GET OVER IT... I'LL BE A LARGE STEP CLOSER TO FREEDOM.
SWHUPP

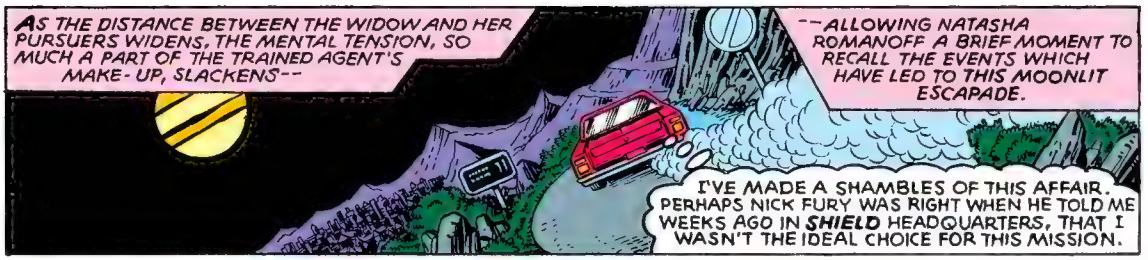

SOMEHOW, I'M SURPRISED THERE WEREN'T MORE OBSTACLES IN MY PATH. I KNOW I'M GOOD, BUT I'VE NEV--!
PTWEE
PTWEE
MAKE NO FURTHER MOVE--OR YOU WILL BE HUNG FROM THAT WALL WITH YOUR OWN ROPE!

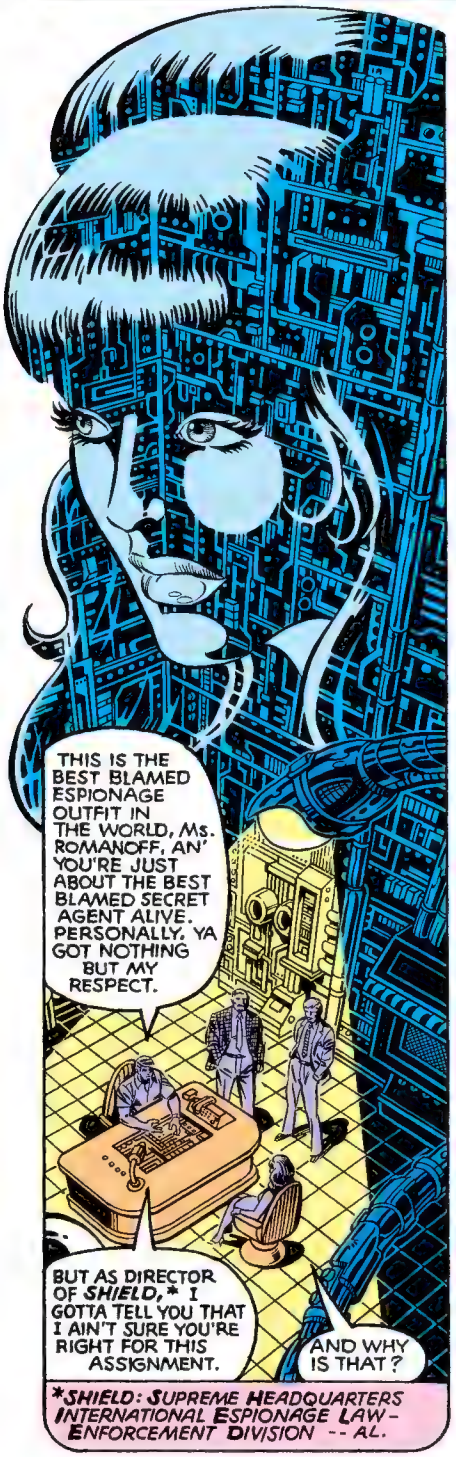
WILL I NOT BE PERMITTED THE LUXURY OF A TRIAL... COMRADE?
THE BENEVOLENCE OF THE STATE DOES NOT EXTEND TO MURDERESSES. NOW DESCEND SLOWLY.

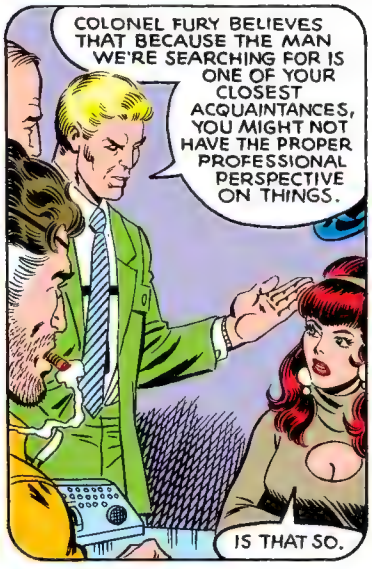

AND MY BENEVOLENCE STOPS SHORT OF FOOLS!
PSSSSS
GAS! CHOKE
KOFF KOFF

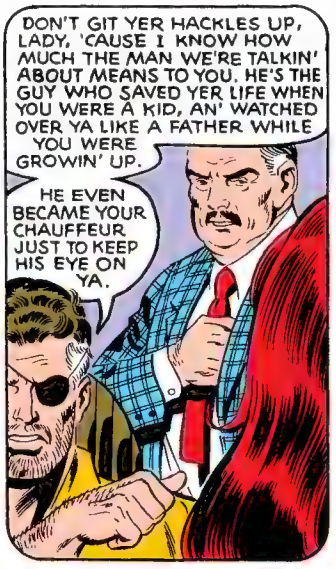

PWING
PWING
PWING
THEY'RE FIRING WILDLY, BUT I'M OVER. Ahhh, MEMORIZING THE ESTATE'S LAYOUT PAID OFF. THIS IS WHERE THE IN-USE VEHICLES ARE KEPT.
BEFORE THEY CAN GET TO THIS SPOT, I'LL HAVE HOT-WIRED THE IGNITION AND LEFT.

TOO MANY OTHER CARS FOR ME TO TAMPER WITH ALL THEIR STARTER MOTORS. THE ONLY WAY I CAN DELAY PURSUIT--
--IS TO BLOW THESE VEHICLES UP WITH A TIMER-DELAYED EXPLOSIVE DISC.
AS THE WIDOW ROARS OFF...
STOP HER! MAKE CERTAIN THE GATES ARE LOCKED!
INTO THE CARS! WE HAVE HER--
N--!
THRA-
BOOOM!
SHOOT OUT THE TIRES-- I WILL AIM FOR THE WINDSHIELD! IF SHE REACHES THE GATES, OUR LIVES ARE FORFEIT!
PWANG
PWANG
I'M ALMOST THERE! BUT THOSE GATES ARE WROUGHT IRON. I'LL NEED ALL THE SPEED I CAN GAIN, AND JUST HOPE...
SKKRANKT
... IT'S ENOUGH.
THE TWO GUARDS SCATTER, THEIR RAIN OF BULLETS UTTERLY INEFFECTUAL AGAINST THE AUTO'S UNBREAKABLE WINDSHIELD AND MODIFIED RADIAL PLY TIRES.
5


AS THE DISTANCE BETWEEN THE WIDOW AND HER PURSUERS WIDENS, THE MENTAL TENSION, SO MUCH A PART OF THE TRAINED AGENT'S MAKE-UP, SLACKENS--
--ALLOWING NATASHA ROMANOFF A BRIEF MOMENT TO RECALL THE EVENTS WHICH HAVE LED TO THIS MOONLIT ESCAPADE.
I'VE MADE A SHAMBLES OF THIS AFFAIR. PERHAPS NICK FURY WAS RIGHT WHEN HE TOLD ME WEEKS AGO IN SHIELD HEADQUARTERS, THAT I WASN'T THE IDEAL CHOICE FOR THIS MISSION.


THIS IS THE BEST BLAMED ESPIONAGE OUTFIT IN THE WORLD, Ms. ROMANOFF, AN' YOU'RE JUST ABOUT THE BEST BLAMED SECRET AGENT ALIVE. PERSONALLY, YA GOT NOTHING BUT MY RESPECT.
BUT AS DIRECTOR OF SHIELD,* I GOTTA TELL YOU THAT I AIN'T SURE YOU'RE RIGHT FOR THIS ASSIGNMENT.
AND WHY IS THAT?
*SHIELD: SUPREME HEADQUARTERS INTERNATIONAL ESPIONAGE LAW-ENFORCEMENT DIVISION -- AL.

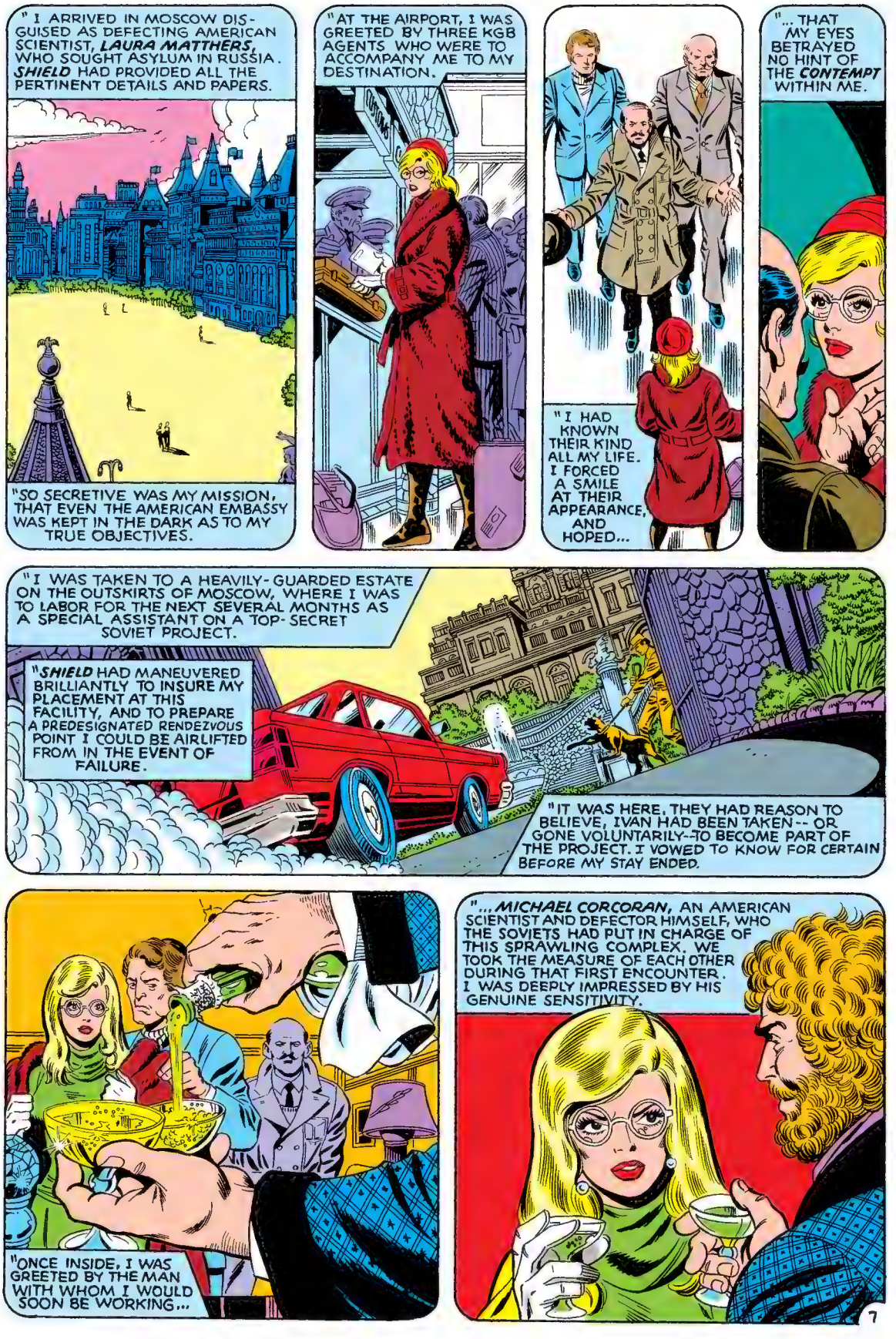

COLONEL FURY BELIEVES THAT BECAUSE THE MAN WE'RE SEARCHING FOR IS ONE OF YOUR CLOSEST ACQUAINTANCES, YOU MIGHT NOT HAVE THE PROPER PROFESSIONAL PERSPECTIVE ON THINGS.
IS THAT SO.


DON'T GIT YER HACKLES UP, LADY, 'CAUSE I KNOW HOW MUCH THE MAN WE'RE TALKIN' ABOUT MEANS TO YOU. HE'S THE GUY WHO SAVED YER LIFE WHEN YOU WERE A KID, AN' WATCHED OVER YA LIKE A FATHER WHILE YOU WERE GROWIN' UP.
HE EVEN BECAME YOUR CHAUFFEUR JUST TO KEEP HIS EYE ON YA.

RECOGNIZE 'IM? IVAN PETROVICH, ONE OF THE FINEST ELECTRONICS EGGHEADS TO EVER MOSEY OVER FROM RUSSIA. MORE'N ONCE SHIELD NEEDED HIS KNOW-HOW. BUT A FEW DAYS AGO-- HE UP AN' DISAPPEARED FROM UNDER OUR WATCHFUL LITTLE EYES. WE FIGGER EITHER HE WAS KIDNAPPED-- OR HE DEFECTED.
THAT'S WHAT WE--MEANIN' YOU-- GOTTA FIND OUT. YEP, EVEN THOUGH IT GOES AGAINST MY GRAIN, LADY,.. I JUST DECIDED I'M GONNA LET YOU TRACK IVAN DOWN.

DON'T GO THANKIN' ME YET. YA SEE, PETROVICH'S GOT KNOWLEDGE THAT COULD SINK US IF IT GOT INTA THE WRONG HANDS. SO, ONE WAY OR THE OTHER... YA GOTTA BRING HIM BACK. UNDERSTAND?
I--I UNDERSTAND... FULLY.

"I WAS GIVEN EVERY SCRAP OF INFORMATION SHIELD HAD ACQUIRED ON IVAN'S POSSIBLE WHEREABOUTS. THEN, I BOARDED A JET FOR RUSSIA TO FOLLOW UP A POSSIBLE LEAD THAT COULD TAKE ME TO IVAN.
"I WONDERED... IF IT CAME TO A SHOWDOWN, WOULD NATASHA ROMANOFF, THE WOMAN, ALLOW BLACK WIDOW, THE SPY, TO PERFORM HER DUTY? I HAD NO ANSWER.
6


"I ARRIVED IN MOSCOW DISGUISED AS DEFECTING AMERICAN SCIENTIST, LAURA MATTHERS, WHO SOUGHT ASYLUM IN RUSSIA. SHIELD HAD PROVIDED ALL THE PERTINENT DETAILS AND PAPERS.
"SO SECRETIVE WAS MY MISSION, THAT EVEN THE AMERICAN EMBASSY WAS KEPT IN THE DARK AS TO MY TRUE OBJECTIVES.
"AT THE AIRPORT, I WAS GREETED BY THREE KGB AGENTS WHO WERE TO ACCOMPANY ME TO MY DESTINATION.
"I HAD KNOWN THEIR KIND ALL MY LIFE. I FORCED A SMILE AT THEIR APPEARANCE, AND HOPED...
"... THAT MY EYES BETRAYED NO HINT OF THE CONTEMPT WITHIN ME.
"I WAS TAKEN TO A HEAVILY-GUARDED ESTATE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF MOSCOW, WHERE I WAS TO LABOR FOR THE NEXT SEVERAL MONTHS AS A SPECIAL ASSISTANT ON A TOP-SECRET SOVIET PROJECT.
"SHIELD HAD MANEUVERED BRILLIANTLY TO INSURE MY PLACEMENT AT THIS FACILITY, AND TO PREPARE A PREDESIGNATED RENDEZVOUS POINT I COULD BE AIRLIFTED FROM IN THE EVENT OF FAILURE.
"IT WAS HERE, THEY HAD REASON TO BELIEVE, IVAN HAD BEEN TAKEN -- OR GONE VOLUNTARILY--TO BECOME PART OF THE PROJECT. I VOWED TO KNOW FOR CERTAIN BEFORE MY STAY ENDED.
"ONCE INSIDE, I WAS GREETED BY THE MAN WITH WHOM I WOULD SOON BE WORKING...
"... MICHAEL CORCORAN, AN AMERICAN SCIENTIST AND DEFECTOR HIMSELF, WHO THE SOVIETS HAD PUT IN CHARGE OF THIS SPRAWLING COMPLEX. WE TOOK THE MEASURE OF EACH OTHER DURING THAT FIRST ENCOUNTER. I WAS DEEPLY IMPRESSED BY HIS GENUINE SENSITIVITY.

"MY RESEARCH WAS CONFINED TO A SMALL, THOUGH -- I WAS TOLD -- ESSENTIAL AREA. I QUESTIONED MICHAEL AS TO THE ULTIMATE NATURE OF OUR LABORS, BUT HE CAREFULLY AVOIDED COMMENT. CHANCES WERE TAKEN WITH NO ONE.

"AT EVERY OPPORTUNITY, I STRAINED TO HEAR THE HUSHED CONVERSATIONS, HOPING TO LEARN SOMETHING OF THE WHEREABOUTS OF IVAN.

"I FOUND MYSELF STRANGELY ATTRACTED TO MICHAEL -- HIS INTENSITY AND CONCERN. WE WERE CONSTANT COMPANIONS IN BOTH RESEARCH AND RECREATION.

"BUT I DID COME TO UNDERSTAND WHAT MOTIVATED MICHAEL. HE SPOKE ELOQUENTLY, AND OFTEN, OF THE ELEVATION OF PURE SCIENCE OVER NATIONALISM... ***NATIONALISM***, A CONCEPT HE DESPISED.

"I LEARNED NOTHING OF IVAN.

"AND THERE WERE MANY OCCASIONS WHEN HE SPOKE NOT AT ALL... WITH EQUAL PASSION.

"ONE EVENING, I OVERHEARD HIM -- AND MY HEART FROZE AT THE MENTION OF IVAN'S NAME. I LISTENED FURTHER, AND SOON HAD LEARNED ALL THAT I SOUGHT...

"... EXCEPT THE KNOWLEDGE OF WHETHER OR NOT IVAN HAD COME HERE OF HIS OWN FREE WILL.

"LATER THAT NIGHT, I STOLE QUIETLY FROM THE WARMTH OF MY LOVER'S BED. THE TIME FOR PRETENSE HAD PASSED. ***THE BLACK WIDOW*** WOULD LIVE AGAIN.

"I MADE MY WAY SWIFTLY TOWARD WHERE I'D LEARNED IVAN WAS BEING KEPT. THE OPEN, LIGHTED DOORWAY MADE ME WARY -- WITH GOOD REASON. UPON ENTERING, I DISCOVERED...

"... THE GLEAMING MUZZLE OF A PISTOL POINTED AT MY HEAD!"

MAKE NO SUDDEN MOVE -- OR IT WILL BE YOUR LAST.
MICHAEL, WHAT IS THIS ALL ABOUT?
THIS IS ALL ABOUT TREACHERY--
--YOUR TREACHERY, Ms. MATTHERS...
...OR SHOULD I SAY, Ms. NATASHA ROMANOFF, THE INFAMOUS BLACK WIDOW. WE KNEW OF YOUR SUBTERFUGE AND DUPLICITY BEFORE YOU HAD EVEN LANDED IN MOSCOW. SINCE THEN, WE HAVE BEEN FEEDING YOU FALSE INFORMATION ON THIS PROJECT AND IVAN PETROVICH'S WHEREABOUTS, WHICH YOU HAVE BEEN DUTIFULLY REPORTING TO YOUR SHIELD SUPERIORS.
DON'T LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT, LAU-- NATASHA.
WHAT I DID WAS DONE IN THE NAME OF SCIENCE ONLY.
THEY SAID YOU WERE HERE TO TAMPER WITH MY RESEARCH, TO DESTROY THIS PROJECT. AS MUCH AS I LOVE YOU, I-I COULDN'T ALLOW THAT TO HAPPEN. DON'T YOU SEE?
I COULDN'T ALLOW THAT TO HAPPEN.
SPARE US YOUR SICKENING ALTRUISM, Mr. CORCORAN. YOUR PART IN THIS AFFAIR IS CONCLUDED. YOU FOLLOWED OUR INSTRUCTIONS. AND NOW YOU HAVE BECOME EXPENDABLE.
EXPEN--! WHAT DO YOU MEAN?!
TO ONE OF YOUR INTELLIGENCE, I WOULD THINK THE ANSWER IS OBVIOUS. YOU ARE GOING TO DIE!
ULLGGHH!
N-N-NATASHA... PLEASE UNDERSTAND... I-I TRULY LOVE YOU...
YOU FILTHY STINKING SWINE! YOU'LL PAY FOR HIS DEATH -- I SWEAR IT!!
9

"ENRAGED, I STRUCK VICIOUSLY AT THOSE WHO HAD DESTROYED THE ONE I CARED FOR.

"THOUGH MICHAEL HAD BETRAYED ME, I COULD NEVER HAVE HATED HIM, FOR HE HAD FALLEN IN LOVE WITH A LIE... ONE I WAS AS MUCH RESPONSIBLE FOR CREATING AS THE KGB AGENTS WHO MURDERED HIM.

"MOMENTS LATER, AN ALARM SOUNDED. I FLED, CLINGING TO THE SLENDER HOPE--

"--THAT IF I COULD GET OUT OF THE MANSION AND CROSS THE GROUNDS WITHOUT BEING STOPPED, I MIGHT *YET* ESCAPE."

IN HER MIND'S EYE, THE WIDOW BURSTS THROUGH THE BECKONING WINDOW, AS SHE HAD DONE IN REALITY BARELY AN HOUR AGO. THE MEMORY SHATTERS HER REVERIE.

NATASHA SPEEDS RECKLESSLY INTO THE COLD NIGHT, BELIEVING THAT SHE HAS AT LAST OUTDISTANCED BOTH PURSUIT AND DETECTION...

...UNAWARE THAT HER EVERY MOVE IS MONITORED BY THE EVIL ARCHITECT OF ALL THAT HAS OCCURED TO HER SINCE SHE CAME TO RUSSIA WEEKS AGO.

WE HAVE NOW COMPLETED PHASE ONE OF OUR LITTLE OPERATION. SHE HAS BEHAVED EXACTLY AS I EXPECTED, THANKS TO THE AGENTS WHO KILLED MICHAEL CORCORAN-- AGENTS I PLACED WITHIN THE KGB-- THE BLACK WIDOW IS NOW WANTED FOR A MURDER SHE DID NOT COMMIT.

IT IS A CRIME WHICH THE SOVIET GOVERNMENT HAS *ALREADY* BLAMED HER FOR AND WHICH THE AMERICANS WILL WANT TO QUESTION HER ABOUT. WE HAVE IN EFFECT PRECIPITATED AN INTERNATIONAL INCIDENT.

AND NOW IT IS UP TO YOU, MY SIX HAND-PICKED ASSISTANTS, TO FIND THE BLACK WIDOW AND BRING HER TO ME, USING ANY MEANS POSSIBLE-- SHORT OF DEATH.

THOUGH I REALIZE EACH OF YOU WOULD LIKE THE HONOR OF SLAYING HER, YOU ARE BEING PAID HANDSOMELY TO FOLLOW MY ORDERS TO THE LETTER. EXERCISE RESTRAINT. AND ONCE SHE HAS SERVED MY PURPOSE, PERHAPS THEN...

I NEEDN'T ADVISE CAUTION TO ALL OF YOU! FOR,THOUGH HER MISSION TO RESCUE HER CONFIDANT--IVAN PETROVICH--HAS SUFFERED A SETBACK, SHE WILL BE ALL THE MORE DANGEROUS FOR IT. IT IS HER NATURE.

IT IS BECAUSE OF THIS, I HAVE GATHERED YOU FROM THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE WORLD, TO SUCCEED WHERE SO MANY OTHERS BEFORE YOU HAVE FAILED.

"*N'KAMA*, GREATEST OF ZULU WARRIORS, WHOSE INFALLIBLE HUNTING SKILLS GUIDE HIM UNERRINGLY TOWARD HIS CHOSEN PREY.

"*DEADSHOT DARRANCE*, THE FAMED BIG GAME HUNTER, WHO HAS, OF LATE, FOUND THE PURSUIT OF HUMAN GAME A MORE PROFITABLE OCCUPATION.

"*THE IRON MAIDEN*, A FORMER RUSSIAN AGENT, FOR YEARS LIVED IN THE SHADOW OF THE BLACK WIDOW-- AND NOW DESIRES REDRESS FOR HER GRIEVANCE.

"*LARALIE*, THE LOVELY YOUNG RODEO QUEEN WHO HAS HONED THE WESTERN ROPE INTO THE PRECISION INSTRUMENT OF THE ASSASSIN.

"*THE BLACK LOTUS*, WHOSE AWESOME MARTIAL ARTS MASTERY MAY BE QUICKLY TURNED TO THE FINE ART OF MURDER-- WHEN THE PRICE IS RIGHT.

"FINALLY, *KONO*, THE RENOWNED SUMO WRESTLER, WHO HAS ABANDONED THE SWEAT-STAINED RING, FOR THE MORE LUCRATIVE ARENA OF INTRIGUE--AND ASSASSINATION.

"PREPARE NOW FOR YOUR DEPARTURE."

MOMENTS LATER, THE DEADLY SEXTET LEAVES THE STRANGELY-SHAPED SUB IN A SMALLER VEHICLE, WITH PRE-SET CONTROLS THAT WILL SOON TAKE THEM TO HONG KONG.

BACK INSIDE THE MOTHER SHIP...

THEIR TALENTS ARE AS NOTHING TO MINE. YET, I AM FORCED TO REMAIN BEHIND... I, WHO HAVE PREPARED SO LONG TO DESTROY THE BLACK WIDOW. WHY?

HAVE I NOT STATED MANY TIMES THAT THERE IS MORE TO THIS AFFAIR THAN I HAVE CHOSEN TO DIVULGE. PATIENCE, MY DEAR! YOUR TIME WILL COME.

AT THAT INSTANT, THE OBJECT OF THAT SUB-SEA CONVERSATION IS UNDERGOING A RATHER UNPLEASANT DEBRIEFING ABOARD A SHIELD SHUTTLECRAFT... HAVING BEEN PICKED UP SOMEWHAT EARLIER FROM THE EMERGENCY RENDEZVOUS POINT.

TO BE BLUNT, MS. ROMANOFF--YOU BLEW IT, AND BADLY.

YOUR COVER WAS THE BEST SHIELD COULD PRODUCE UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES. NOT A SINGLE DETAIL WAS LEFT TO CHANCE...YET THEY FOUND YOU OUT AND PLAYED YOU ALONG FOR A FOOL.

PERHAPS NICK FURY WAS RIGHT AFTER ALL. MAYBE YOU *WEREN'T* THE RIGHT CHOICE FOR THIS MISSION.

YOU'RE A LITTLE QUICK TO PLACE THE BLAME WITHOUT KNOWING WHAT HAPPENED DOWN THERE. I PLAYED MY ROLE AS WELL AS *ANY* PROFESSIONAL COULD.

I- I CANT. NOT JUST YET.

BOOM!

THEN HOW DO YOU ACCOUNT FOR YOUR FAILURE?

I'LL HAVE TO SORT IT ALL OUT IN MY MIND... FIRST.

MAYBE THAT INFORMATION YOU GAVE US ON THE DAGGER WHICH KILLED MICHAEL CORCORAN WILL THROW SOME LIGHT ON THE SITUATION.

IT HAD SUCH A DISTINCTIVE HANDLE, I'M SURE THERE'S A CLUE TO SOMETHING THERE.

AWRIGHT, WE FOLLOWED UP ON THE DESCRIPTION OF THE KNIFE YOU TOLD US ABOUT. SEEMS THERE'S ONLY ONE PLACE ANYWHERE THAT YA CAN BUY ONE. IT'S A LITTLE CURIO SHOP...

"...IN HONG KONG."

"WE AWREADY GOT'CHA A ROOM AT ONE'A JAPAN'S BEST HOTELS," *CONTINUES FURY*, "AN' WE'RE EVEN LEAVIN' A SNAPSHOT'A THE KNIFE THERE, SO'S YA CAN SHOW IT TA THE GUY AT THE SHOP IN CASE HE'S FRESH OUTTA THEM BLADES.

"HOPE THIS AIN'T A WILD GOOSE CHASE, WIDOW."

NICK FURY'S REALLY QUITE A CHARACTER. FIRST HE HESITATES TO USE ME BECAUSE HE THINKS I'M TOO CLOSE TO IVAN.

THEN HE GIVES ME ANOTHER CHANCE JUST WHEN HE HAD ALL THE INCENTIVE HE MIGHT HAVE NEEDED TO DUMP ME. UNDER THAT CRUSTY EXTERIOR, I'LL BET HE'S A REAL SOF--

--OWW! IT'S LUCKY THAT DOBERMAN DIDN'T DO ANY REAL DAMAGE TO MY WRIST BACK AT THE ESTATE, OR I'D HAVE TO DO A LOT MORE THAN JUST BANDAGE IT UP LIKE THIS.

IT'S FUNNY. I HAVEN'T ANY EVIDENCE, BUT I DON'T BELIEVE THOSE MEN WHO KILLED MICHAEL WERE REALLY SOVIET AGENTS. I'D STAKE MY LIFE THAT SOME OUTSIDE POWER IS INVOLVED IN ALL THIS.

AND THAT STRANGE DAGGER-- NO KGB MEMBER WOULD EVER USE ONE THAT LOOKED SO DISTINCTIVE...

...IT FLIES IN THE FACE OF EVERYTHING I KNOW ABOUT THE AGENCY, LIKE ITS STRESS ON UNIFORMITY AND LACK OF FRILLS...

I'M GOING TO PIECE TOGETHER THIS PUZZLE, AND I FEEL VERY SORRY FOR ANYONE WHO TRIES TO STOP ME.

BELOW, A HIDDEN FIGURE WITH PRECISELY THAT INTENTION, STUDIES THE MOON-SKIRTING SILHOUETTE

THE BLACK WIDOW HAS TAKEN THE BAIT. FOR ALL HER VAUNTED INSTINCT AND SHREWDNESS, SHE IS BEING LED ASTRAY... AND IT IS HAPPENING--

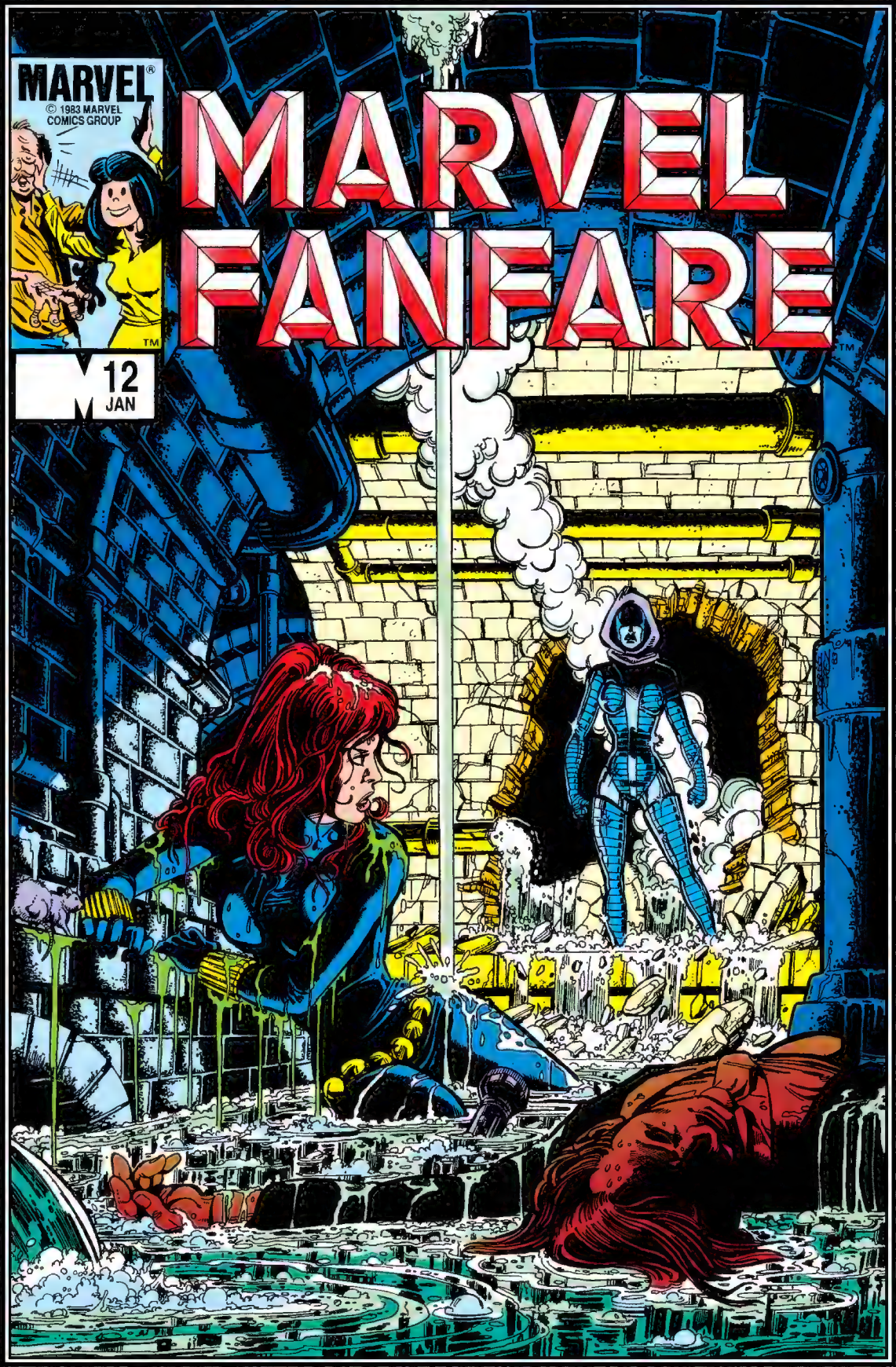
--EXACTLY ON SCHEDULE.

THIS IS THE ADDRESS. THE DOOR'S AJAR, BUT I DON'T SEE ANY MOVEMENT INSIDE -- AND ONE OF THE WINDOWS HAS BEEN SHATTERED.
SOMEONE'S BROKEN IN HERE AND RANSACKED THE PLACE. COULD THIS BE A ROUTINE BURGLARY... OR IS IT CONNECTED WITH MY PRESENCE IN HONG KONG?
OVER THERE -- A BODY IN THE DEBRIS! THERE'S A DAGGER PROTRUDING FROM ITS CHEST!
THAT HANDLE ON THE KNIFE -- IT'S THE SAME TYPE OF DAGGER MICHAEL WAS STABBED WITH! COINCIDENCE...
...OR HAVE I BLUNDERED INTO A TRAP?!
eh?
A FIGURE IN THE DOORWAY -- IT'S HUGE -- THROWING SOMETHING!
A SPEAR!
THWUNK

YOU ARE FORMIDABLE PREY-- MOVING WITH THE SWIFTNESS OF THE LEAPING GAZELLE. BUT HAD I TRULY INTENDED YOUR DEATH, YOU WOULD NOW HANG IMPALED ON THE WALL BEHIND YOU.
THEN I GUESS I OWE YOU ONE, BWANA. SO JUST LET ME ADJUST MY WIDOW'S BITE, AND IF YOU'RE LUCKY, IT'LL ONLY BREAK A FEW OF YOUR RIBS WHEN I FIRE IT.
WHPTT
MY WRIST!
DON'T SQUIRM, SWEETS. YOU'LL STRANGLE.
BUMP!
WHOA! SOMEBODY GIMME A HAND WITH THIS HEAH YARMINT!
RIGHT PURDY, LOTUS. RIGHT PURDY. THAT KICK WOULD'A CLEAN TAKEN THE HORNS OFF ANY TEXAS BEEF STEER I EVAH SAW!
HAAAIII!
UNNFFF!

I TRUST YOU FOUND OUR HELP SUFFICIENT, LARALIE?
YOU BET'CHA, BABES. SHE AIN'T GOIN' NOWHERE!
SORRY RED, BUT YOU JEST WALKED INTA THE LAST ROUNDUP!

NEXT ▶ RING AROUND THE WIDOW!


MARVEL
© 1983 MARVEL COMICS GROUP
MARVEL FANFARE
12
JAN

THE WEB TIGHTENS!

THE BLACK WIDOW HAS BEEN CAPTURED IN HONG KONG WHILE ON A MISSION FOR SHIELD, THE GLOBE-GIRDLING ESPIONAGE ORGANIZATION HEADED BY COLONEL NICK FURY. SHE STRUGGLES HELPLESSLY AGAINST HER BONDS, SURROUNDED BY HER CAPTORS--

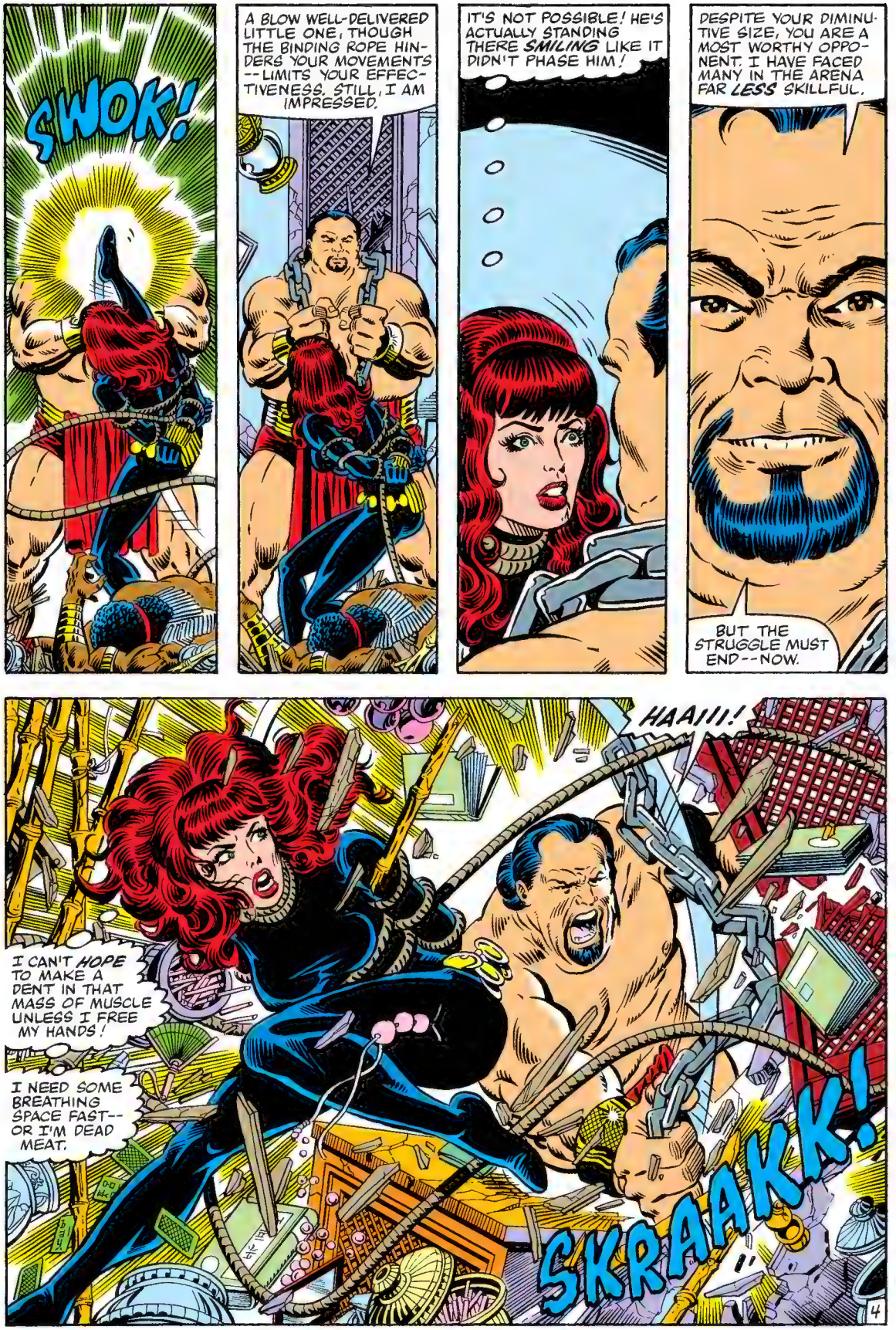
--AS THE GUNSIGHT OF A HIGH-POWERED RIFLE FOCUSES MENACINGLY ON HER EXQUISITE FACE.

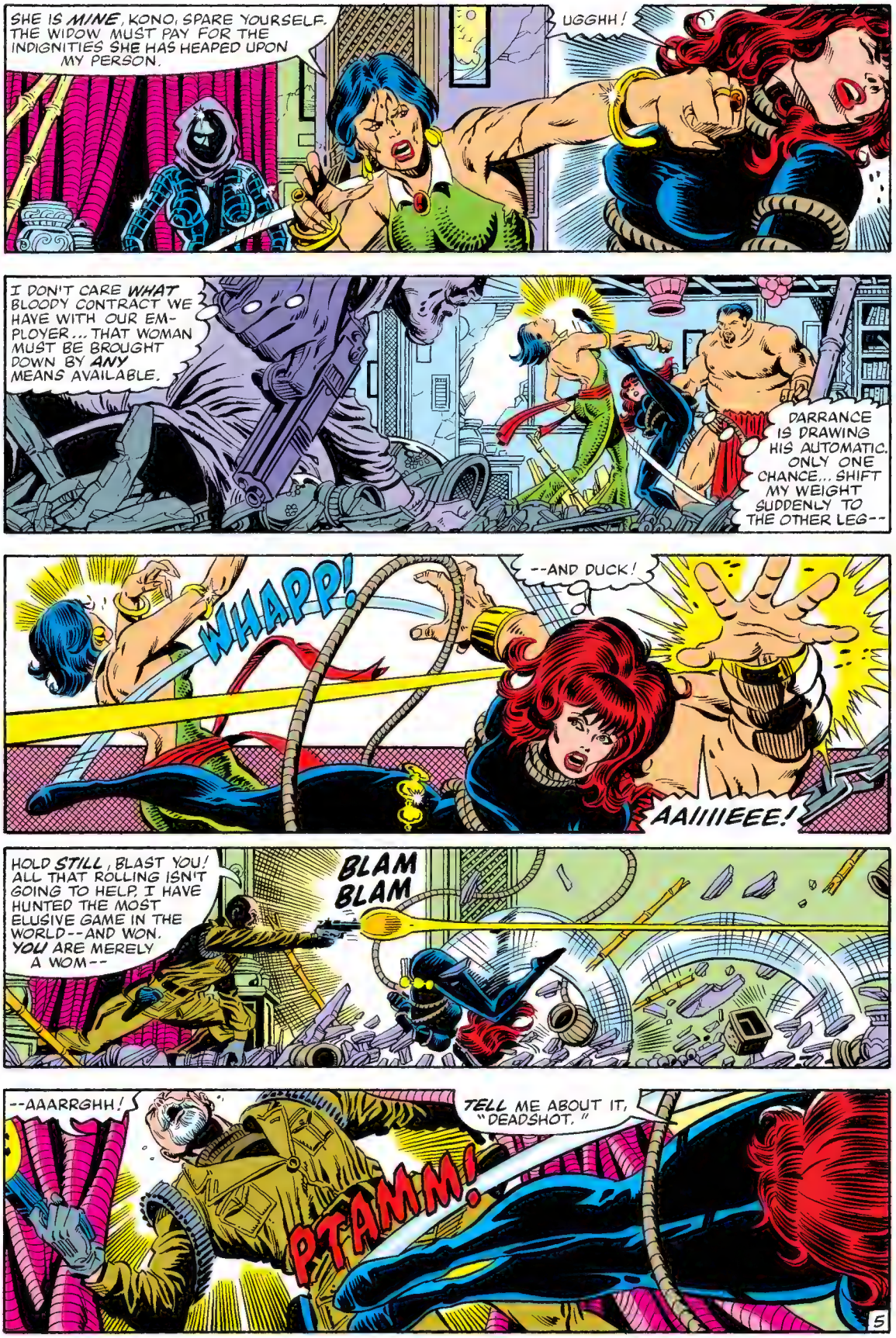
SUDDENLY...

RALPH MACCHIO SCRIPTER * GEORGE PEREZ PENCILER/CO-PLOTTER * AL MILGROM INKER * NOVAK, LETTERER SHAREN, COLORIST * EDITORIAL EDITOR * JIM SHOOTER ED-IN-CHIEF

YOU NEEDN'T SHOUT, MY DEAR LARALIE. I WAS MERELY GOING THROUGH THE MOTIONS. MUCH AS I WOULD LIKE THE HEAD OF THE WORLD'S FOREMOST SECRET AGENT ON MY TROPHY WALL--
--I AM AWARE OF THE PROHIBITING FACTORS.
AND IT IS WISE YOU ARE, DEADSHOT PARRANCE. WE HAVE BEEN COMMISSIONED TO CAPTURE THE WIDOW, NOT TO SLAY HER THOUGH WE ARE THE WORLD'S DEADLIEST ASSASSINS.
YOU TELL 'IM, BLACK LOTUS. THAT FUNNY-TALKIN' VARMINT AN' ME ARE GONNA COME TO BLOWS IF HE TRIES THAT AGAIN!
PERHAPS THE IDEA OF THE WIDOW'S DEATH SHOULD NOT BE SO EASILY DISMISSED. I, FOR ONE, HAVE BORNE A GRUDGE AGAINST HER FOR TOO LONG!
YOU SIGNED UP KNOWIN' THE RULES, LADY. FERGIT IT!
GOOD. THEY'RE FIGHTING AMONG THEMSELVES!
IF I'M GOING TO ESCAPE, IT HAS TO BE--
--NOW!
WHUNT!
UNNFF!
2

SKRAAKK!
THAT ONE IS MORE DANGEROUS THAN A CORNERED LIONESS. GRAB HER QUICKLY, WHILE SHE IS DOWN.
I WOULD ADVISE YOU TO CONFINE YOUR MOVEMENT TO EYE-BLINKING MY DEAR...
HIS TELESCOPIC SIGHT LIMITS HIS FIELD OF VISION TO MY HEAD AT THIS RANGE...
...SO I'LL KEEP IT PERFECTLY STILL--AND SWEEP MY FOOT...
SKRASSH
GOOD! AND NOW I'VE... CAUGHT THE AFRICAN FLUSH ON THE JAW--HE'LL BE OUT BEFORE HE HITS THE FLOOR. BUT THE SUMO'S BEHIND ME--
--I'LL HAVE TO GIVE HIM THE SAME TREATMENT --IN SPADES.
3


SWOK!
A BLOW WELL-DELIVERED LITTLE ONE, THOUGH THE BINDING ROPE HINDERS YOUR MOVEMENTS--LIMITS YOUR EFFECTIVENESS. STILL, I AM IMPRESSED.
IT'S NOT POSSIBLE! HE'S ACTUALLY STANDING THERE SMILING LIKE IT DIDN'T PHASE HIM!
DESPITE YOUR DIMINUTIVE SIZE, YOU ARE A MOST WORTHY OPPONENT. I HAVE FACED MANY IN THE ARENA FAR LESS SKILLFUL.
BUT THE STRUGGLE MUST END--NOW.
HAAI!!!
I CAN'T HOPE TO MAKE A DENT IN THAT MASS OF MUSCLE UNLESS I FREE MY HANDS!
I NEED SOME BREATHING SPACE FAST--OR I'M DEAD MEAT.
SKRAAKK!
4


SHE IS MINE, KONO; SPARE YOURSELF. THE WIDOW MUST PAY FOR THE INDIGNITIES SHE HAS HEAPED UPON MY PERSON.
UGGHH!
I DON'T CARE WHAT BLOODY CONTRACT WE HAVE WITH OUR EMPLOYER... THAT WOMAN MUST BE BROUGHT DOWN BY ANY MEANS AVAILABLE.
DARRANCE IS DRAWING HIS AUTOMATIC. ONLY ONE CHANCE... SHIFT MY WEIGHT SUDDENLY TO THE OTHER LEG--
WHAPP!
--AND DUCK!
AAIIIIEEE!
HOLD STILL, BLAST YOU! ALL THAT ROLLING ISN'T GOING TO HELP. I HAVE HUNTED THE MOST ELUSIVE GAME IN THE WORLD--AND WON. YOU ARE MERELY A WOM--
BLAM BLAM
--AAARRGHH!
TELL ME ABOUT IT, "DEADSHOT."
PTAMM!
5

EXCELLENT-- BUT EXPECTED. YOU DEFEATED THEM ALL... NOW ONLY I REMAIN.
THE IRON MAIDEN!
YES. AND I WILL HAVE MY REVENGE ON YOU... REVENGE I'VE WAITED SO LONG FOR. BUT I INSIST WE MEET ON MORE "EQUAL" TERMS.
THE ROPE! SHE'S CUTTING ME LOOSE WITH HER KNIFE!
YOU KNEW ME ONCE AS MELINA VOSTOKOFF. WE BOTH TOILED IN THE SERVICE OF THE SOVIET STATE THEN-- BEFORE YOU DEFECTED TO THE WEST, AND I BECAME AN INDEPENDENT AGENT.
FOR YEARS MY ACHIEVEMENTS WENT UNNOTICED, OVERSHADOWED ALWAYS BY THE MORE FLAMBOYANT EXPLOITS OF THE BLACK WIDOW.
NOW I SHALL AVENGE THOSE SLIGHTS--AND DESTROY YOU IN THE PROCESS.
IT'S BEEN TRIED BEFORE, MELINA-- BY THE BEST...
...AND THEY'VE FAILED, ALL OF THEM.
AND SO WILL YOU--
--BECAUSE YOU'RE ONLY SECOND-RATE.

I'M COMING FOR YOU, NATASHA, AND NOTHING YOU CAN DO WILL STOP ME.
UNBELIEVABLE! A FULL-POWER WIDOW'S BITE --ENOUGH TO STOP TEN MEN...
...AND SHE'S WALKING RIGHT THROUGH IT.
ENOUGH OF YOUR TOYS, YOU'RE MINE.
YOU DISAPPOINT ME, NATASHA. DID YOU THINK TO HURT ME WITH SUCH A FEEBLE BLOW?
NO, ALL I WANTED TO DO--
--WAS THROW YOU OFF-BALANCE... JUST A BIT... AND SET YOU UP FOR--
CHWAKK!
--THIS!
YOU FOOL, DON'T YOU SEE HOW FUTILE IT IS, I CAN WITHSTAND ANY ASSAULT. ANY.
I AM THE IRON MAIDEN.
UHHH!
AND NOW, SLOWLY, VERY SLOWLY I'LL--
--EH?
7

ALL RIGHT! HOLD IT!
RELEASE THE WOMAN AT ONCE, OR RISK LEARNING IF THAT EXO-SKELETON CAN SURVIVE THESE HIGH-POWER FIREARMS AT POINT-BLANK RANGE.
WILL YOU TAKE THE RISK-- OR RELEASE THE WIDOW? YOUR ANSWER PLEASE.

IT IS NOT OVER BETWEEN US, YOU SHALL YET KNOW DEATH AT MY HANDS.
DOSVIDANYA, BLACK WIDOW.

WITH A SPEED THAT BELIES THE WEIGHT OF HER METAL SHELL, THE IRON MAIDEN SPRINGS AT HER ENEMIES, ARMS FLAILING WITH DEVASTATING EFFECT.
THE ABRUPTNESS OF HER ATTACK OVERWHELMS THEM. IN AN INSTANT, SHE IS GONE.

WAIT -- BEFORE YOU GIVE CHASE -- WHO ARE YOU PEOPLE?
I AM JAMES WOO, SHIELD OPERATIVE, HONG KONG DIVISION. DIRECTOR FURY ASKED US TO TRACK YOUR MOVEMENTS HERE AND AID YOU IF NECESSARY.
NOW, IF YOU WILL EXCUSE ME, I DON'T WANT TO LOSE OUR QUARRY ON THESE SIDE-STREETS.

NO NEED TO RUSH. IN ALL THE CONFUSION--
--I SLIPPED A HOMING DEVICE ONTO HER. SHE WON'T BE HARD TO FIND.
8

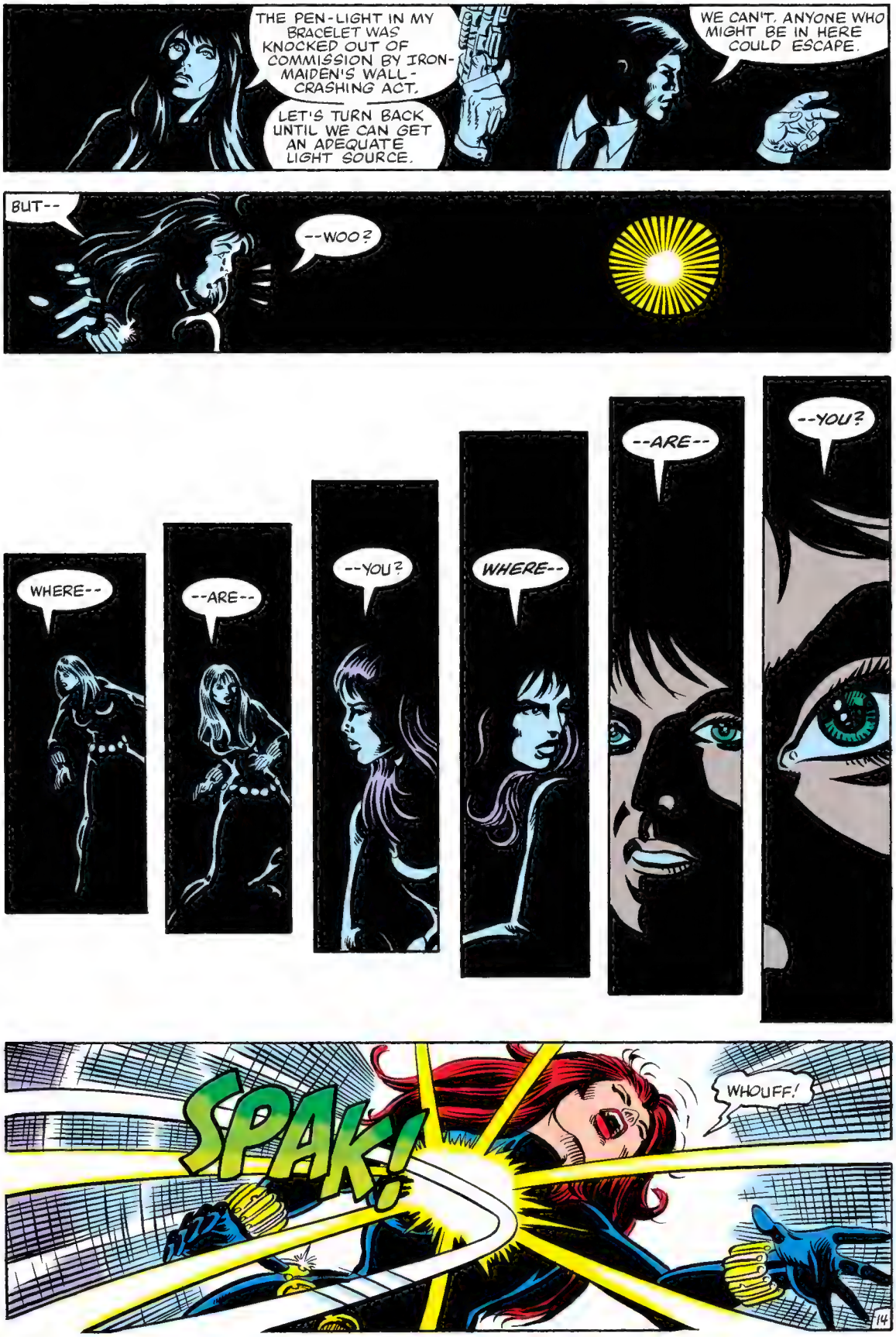
MOMENTS LATER, THE THROATY ROAR OF A PORSCHE 911S SHATTERS THE EVENING STILLNESS.
VRROOOO!
THE OTHERS WILL REPORT TO SHIELD AND WE WILL CONTINUE THE PURSUIT ON OUR OWN. HAVE YOU ANY READINGS YET?
MY DIRECTIONAL BEACON INDICATES SHE'S DUE SOUTH OF US.
WE'RE HEADED DOWNTOWN. TURN RIGHT, INTO THIS ALLEY... MY READINGS ARE NEAR THE TOP.
AH HA. SINCE THIS IS A DEAD END, I'VE A HUNCH THAT THAT OPEN MANHOLE COVER TELLS THE TALE.
LET ME DROP DOWN FIRST, WOO. I'M A BIT BETTER EQUIPPED TO HANDLE HER.
AS YOU HANDLED HER BEFORE, WIDOW?
NO--I AM QUITE CAPABLE OF TAKING CARE OF MYSELF.
AND JUST SO THERE WILL BE NO FURTHER DISPUTE--
--LET ME REMIND YOU THAT-- IN MATTERS CONCERNING SHIELD --I HAVE JURISDICTION DESPITE YOUR CELEBRITY STATUS. I TRUST I HAVE MADE MYSELF CLEAR?

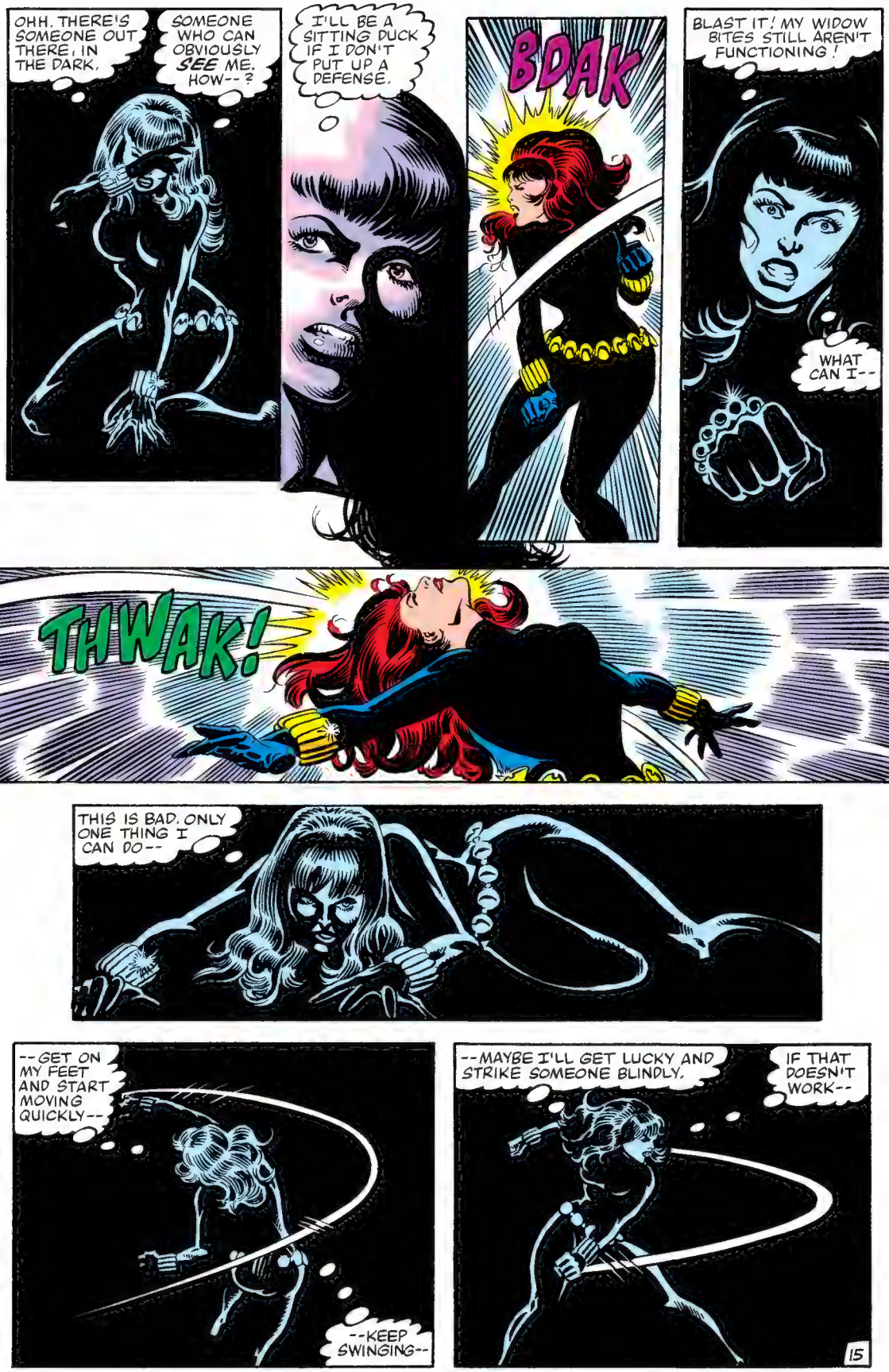
THEY DESCEND SILENTLY INTO AN EERIE, WINDING WORLD OF FOUL RUNNING WATER AND SCURRYING RATS.
I CAN TELL BY THE SCRAPING MARKS IN THE SLATE, THAT SHE'S BEEN THIS WAY.
CAREFUL, WOO. SHE'S DEADLIER THAN YOU--
SKROOMM!
I ANTICIPATED YOUR PURSUIT-- THOUGH I DID NOT EXPECT YOU TO STOOP TO THE LEVEL OF BRINGING ASSISTANCE--
--YOU, THE BLACK WIDOW, WHO HAS ALWAYS BEEN AN AGENT ALONE.
10

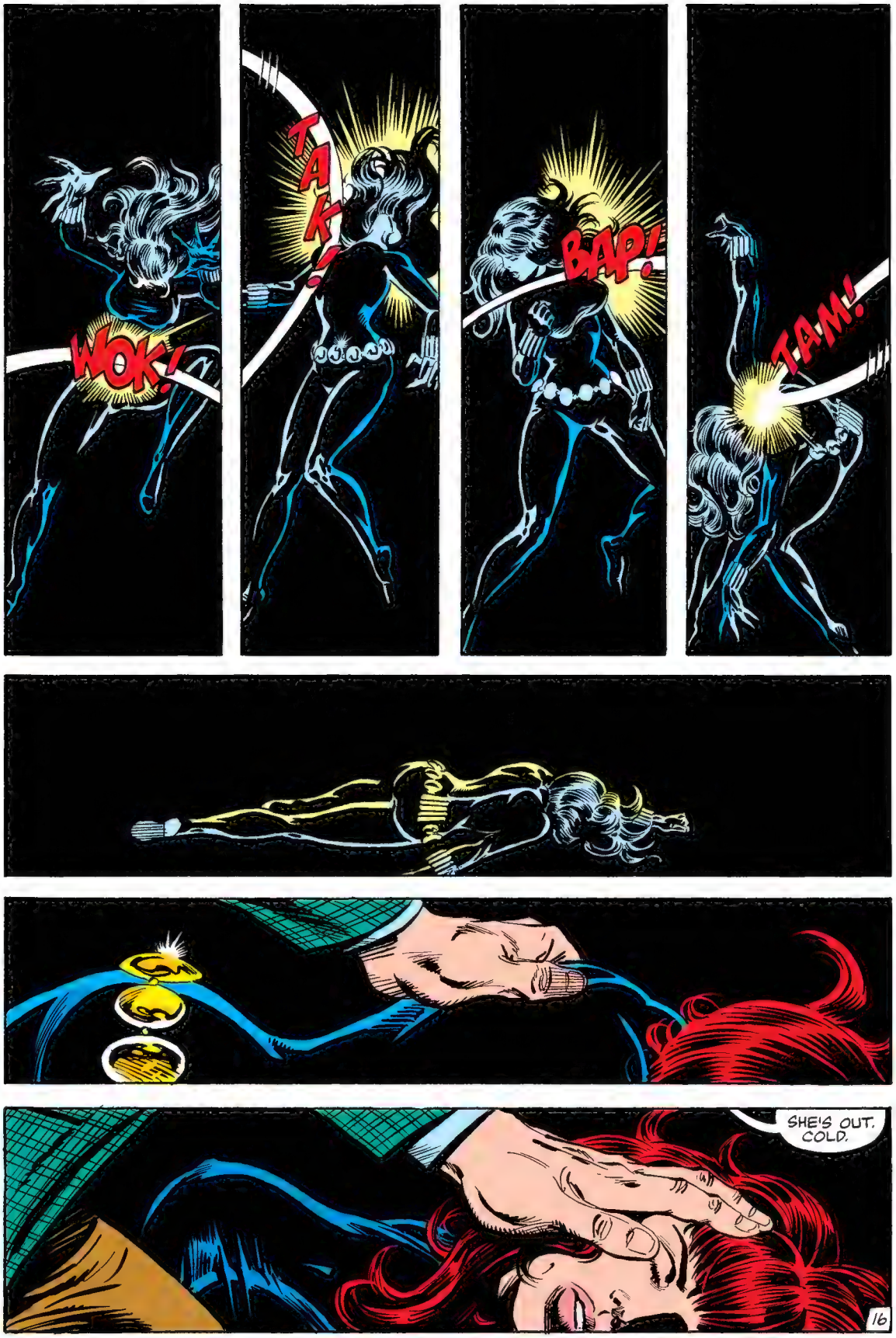
WHAT A FITTING PLACE FOR YOUR DEFEAT, NATASHA. YOU, WHO WERE ALWAYS HELD IN AWE BY YOUR CONTEMPORARIES; WHO RECEIVED THE HIGHEST ACCOLADES IN YOUR PROFESSION--
--WILL MEET YOUR END IN THE LOWLIEST OF SURROUNDINGS--
--AMIDST THE STENCH OF A COMMON SEWER. THIS IS YOUR FINAL RESTING PLACE, BLACK WIDOW. ARE YOU SICKENED BY IT?
I'M SICK ONLY OF YOUR TAUNTS, MELINA!
AND NOW, I'LL END THEM!
ZZZKKRASSKK!
NO USE! THAT ARMOR-PLATING IS TOO THICK! SHE'S BARELY SHAKEN!
WHUNK!
BWAMM!
...AND CERTAINLY NO LESS DANGEROUS!
11

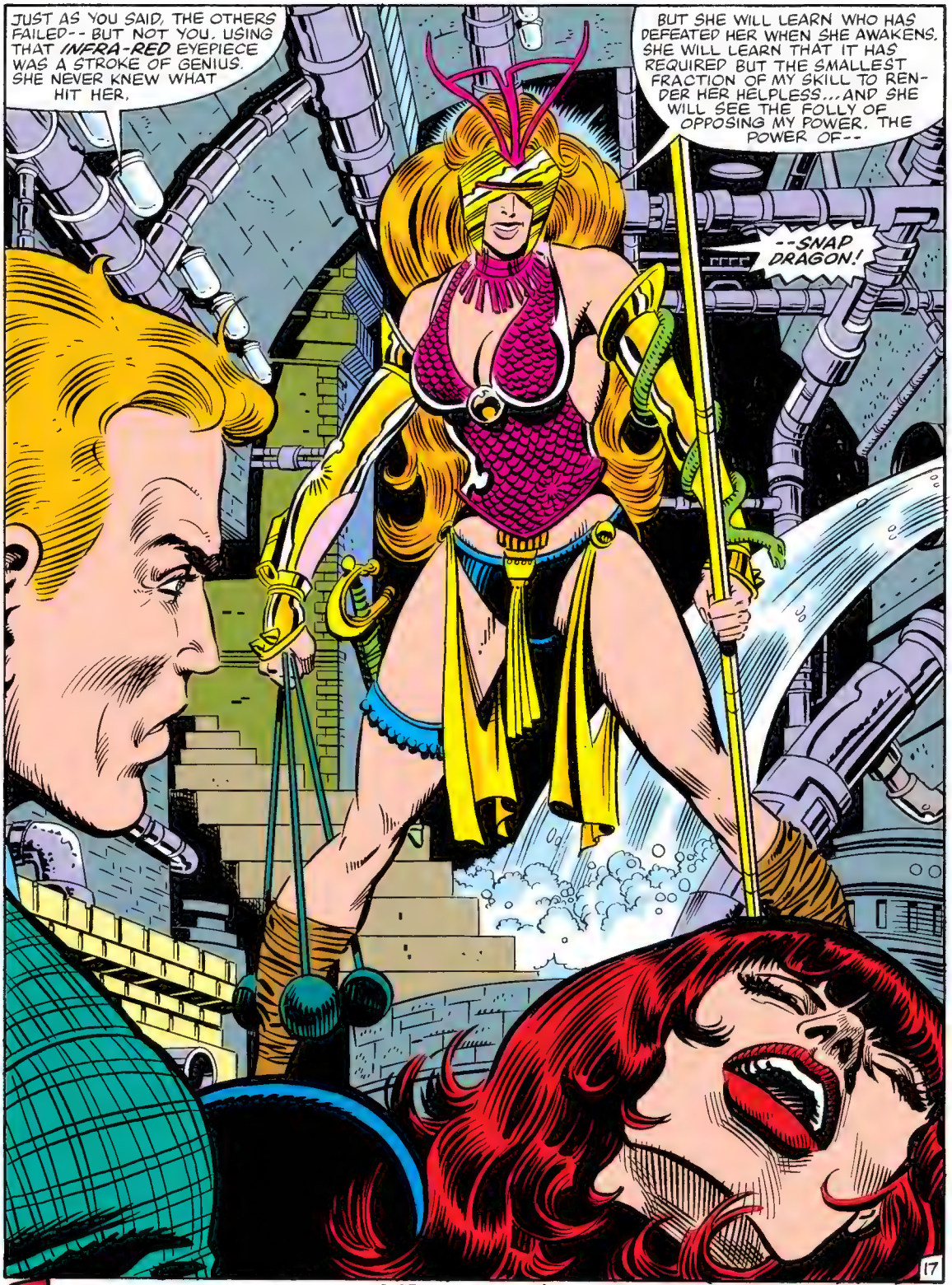
I HAVE TO KEEP MY DISTANCE... CAN'T GET WITHIN REACH AGAIN.
I NEED A MOMENT TO RECOVER -- TO THINK.
WHAT A SIGHT. IF ONLY OUR FORMER KREMLIN MASTERS WERE HERE TO SEE YOU FLEEING IN FEAR FROM ME. IF ONLY--BAH!
SPOKK!
YOUR FLIGHT SERVES LITTLE PURPOSE. I NEED NOT BE ABLE TO TOUCH YOU...
...TO DESTROY YOU!
SKRANCH!
THIS IS GOING NO FURTHER! TAKE ANOTHER STEP AND I'LL BLAST THAT ARMOR OFF YOU!
BACKED BY THREE OTHER AGENTS, EQUIPPED WITH EQUAL FIREPOWER ... PERHAPS, BUT ALONE... LAUGHABLE.
SHE KNOWS FIREARMS, WOO, WE CAN'T BLUFF HER. YOUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO AIM AT THE CONCRETE BENEATH HER. LISTEN TO ME, WOO!
BENEATH HER?!
YES!
BENEATH HER!
12

WHAT?! NO--NO YOU CAN'T--YOU MUSTN'T DO THIS! NO!
NO!
THROOM!
THE WATER--IT'S BEING DRAWN DOWN THE HOLE. WHIRLPOOL--CAN'T FIGHT IT!
CURSE YOU, NATASHA! CURSE YOU!
I WON'T DIE--WITHOUT MY REVENGE. MUST HAVE REVENGE ... REVENGE.
DOSVIDANYA, MELINA.
I KNEW WE COULD MAKE THAT ARMOR WORK AGAINST HER, SOMEHOW. IT'S SO HEAVY THAT THE WHIRLPOOL ACTION BROUGHT HER DOWN LIKE A STONE. THERE WAS NOTHING SHE COULD DO.
YIN OVER YANG, AS YOU ORIENTALS SAY, WOO. SOFT AND YIELDING OVERCOMING THE HARD AND IMMOVABLE.
YES,.. I AM IMPRESSED. PLEASE FORGIVE MY EARLIER COMMENT IN THE STREET.
FORGIVEN.
NOW, PERHAPS IT WOULD BE WISE IF WE PROBED THIS OPENING!
THERE IS AN OUTSIDE POSSIBILITY SHE DID NOT COME HERE AT RANDOM--BUT WAS PREPARING TO RENDEZVOUS WITH OTHERS.
IT'S AWFULLY DARK--USE YOUR FLASHLIGHT.
I CAN'T. WHEN THE IRON MAIDEN STRUCK, IT WAS KNOCKED FROM MY HAND. DO YOU HAVE ONE?
13


THE PEN-LIGHT IN MY BRACELET WAS KNOCKED OUT OF COMMISSION BY IRON-MAIDEN'S WALL-CRASHING ACT.
LET'S TURN BACK UNTIL WE CAN GET AN ADEQUATE LIGHT SOURCE.
WE CAN'T. ANYONE WHO MIGHT BE IN HERE COULD ESCAPE.
BUT--
--WOO?
WHERE--
--ARE--
--YOU?
WHERE--
--ARE--
--YOU?
SPAK!
WHOUFF!
14


OHH. THERE'S SOMEONE OUT THERE, IN THE DARK.
SOMEONE WHO CAN OBVIOUSLY SEE ME. HOW--?
I'LL BE A SITTING DUCK IF I DON'T PUT UP A DEFENSE.
BDAK
BLAST IT! MY WIDOW BITES STILL AREN'T FUNCTIONING!
WHAT CAN I--
THWAK!
THIS IS BAD. ONLY ONE THING I CAN DO--
--GET ON MY FEET AND START MOVING QUICKLY--
--KEEP SWINGING--
--MAYBE I'LL GET LUCKY AND STRIKE SOMEONE BLINDLY.
IF THAT DOESN'T WORK--


WOK!
TAK!
BAP!
TAM!
SHE'S OUT. COLD.


JUST AS YOU SAID, THE OTHERS FAILED-- BUT NOT YOU. USING THAT INFRA-RED EYEPIECE WAS A STROKE OF GENIUS. SHE NEVER KNEW WHAT HIT HER.
BUT SHE WILL LEARN WHO HAS DEFEATED HER WHEN SHE AWAKENS. SHE WILL LEARN THAT IT HAS REQUIRED BUT THE SMALLEST FRACTION OF MY SKILL TO RENDER HER HELPLESS...AND SHE WILL SEE THE FOLLY OF OPPOSING MY POWER. THE POWER OF--
--SNAP DRAGON!
17

NEXT

THE WIDOW ALONE!

MARVEL
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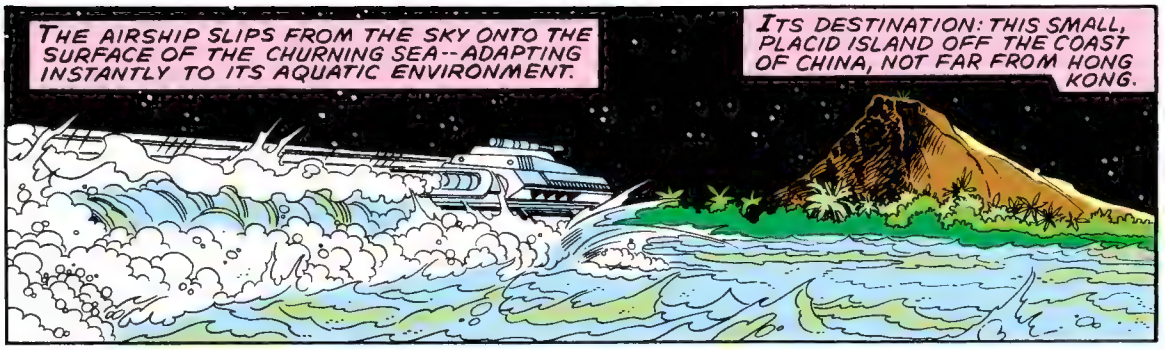
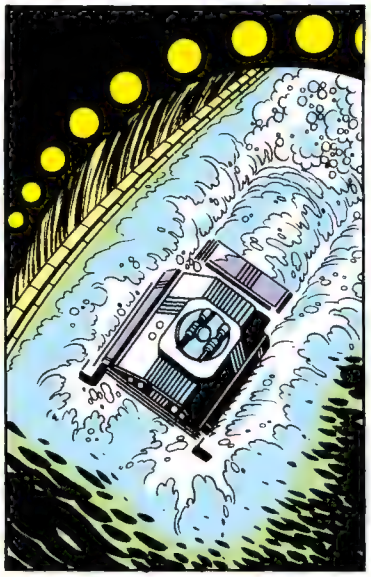
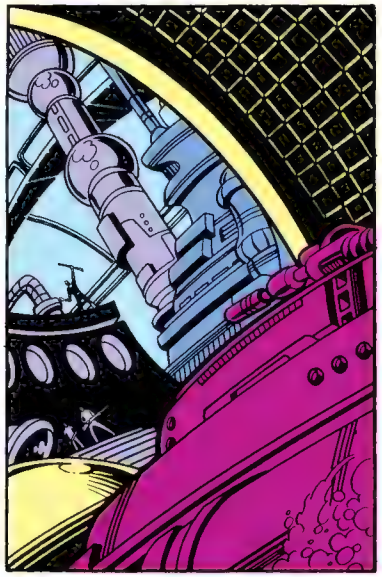
TM
13
MAR
MARVEL
FANFARE
™
ADAMS '88

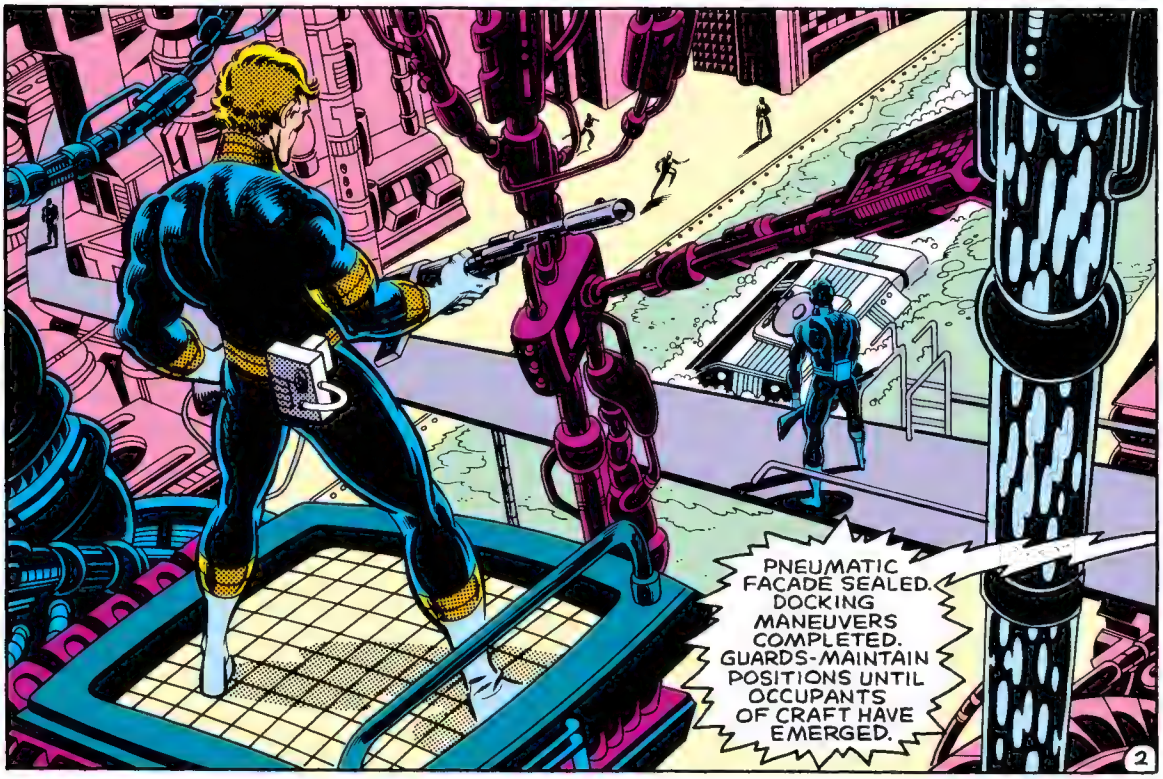
THE WIDOW...
ALONE
RALPH MACCHIO SCRIPT
GEORGE PEREZ PENCILS
BEATTY & BREEDING INKS
DIANA ALBERS LETTERS
BEN SEAN COLORS
ALLEN MILGROM EDITING
JIM SHOOTER EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

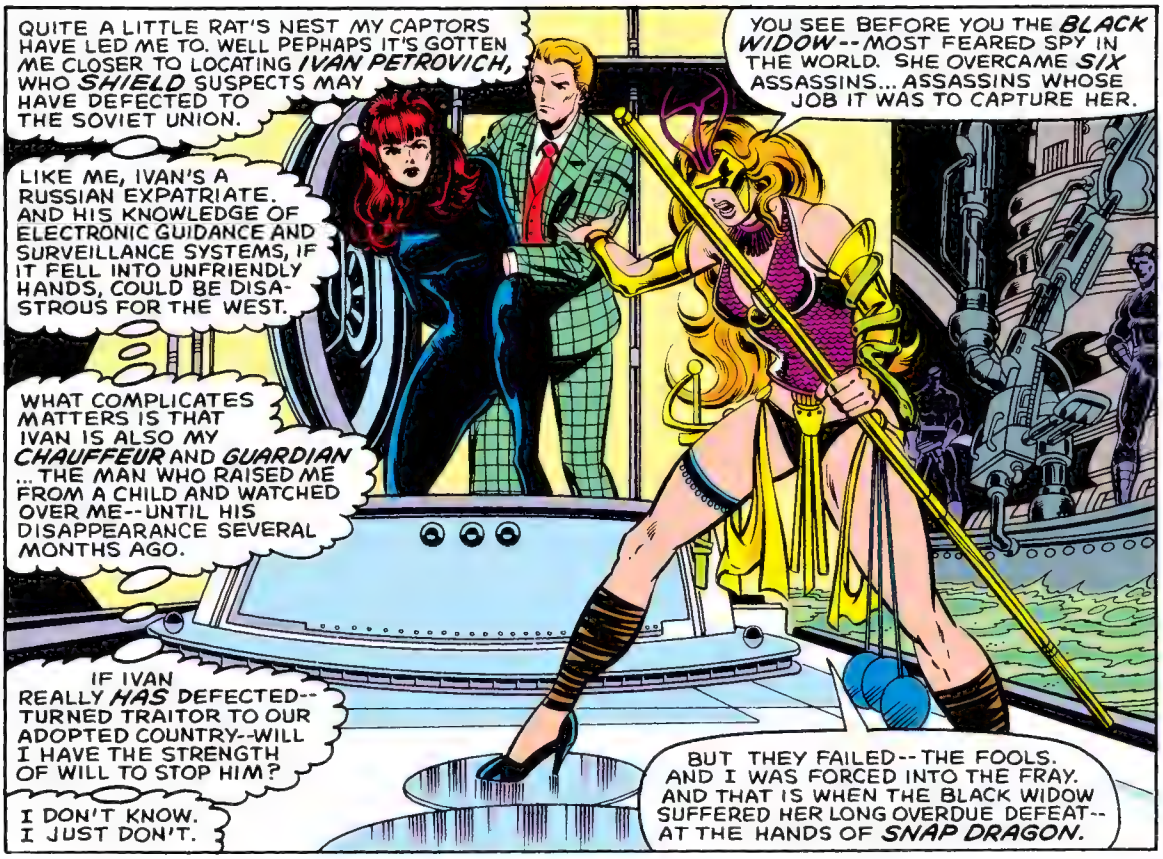

THE AIRSHIP SLIPS FROM THE SKY ONTO THE SURFACE OF THE CHURNING SEA--ADAPTING INSTANTLY TO ITS AQUATIC ENVIRONMENT.
ITS DESTINATION: THIS SMALL, PLACID ISLAND OFF THE COAST OF CHINA, NOT FAR FROM HONG KONG.

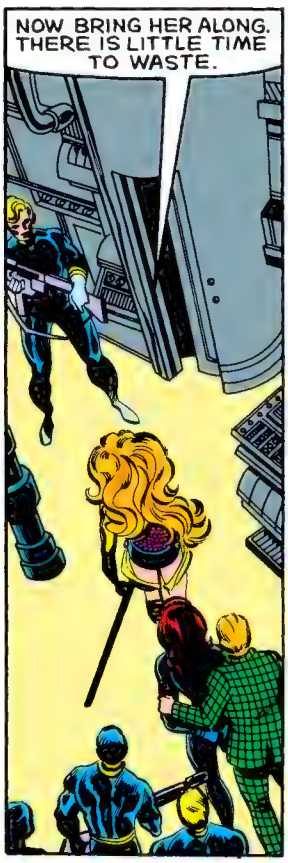
ITS METHOD OF DOCKING:
UNORTHODOX.

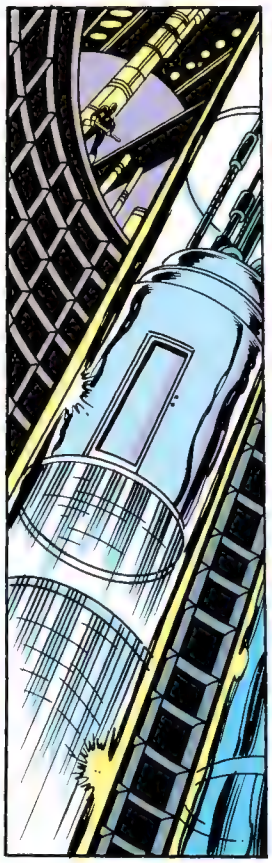




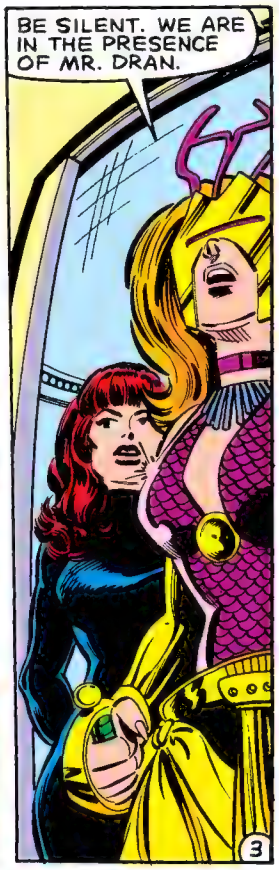

PNEUMATIC FACADE SEALED. DOCKING MANEUVERS COMPLETED. GUARDS-MAINTAIN POSITIONS UNTIL OCCUPANTS OF CRAFT HAVE EMERGED.
2

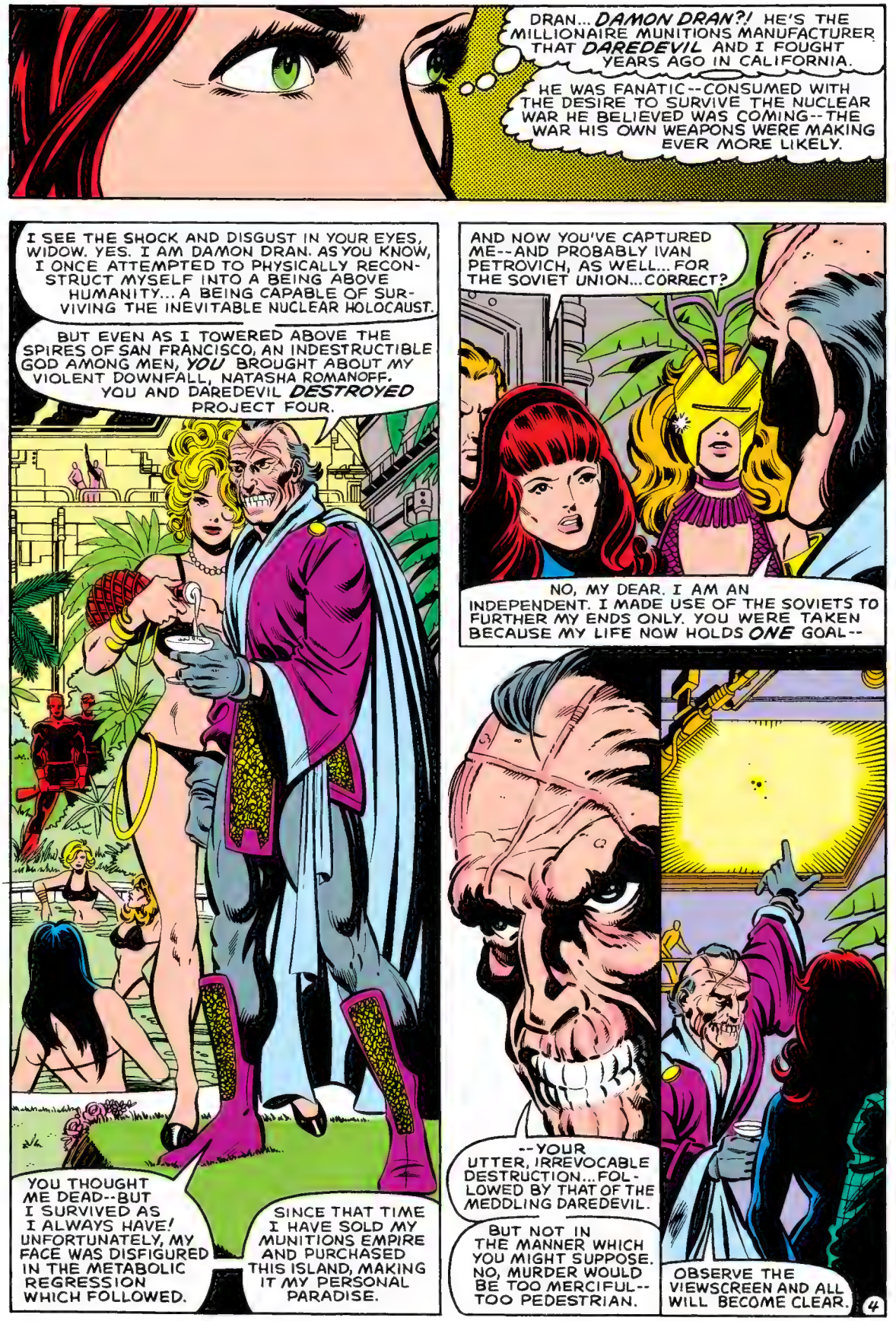

QUITE A LITTLE RAT'S NEST MY CAPTORS HAVE LED ME TO. WELL PEPHAPS IT'S GOTTEN ME CLOSER TO LOCATING IVAN PETROVICH, WHO SHIELD SUSPECTS MAY HAVE DEFECTED TO THE SOVIET UNION.
YOU SEE BEFORE YOU THE BLACK WIDOW--MOST FEARED SPY IN THE WORLD. SHE OVERCAME SIX ASSASSINS... ASSASSINS WHOSE JOB IT WAS TO CAPTURE HER.
LIKE ME, IVAN'S A RUSSIAN EXPATRIATE. AND HIS KNOWLEDGE OF ELECTRONIC GUIDANCE AND SURVEILLANCE SYSTEMS, IF IT FELL INTO UNFRIENDLY HANDS, COULD BE DISASTROUS FOR THE WEST.
WHAT COMPLICATES MATTERS IS THAT IVAN IS ALSO MY CHAUFFEUR AND GUARDIAN ... THE MAN WHO RAISED ME FROM A CHILD AND WATCHED OVER ME--UNTIL HIS DISAPPEARANCE SEVERAL MONTHS AGO.
IF IVAN REALLY HAS DEFECTED--TURNED TRAITOR TO OUR ADOPTED COUNTRY--WILL I HAVE THE STRENGTH OF WILL TO STOP HIM?
I DON'T KNOW. I JUST DON'T.
BUT THEY FAILED--THE FOOLS. AND I WAS FORCED INTO THE FRAY. AND THAT IS WHEN THE BLACK WIDOW SUFFERED HER LONG OVERDUE DEFEAT--AT THE HANDS OF SNAP DRAGON.

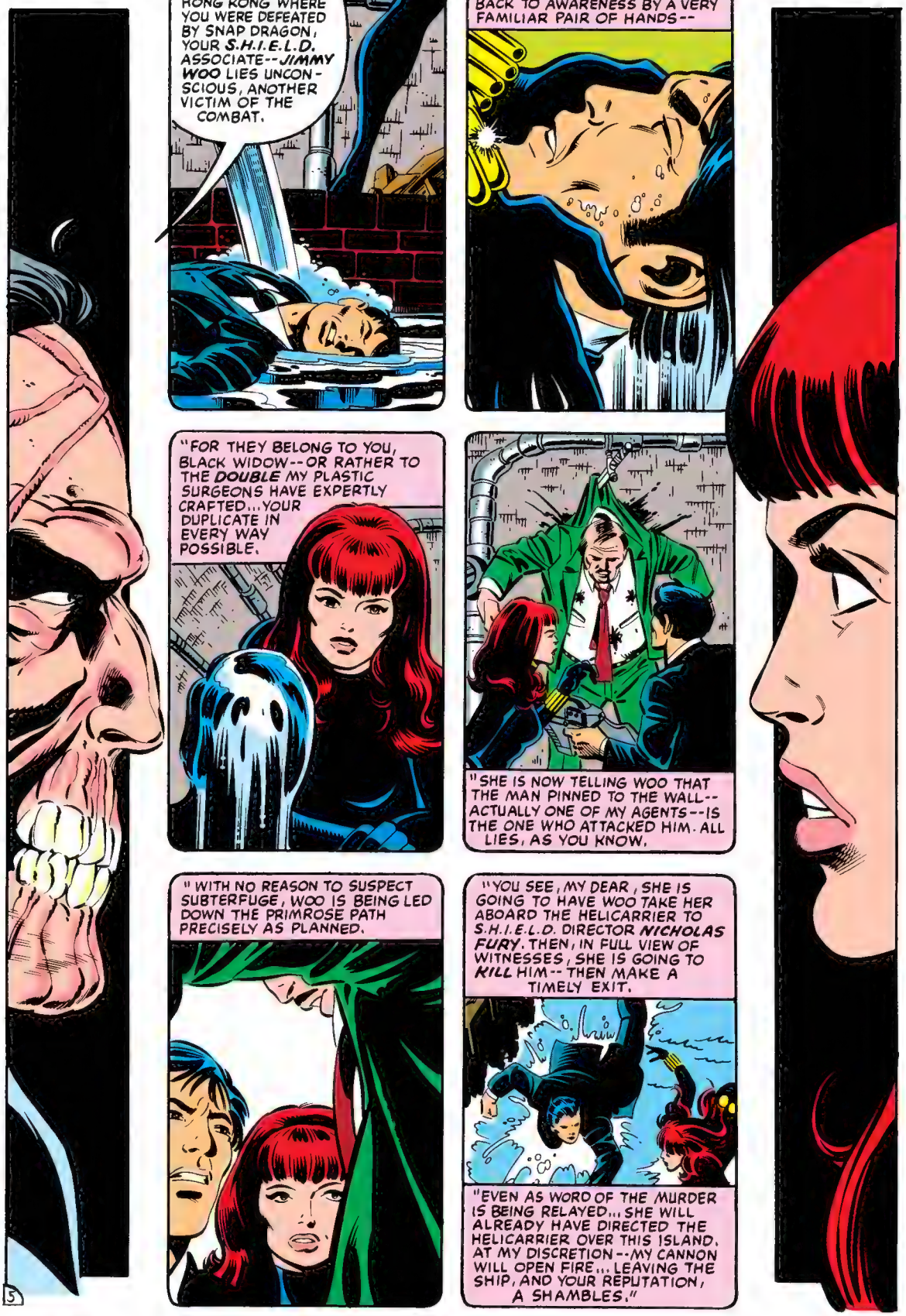

NOW BRING HER ALONG. THERE IS LITTLE TIME TO WASTE.

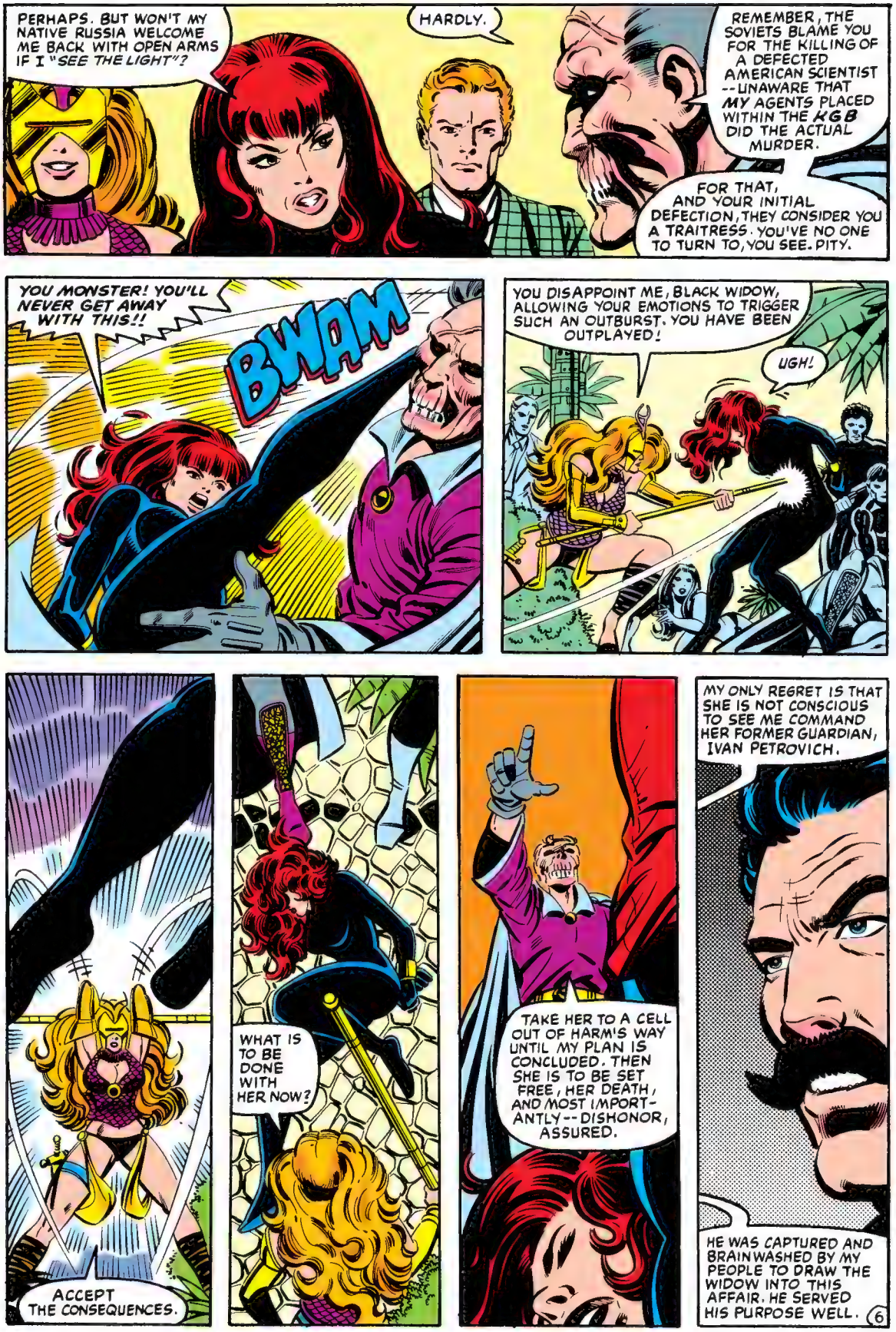


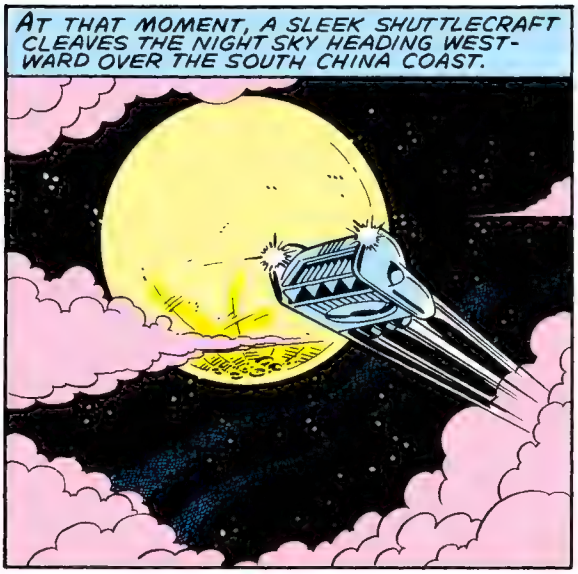
SHE COMES OFF LIKE A REAL CORNBALL, RIGHT? DOESN'T MATTER. SHE STILL WHIPPED YOUR BUTT.
YOU'RE BREATHING ON MY NECK.


BE SILENT. WE ARE IN THE PRESENCE OF MR. DRAN.
3

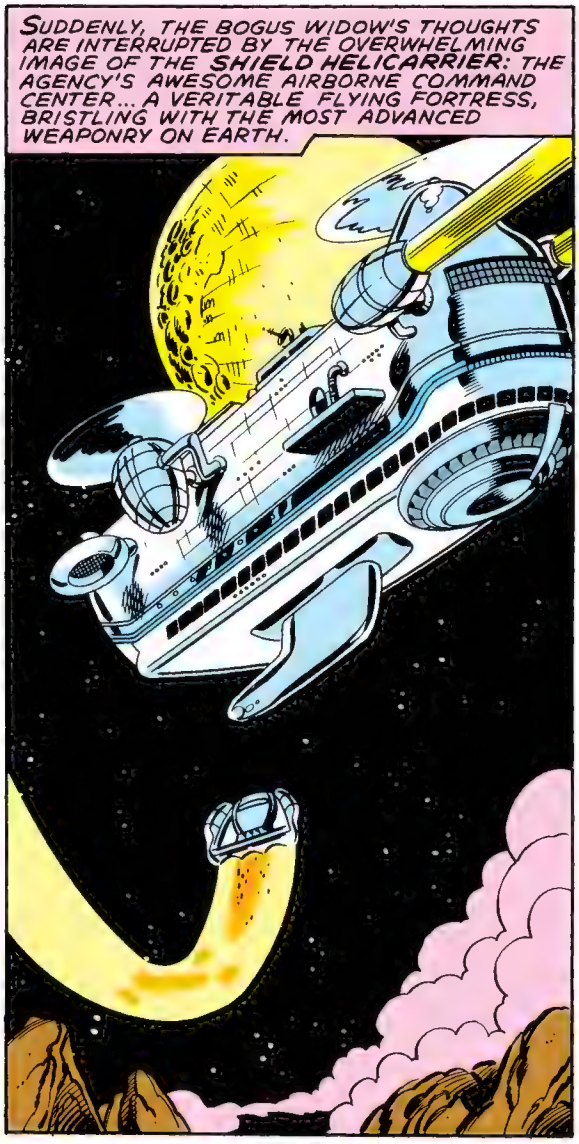

DRAN... DAMON DRAN?! HE'S THE MILLIONAIRE MUNITIONS MANUFACTURER THAT DAREDEVIL AND I FOUGHT YEARS AGO IN CALIFORNIA.
HE WAS FANATIC--CONSUMED WITH THE DESIRE TO SURVIVE THE NUCLEAR WAR HE BELIEVED WAS COMING--THE WAR HIS OWN WEAPONS WERE MAKING EVER MORE LIKELY.
I SEE THE SHOCK AND DISGUST IN YOUR EYES, WIDOW. YES. I AM DAMON DRAN. AS YOU KNOW, I ONCE ATTEMPTED TO PHYSICALLY RECONSTRUCT MYSELF INTO A BEING ABOVE HUMANITY... A BEING CAPABLE OF SURVIVING THE INEVITABLE NUCLEAR HOLOCAUST.
BUT EVEN AS I TOWERED ABOVE THE SPIRES OF SAN FRANCISCO, AN INDESTRUCTIBLE GOD AMONG MEN, YOU BROUGHT ABOUT MY VIOLENT DOWNFALL, NATASHA ROMANOFF. YOU AND DAREDEVIL DESTROYED PROJECT FOUR.
YOU THOUGHT ME DEAD--BUT I SURVIVED AS I ALWAYS HAVE! UNFORTUNATELY, MY FACE WAS DISFIGURED IN THE METABOLIC REGRESSION WHICH FOLLOWED.
SINCE THAT TIME I HAVE SOLD MY MUNITIONS EMPIRE AND PURCHASED THIS ISLAND, MAKING IT MY PERSONAL PARADISE.
AND NOW YOU'VE CAPTURED ME--AND PROBABLY IVAN PETROVICH, AS WELL... FOR THE SOVIET UNION... CORRECT?
NO, MY DEAR. I AM AN INDEPENDENT. I MADE USE OF THE SOVIETS TO FURTHER MY ENDS ONLY. YOU WERE TAKEN BECAUSE MY LIFE NOW HOLDS ONE GOAL--
--YOUR UTTER, IRREVOCABLE DESTRUCTION... FOLLOWED BY THAT OF THE MEDDLING DAREDEVIL.
BUT NOT IN THE MANNER WHICH YOU MIGHT SUPPOSE. NO, MURDER WOULD BE TOO MERCIFUL--TOO PEDESTRIAN.
OBSERVE THE VIEWSCREEN AND ALL WILL BECOME CLEAR.
4

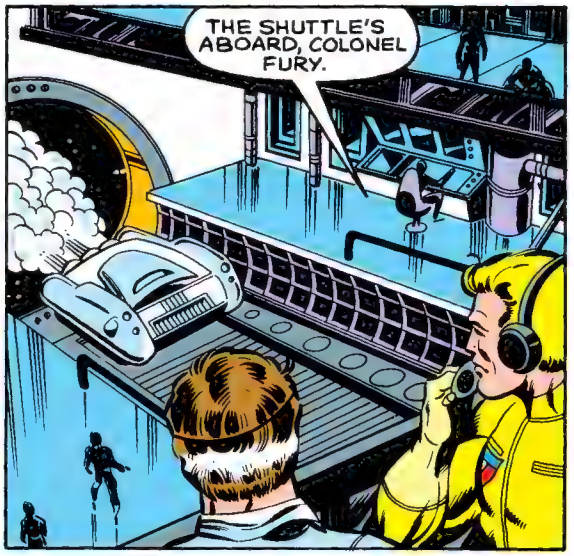

IN THE SEWERS OF HONG KONG WHERE YOU WERE DEFEATED BY SNAP DRAGON, YOUR S.H.I.E.L.D. ASSOCIATE--JIMMY WOO LIES UNCONSCIOUS, ANOTHER VICTIM OF THE COMBAT.
"AND NOW HE IS BEING BROUGHT BACK TO AWARENESS BY A VERY FAMILIAR PAIR OF HANDS--
"FOR THEY BELONG TO YOU, BLACK WIDOW--OR RATHER TO THE DOUBLE MY PLASTIC SURGEONS HAVE EXPERTLY CRAFTED...YOUR DUPLICATE IN EVERY WAY POSSIBLE.
"SHE IS NOW TELLING WOO THAT THE MAN PINNED TO THE WALL--ACTUALLY ONE OF MY AGENTS--IS THE ONE WHO ATTACKED HIM. ALL LIES, AS YOU KNOW.
"WITH NO REASON TO SUSPECT SUBTERFUGE, WOO IS BEING LED DOWN THE PRIMROSE PATH PRECISELY AS PLANNED.
"YOU SEE, MY DEAR, SHE IS GOING TO HAVE WOO TAKE HER ABOARD THE HELICARRIER TO S.H.I.E.L.D. DIRECTOR NICHOLAS FURY. THEN, IN FULL VIEW OF WITNESSES, SHE IS GOING TO KILL HIM--THEN MAKE A TIMELY EXIT.
"EVEN AS WORD OF THE MURDER IS BEING RELAYED... SHE WILL ALREADY HAVE DIRECTED THE HELICARRIER OVER THIS ISLAND. AT MY DISCRETION--MY CANNON WILL OPEN FIRE... LEAVING THE SHIP, AND YOUR REPUTATION, A SHAMBLES."


PERHAPS. BUT WON'T MY NATIVE RUSSIA WELCOME ME BACK WITH OPEN ARMS IF I "SEE THE LIGHT"?
HARDLY.
REMEMBER, THE SOVIETS BLAME YOU FOR THE KILLING OF A DEFECTED AMERICAN SCIENTIST --UNAWARE THAT MY AGENTS PLACED WITHIN THE KGB DID THE ACTUAL MURDER.
FOR THAT, AND YOUR INITIAL DEFECTION, THEY CONSIDER YOU A TRAITRESS. YOU'VE NO ONE TO TURN TO, YOU SEE. PITY.
YOU MONSTER! YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS!!
BWAM
YOU DISAPPOINT ME, BLACK WIDOW, ALLOWING YOUR EMOTIONS TO TRIGGER SUCH AN OUTBURST. YOU HAVE BEEN OUTPLAYED!
UGH!
ACCEPT THE CONSEQUENCES.
WHAT IS TO BE DONE WITH HER NOW?
TAKE HER TO A CELL OUT OF HARM'S WAY UNTIL MY PLAN IS CONCLUDED. THEN SHE IS TO BE SET FREE, HER DEATH, AND MOST IMPORTANTLY -- DISHONOR, ASSURED.
MY ONLY REGRET IS THAT SHE IS NOT CONSCIOUS TO SEE ME COMMAND HER FORMER GUARDIAN, IVAN PETROVICH.
HE WAS CAPTURED AND BRAINWASHED BY MY PEOPLE TO DRAW THE WIDOW INTO THIS AFFAIR. HE SERVED HIS PURPOSE WELL.
6

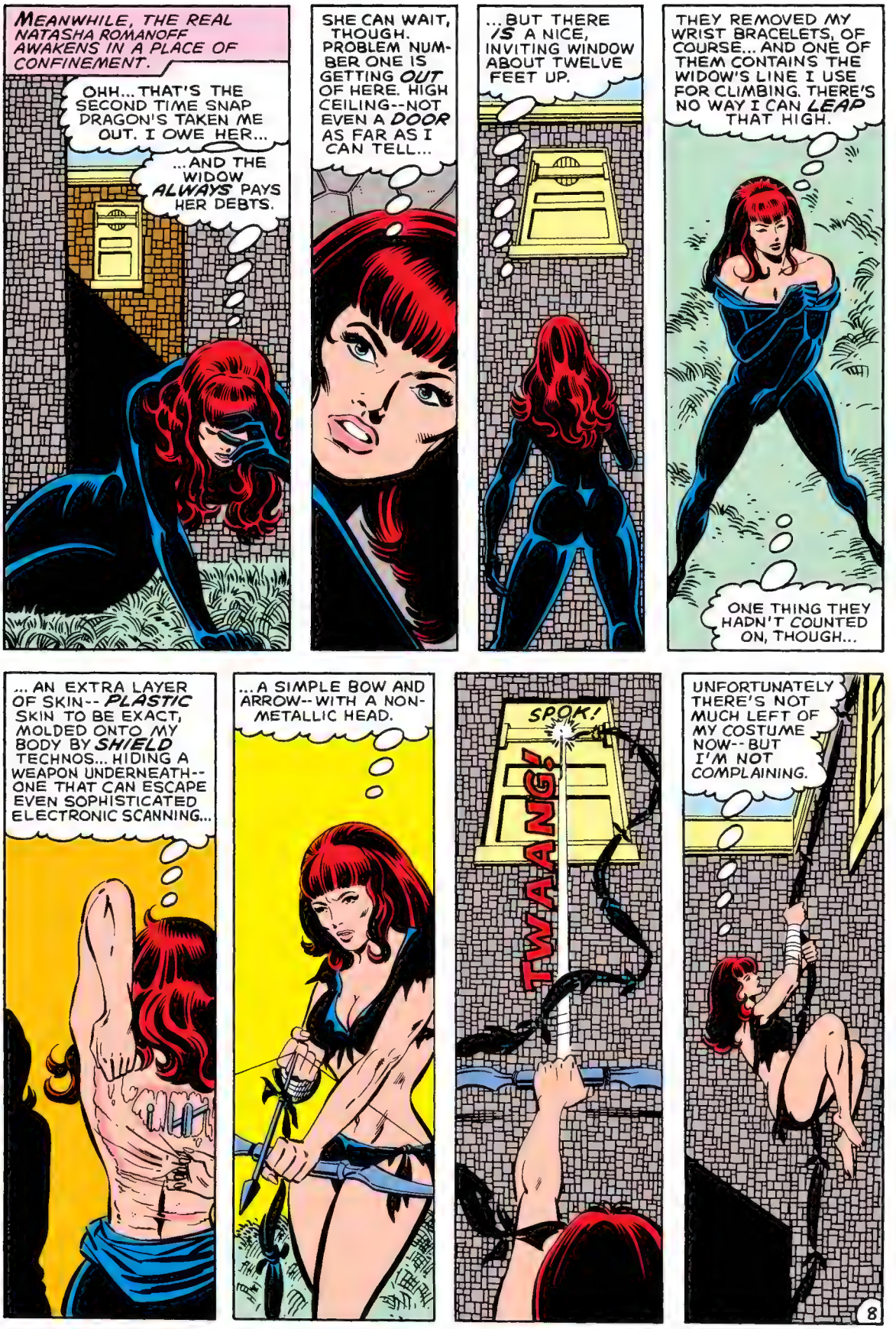

AT THAT MOMENT, A SLEEK SHUTTLECRAFT CLEAVES THE NIGHT SKY HEADING WESTWARD OVER THE SOUTH CHINA COAST.

THE PLASTIC SURGERY WAS FAULTLESS--AND MY EXTENSIVE STUDY OF MS. ROMANOFF AND HER CHARACTERISTICS HAS MADE MY DECEPTION PERFECT. WOO TRULY BELIEVES I AM THE BLACK WIDOW.

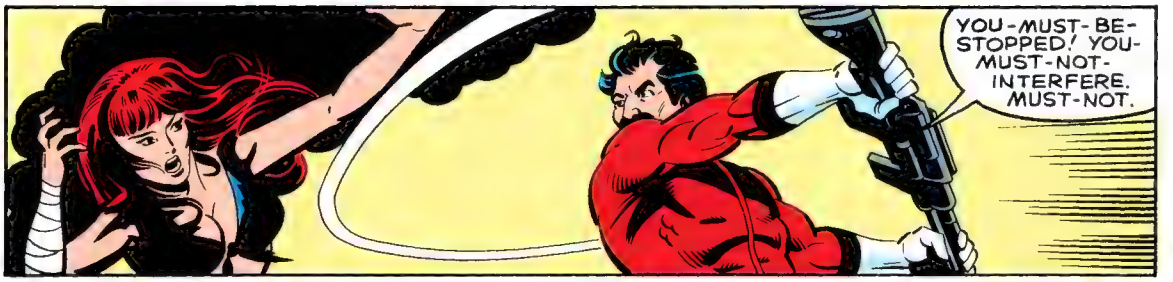

SUDDENLY, THE BOGUS WIDOW'S THOUGHTS ARE INTERRUPTED BY THE OVERWHELMING IMAGE OF THE SHIELD HELICARRIER: THE AGENCY'S AWESOME AIRBORNE COMMAND CENTER... A VERITABLE FLYING FORTRESS, BRISTLING WITH THE MOST ADVANCED WEAPONRY ON EARTH.

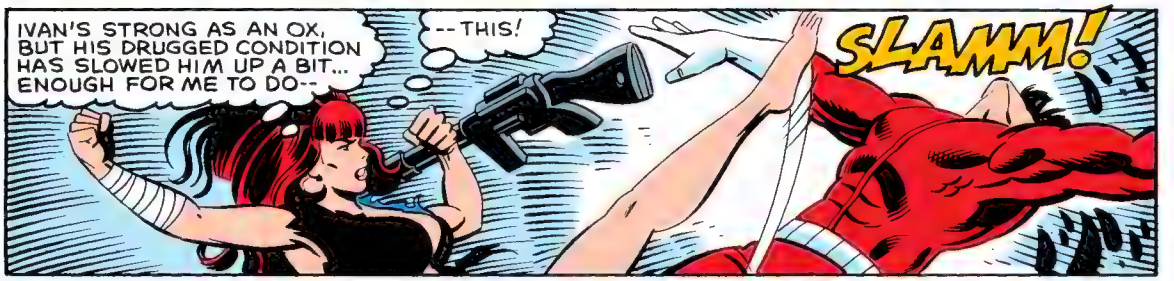

THE SHUTTLE'S ABOARD, COLONEL FURY.

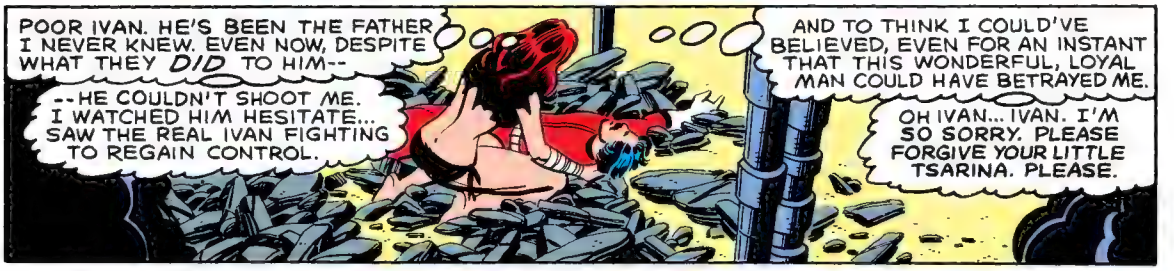
SWELL. I GOT A FEW THOUSAND THINGS TO SAY TO THE WIDOW. SO FAR ALL I GOT TO SHOW FOR THIS MISSION IS EGG ON MY FACE. NO IVAN... NO NOTHIN'.
WELL, SHE'S GONNA HEAR ABOUT IT... LEMME TELL YA.


MEANWHILE, THE REAL NATASHA ROMANOFF AWAKENS IN A PLACE OF CONFINEMENT.
OHH... THAT'S THE SECOND TIME SNAP DRAGON'S TAKEN ME OUT. I OWE HER...
...AND THE WIDOW ALWAYS PAYS HER DEBTS.
SHE CAN WAIT, THOUGH. PROBLEM NUMBER ONE IS GETTING OUT OF HERE. HIGH CEILING--NOT EVEN A DOOR AS FAR AS I CAN TELL...
...BUT THERE IS A NICE, INVITING WINDOW ABOUT TWELVE FEET UP.
THEY REMOVED MY WRIST BRACELETS, OF COURSE... AND ONE OF THEM CONTAINS THE WIDOW'S LINE I USE FOR CLIMBING. THERE'S NO WAY I CAN LEAP THAT HIGH.
ONE THING THEY HADN'T COUNTED ON, THOUGH...
...AN EXTRA LAYER OF SKIN-- PLASTIC SKIN TO BE EXACT, MOLDED ONTO MY BODY BY SHIELD TECHNOS... HIDING A WEAPON UNDERNEATH-- ONE THAT CAN ESCAPE EVEN SOPHISTICATED ELECTRONIC SCANNING...
...A SIMPLE BOW AND ARROW-- WITH A NON-METALLIC HEAD.
SPOK!
TWAANG!
UNFORTUNATELY THERE'S NOT MUCH LEFT OF MY COSTUME NOW-- BUT I'M NOT COMPLAINING.
8

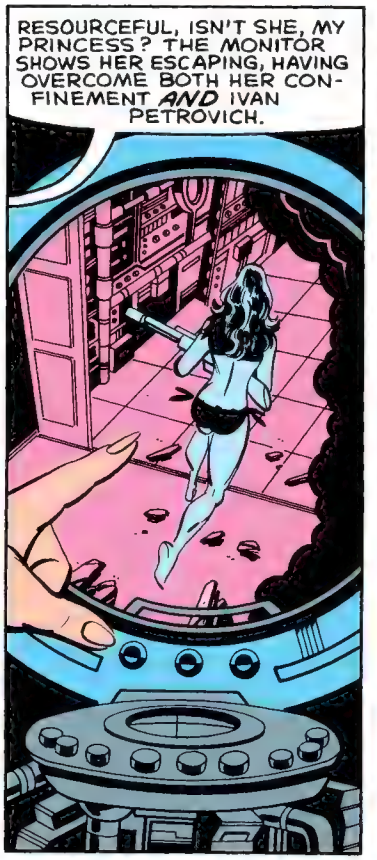
HMMM... VERY DECEPTIVE. HERE I THOUGHT I WAS HIGH-- AND THE WINDOW'S AT GROUND LEVEL... AND LOCKED.
THE GLASS IS ALSO THICKER THAN A WIND-SHIELD. DRAN'S TAKING NO CHANCES.
AND NEITHER IS SHIELD. THE PLASTIC EXPLOSIVE I'M ACTIVATING INSIDE THIS ARROWHEAD SHOULD DO THE JOB.
THE NATURE OF THE MATERIAL DIVERTS THE ENTIRE FORCE OF THE BLAST OUTWARD, SO THEORETICALLY, THE LEDGE SHOULDN'T EVEN BE DAMAGED.
WHROOM!
NOT BAD. I--
HALT-AT-ONCE.
WHO--?
IVAN!
MAKE-NO-SUDDEN-MOVES-OR-I-WILL-STOP-YOU. THOSE ARE-MY-ORDERS.
THEN DRAN DID CAPTURE HIM-- AS BAIT TO GET ME. BUT, THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH HIM--HIS EYES GLAZED... HIS SPEECH IS STILTED.
HE'S EITHER DRUGGED OR HYPNOTIZED... OR BOTH.
IVAN--
COME-WITH-ME. YOU-ARE-MY-PRISONER.
IVAN! DON'T YOU KNOW ME? IT'S NATASHA!
NATASHA!
STOP!
9


YOU-MUST-BE-STOPPED! YOU-MUST-NOT-INTERFERE. MUST-NOT.

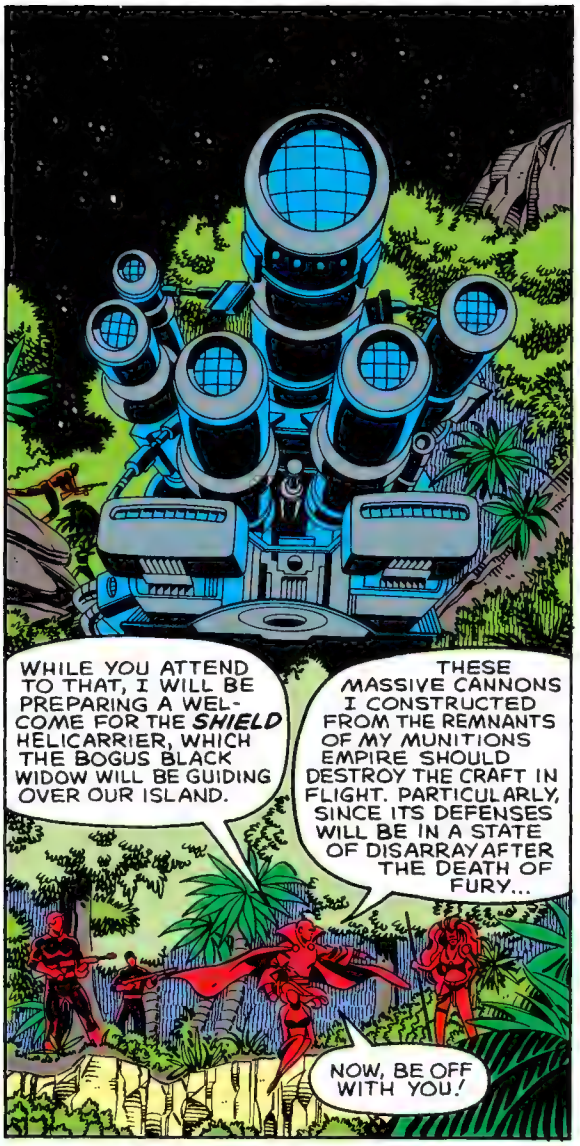

IVAN'S STRONG AS AN OX, BUT HIS DRUGGED CONDITION HAS SLOWED HIM UP A BIT... ENOUGH FOR ME TO DO--
--THIS!
SLAMM!


POOR IVAN. HE'S BEEN THE FATHER I NEVER KNEW. EVEN NOW, DESPITE WHAT THEY DID TO HIM--
--HE COULDN'T SHOOT ME. I WATCHED HIM HESITATE... SAW THE REAL IVAN FIGHTING TO REGAIN CONTROL.
AND TO THINK I COULD'VE BELIEVED, EVEN FOR AN INSTANT THAT THIS WONDERFUL, LOYAL MAN COULD HAVE BETRAYED ME.
OH IVAN... IVAN. I'M SO SORRY. PLEASE FORGIVE YOUR LITTLE TSARINA. PLEASE.

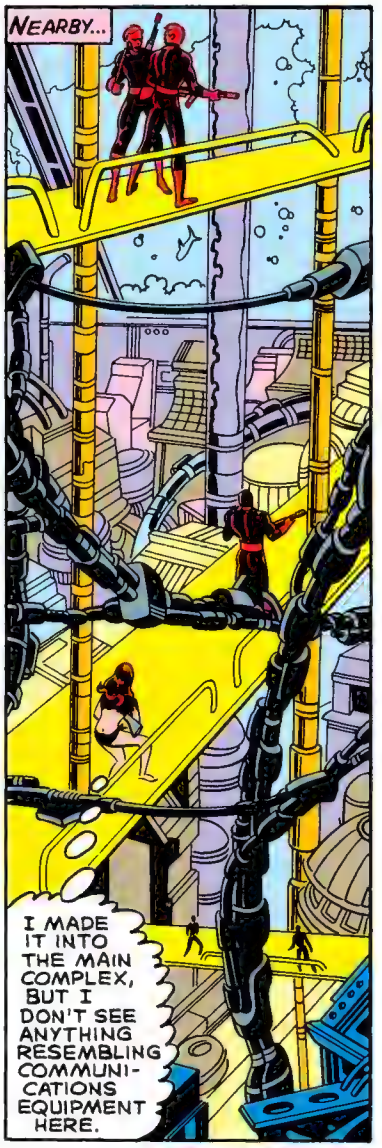
I HATE TO LEAVE HIM, BUT I'VE NO CHOICE. SHIELD MUST BE WARNED ABOUT MY DOUBLE... IMMEDIATELY! I HAVE TO REACH THE COMMAND CENTER.
BUT I'LL COME BACK FOR YOU, IVAN. I SWEAR IT.


RESOURCEFUL, ISN'T SHE, MY PRINCESS? THE MONITOR SHOWS HER ESCAPING, HAVING OVERCOME BOTH HER CONFINEMENT AND IVAN PETROVICH.

PERHAPS IT IS TIME HER PUNISHMENT BECAME MORE SEVERE, SNAP DRAGON LET HER KNOW PAIN... BUT DO NOT KILL HER.
AS YOU DESIRE, MR. DRAN.

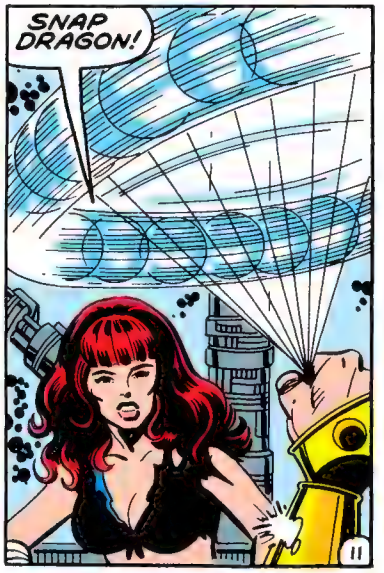

WHILE YOU ATTEND TO THAT, I WILL BE PREPARING A WELCOME FOR THE SHIELD HELICARRIER, WHICH THE BOGUS BLACK WIDOW WILL BE GUIDING OVER OUR ISLAND.
THESE MASSIVE CANNONS I CONSTRUCTED FROM THE REMNANTS OF MY MUNITIONS EMPIRE SHOULD DESTROY THE CRAFT IN FLIGHT. PARTICULARLY, SINCE ITS DEFENSES WILL BE IN A STATE OF DISARRAY AFTER THE DEATH OF FURY...
NOW, BE OFF WITH YOU!

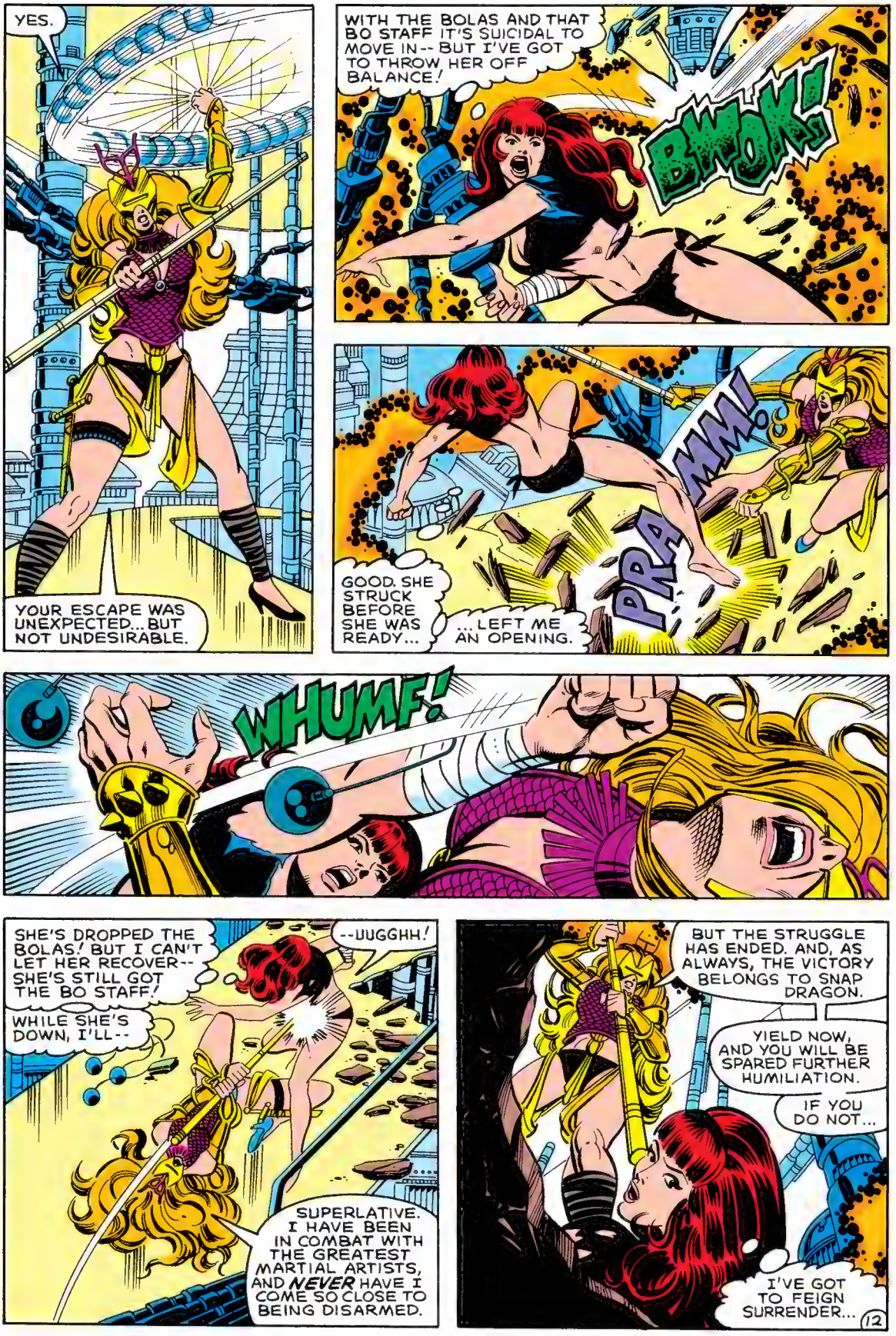
SWIFTLY, SILENTLY, SHE TURNS AND MOVES IN SEARCH OF HER QUARRY. NOT FOR HER, THE TECHNOLOGICAL SPECTER OF DEATH...
...RATHER, THE TASTE OF PERSONAL COMBAT, ITS MOST BRUTAL PRIMITIVE LEVEL.

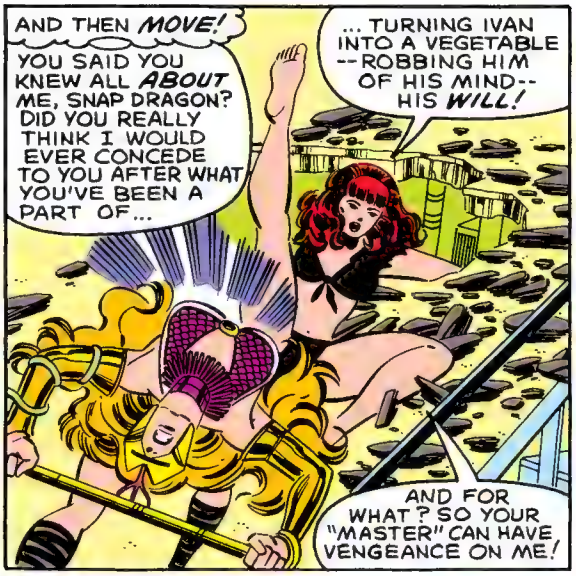

NEARBY...
I MADE IT INTO THE MAIN COMPLEX, BUT I DON'T SEE ANYTHING RESEMBLING COMMUNICATIONS EQUIPMENT HERE.

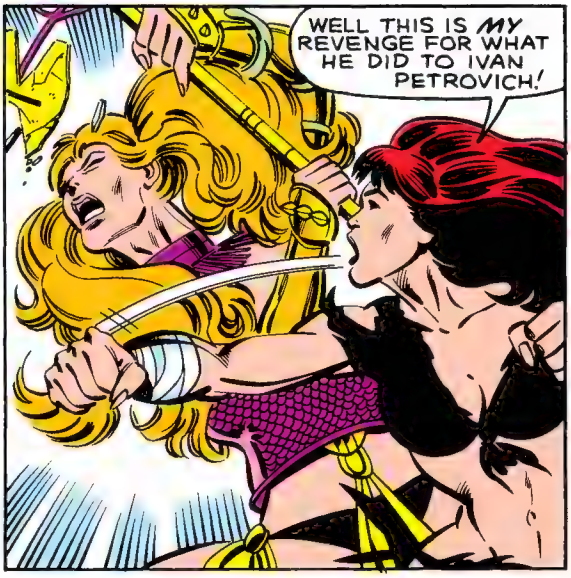
SO, I'LL SIMPLY HAVE TO GO ON UNTIL I FIND IT.
CHUKK!

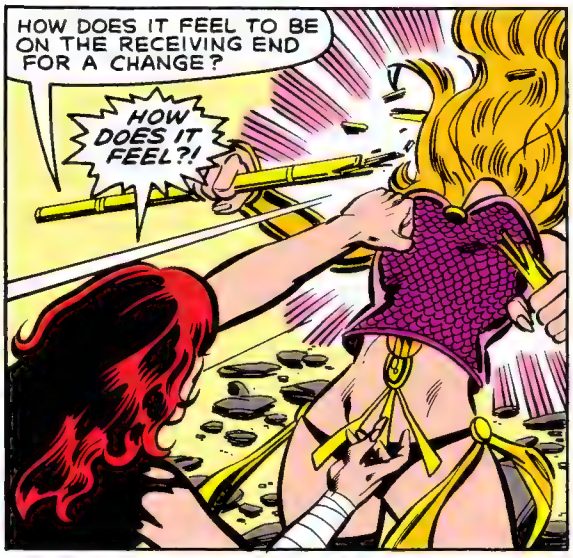
SWOP!
WHAT--?! MY HAND!

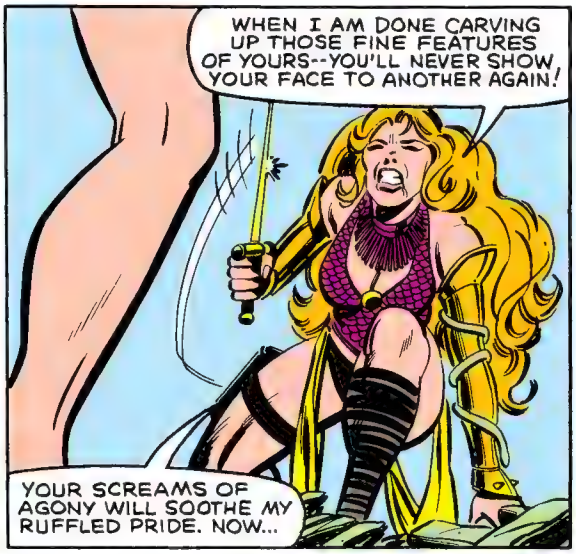

SNAP DRAGON!

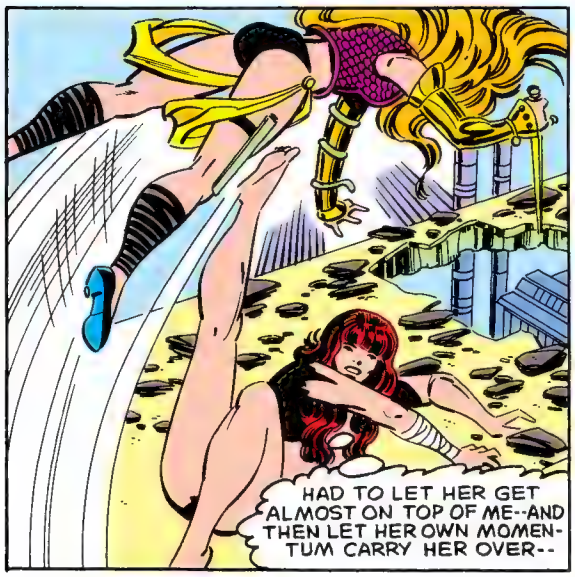

YES.
YOUR ESCAPE WAS UNEXPECTED... BUT NOT UNDESIRABLE.
WITH THE BOLAS AND THAT BO STAFF IT'S SUICIDAL TO MOVE IN -- BUT I'VE GOT TO THROW HER OFF BALANCE!
BWOK!
GOOD. SHE STRUCK BEFORE SHE WAS READY...
...LEFT ME AN OPENING.
PRAMM!
WHUMF!
SHE'S DROPPED THE BOLAS! BUT I CAN'T LET HER RECOVER -- SHE'S STILL GOT THE BO STAFF!
WHILE SHE'S DOWN, I'LL --
--UUGGHH!
SUPERLATIVE. I HAVE BEEN IN COMBAT WITH THE GREATEST MARTIAL ARTISTS, AND NEVER HAVE I COME SO CLOSE TO BEING DISARMED.
BUT THE STRUGGLE HAS ENDED. AND, AS ALWAYS, THE VICTORY BELONGS TO SNAP DRAGON.
YIELD NOW, AND YOU WILL BE SPARED FURTHER HUMILIATION.
IF YOU DO NOT...
I'VE GOT TO FEIGN SURRENDER...
12

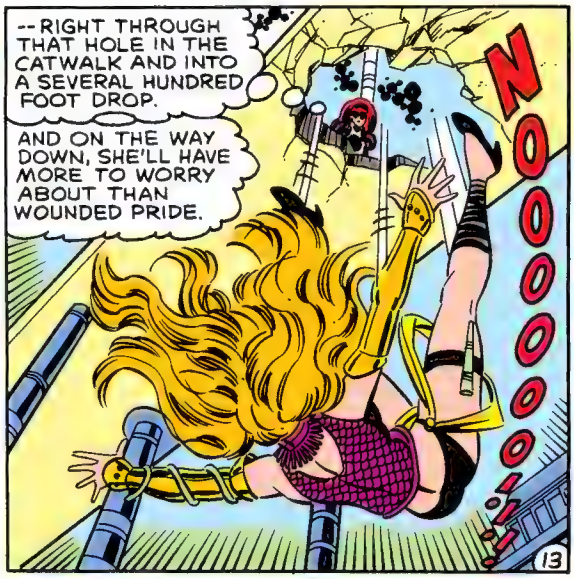

AND THEN MOVE!
YOU SAID YOU KNEW ALL ABOUT ME, SNAP DRAGON? DID YOU REALLY THINK I WOULD EVER CONCEDE TO YOU AFTER WHAT YOU'VE BEEN A PART OF...
... TURNING IVAN INTO A VEGETABLE --ROBBING HIM OF HIS MIND-- HIS WILL!
AND FOR WHAT? SO YOUR "MASTER" CAN HAVE VENGEANCE ON ME!

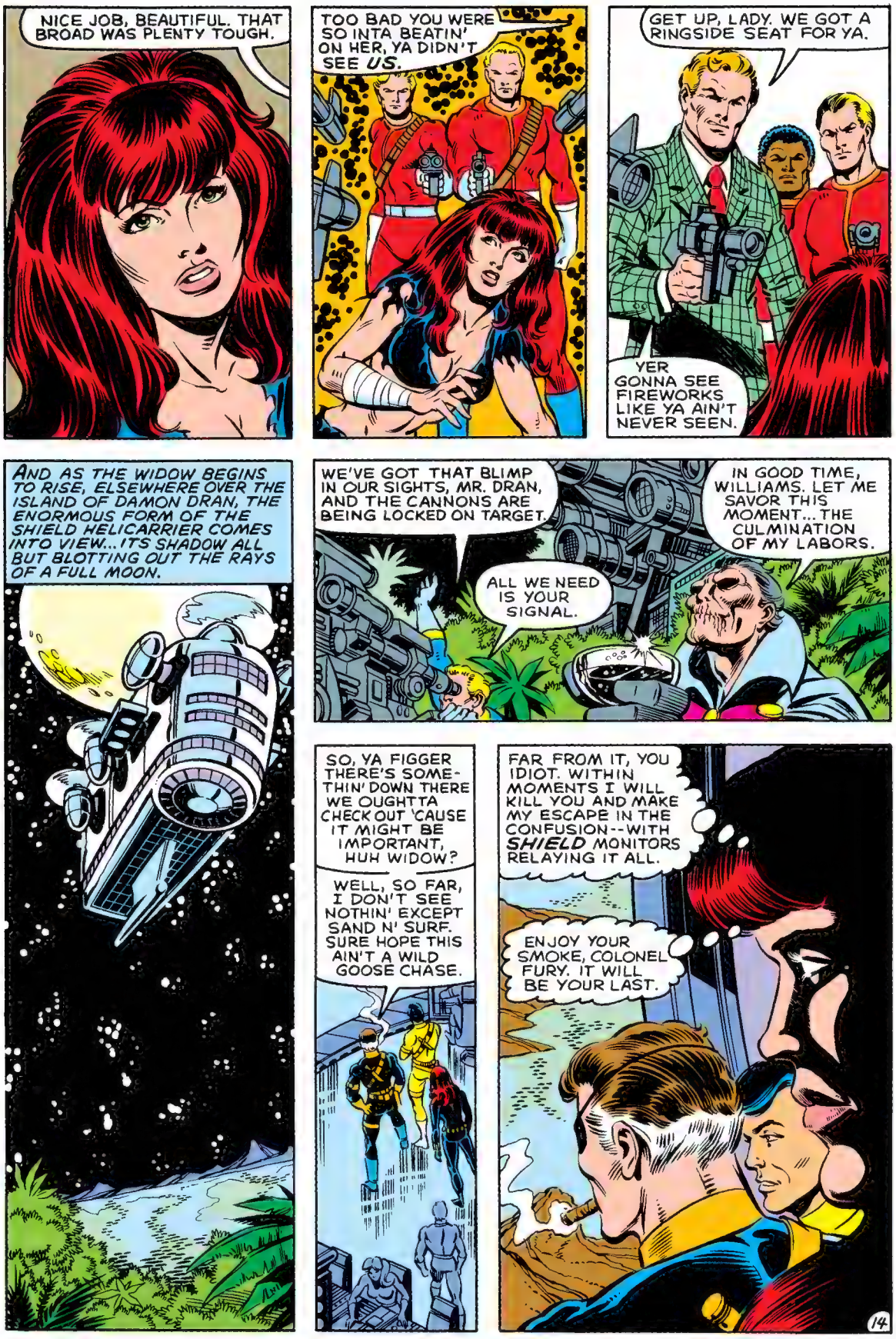

WELL THIS IS MY REVENGE FOR WHAT HE DID TO IVAN PETROVICH!


HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE ON THE RECEIVING END FOR A CHANGE?
HOW DOES IT FEEL?!


WHEN I AM DONE CARVING UP THOSE FINE FEATURES OF YOURS--YOU'LL NEVER SHOW YOUR FACE TO ANOTHER AGAIN!
YOUR SCREAMS OF AGONY WILL SOOTHE MY RUFFLED PRIDE. NOW...


HAD TO LET HER GET ALMOST ON TOP OF ME--AND THEN LET HER OWN MOMENTUM CARRY HER OVER--

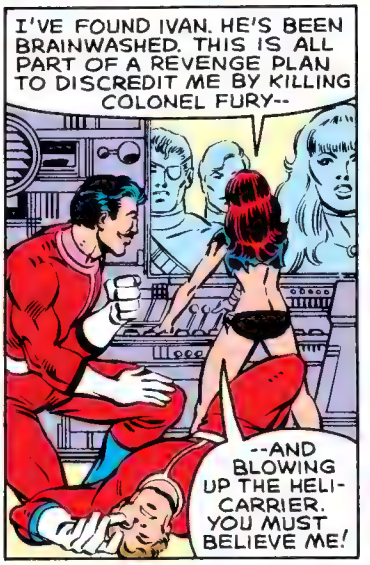

--RIGHT THROUGH THAT HOLE IN THE CATWALK AND INTO A SEVERAL HUNDRED FOOT DROP.
AND ON THE WAY DOWN, SHE'LL HAVE MORE TO WORRY ABOUT THAN WOUNDED PRIDE.
NOOOOOOOO!!!

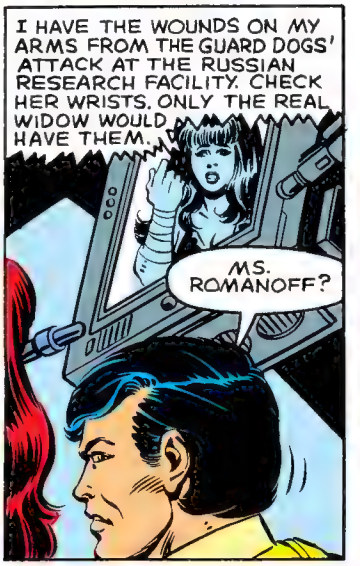

NICE JOB, BEAUTIFUL. THAT BROAD WAS PLENTY TOUGH.
TOO BAD YOU WERE SO INTA BEATIN' ON HER, YA DIDN'T SEE US.
GET UP, LADY. WE GOT A RINGSIDE SEAT FOR YA.
YER GONNA SEE FIREWORKS LIKE YA AIN'T NEVER SEEN.
AND AS THE WIDOW BEGINS TO RISE, ELSEWHERE OVER THE ISLAND OF DAMON DRAN, THE ENORMOUS FORM OF THE SHIELD HELICARRIER COMES INTO VIEW... ITS SHADOW ALL BUT BLOTTING OUT THE RAYS OF A FULL MOON.
WE'VE GOT THAT BLIMP IN OUR SIGHTS, MR. DRAN, AND THE CANNONS ARE BEING LOCKED ON TARGET.
ALL WE NEED IS YOUR SIGNAL.
IN GOOD TIME, WILLIAMS. LET ME SAVOR THIS MOMENT... THE CULMINATION OF MY LABORS.
SO, YA FIGGER THERE'S SOMETHIN' DOWN THERE WE OUGHTTA CHECK OUT 'CAUSE IT MIGHT BE IMPORTANT, HUH WIDOW?
WELL, SO FAR, I DON'T SEE NOTHIN' EXCEPT SAND N' SURF. SURE HOPE THIS AIN'T A WILD GOOSE CHASE.
FAR FROM IT, YOU IDIOT. WITHIN MOMENTS I WILL KILL YOU AND MAKE MY ESCAPE IN THE CONFUSION--WITH SHIELD MONITORS RELAYING IT ALL.
ENJOY YOUR SMOKE, COLONEL FURY. IT WILL BE YOUR LAST.
14

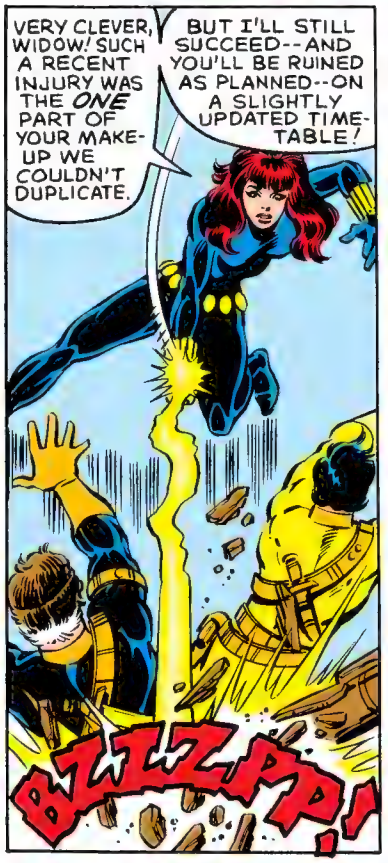
SURE TAKIN' YER SWEET TIME ABOUT GETTIN' UP, AIN'CHA. COME ON. COME ON.
YES. I-I AM COMING.
SUDDENLY...
BUDA! BUDA! BUDA!
I-DON'T-UNDERSTAND-WHY-I-SHOT-THEM... BUT-COULDN'T-LET-THEM-HURT-YOU. INSIDE-SOMETHING-MADE-ME-SHOOT. SOMETHING...
IVAN! OUR ENCOUNTER BEFORE MUST HAVE BEEN LIKE SHOCK THERAPY. HE'S GRADUALLY OVERCOMING THEIR PROGRAMMING.
AND THANKS TO HIM, THE WAY IS NOW CLEAR FOR ME TO REACH THE COMMUNICATIONS CENTER AND WARN THE HELI-CARRIER ABOUT ITS INTRUDER.
IF ONLY I'M NOT TOO LATE.
AND ABOVE, THE HELI-CARRIER HOVERS --AN OVERSIZED TARGET FOR THE CAMOUFLAGED WEAPONS BELOW.
IT'S TIME FOR ME TO SAY AU REVOIR TO THE BOORISH COLONEL FURY.
15

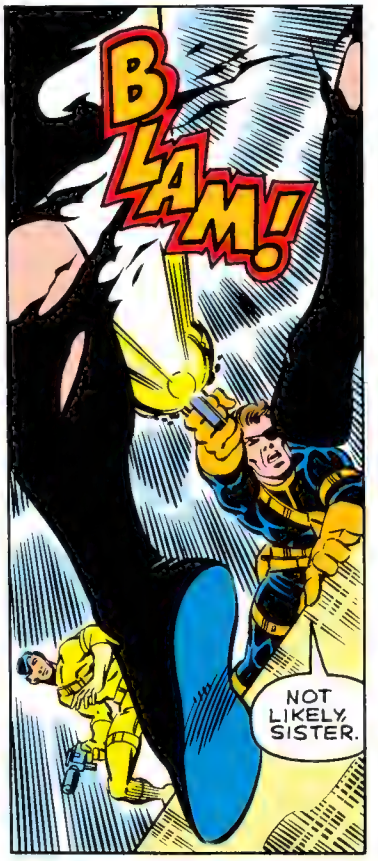
WAIT--SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG! WHAT'S DRAN DOING?
COLONEL FURY--THERE! ON THE VIEWSCREEN IT'S--!
YEAH!

LISTEN TO ME! I AM THE REAL BLACK WIDOW. THE WOMAN ONBOARD IS AN IMPOSTER!

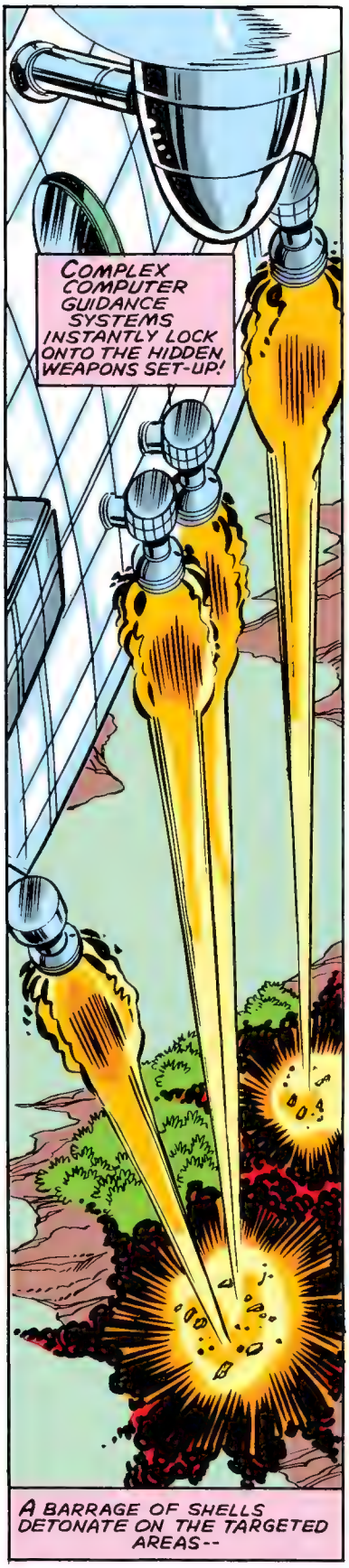

I'VE FOUND IVAN. HE'S BEEN BRAINWASHED. THIS IS ALL PART OF A REVENGE PLAN TO DISCREDIT ME BY KILLING COLONEL FURY--
--AND BLOWING UP THE HELI-CARRIER. YOU MUST BELIEVE ME!


I HAVE THE WOUNDS ON MY ARMS FROM THE GUARD DOGS' ATTACK AT THE RUSSIAN RESEARCH FACILITY. CHECK HER WRISTS. ONLY THE REAL WIDOW WOULD HAVE THEM.
MS. ROMANOFF?

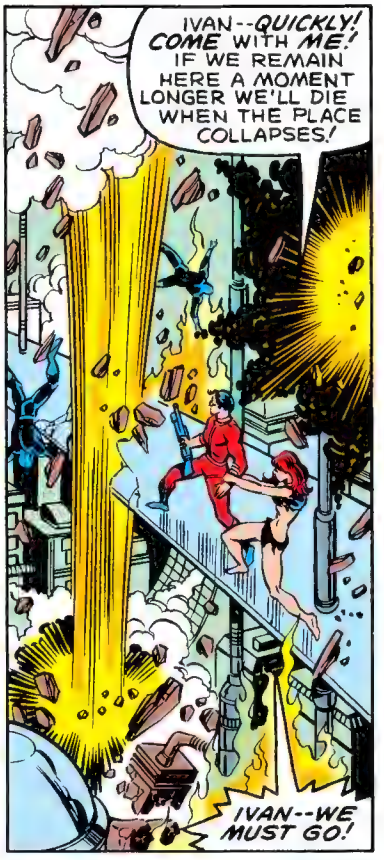

VERY CLEVER, WIDOW! SUCH A RECENT INJURY WAS THE ONE PART OF YOUR MAKE-UP WE COULDN'T DUPLICATE.
BUT I'LL STILL SUCCEED--AND YOU'LL BE RUINED AS PLANNED--ON A SLIGHTLY UPDATED TIME-TABLE!
BZZZPP!

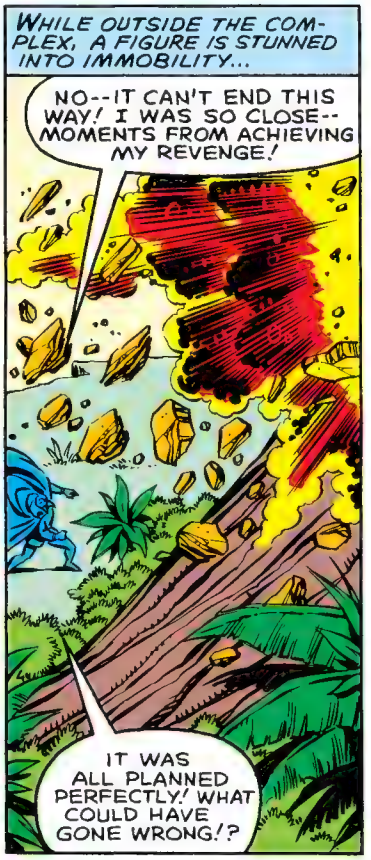

BLAM!
NOT LIKELY, SISTER.

AWRIGHT, EVERYBODY TO BATTLE STATIONS. I HAD A HUNCH SOMETHIN' WUZN'T RIGHT ABOUT THIS SIDE TRIP, SO I HAD THE ISLAND SCANNED AND THE WEAPONS SYSTEMS PUT ON RED ALERT--JUST IN CASE. BUT I COULDN'T START SHOOTIN' UNTIL I KNEW WHAT WAS GOIN' ON.
NOW--I'M GONNA WARN THE WIDOW TA GET OFFA THAT ISLAND. YOU WAIT FER MY SIGNAL--THEN OPEN FIRE. THAT SHOULD BE ALL THE HEADSTART SHE'LL NEED.

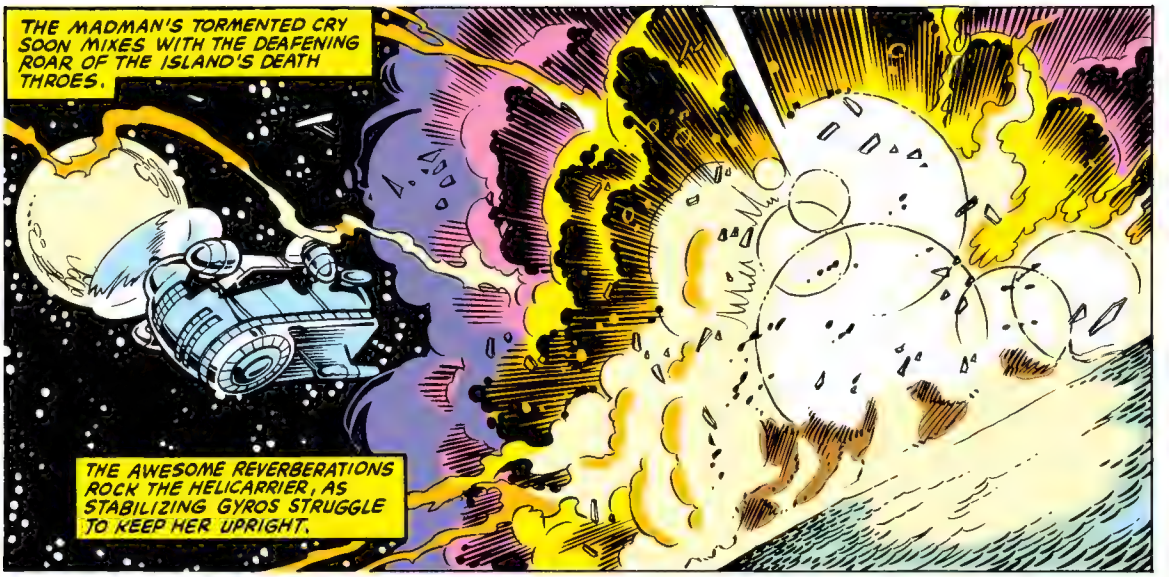

COMPLEX COMPUTER GUIDANCE SYSTEMS INSTANTLY LOCK ONTO THE HIDDEN WEAPONS SET-UP!
A BARRAGE OF SHELLS DETONATE ON THE TARGETED AREAS--

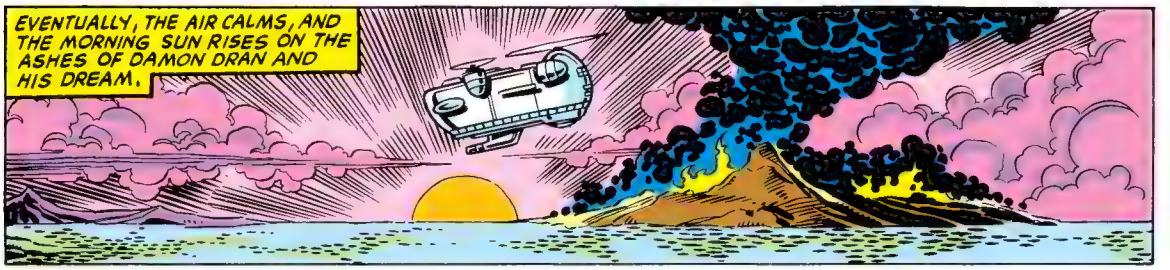
--DESTROYING THE MAMMOTH CANNONS MERE SECONDS BEFORE THEY CAN BE FIRED.
BRAKOOM!!


IVAN--QUICKLY! COME WITH ME! IF WE REMAIN HERE A MOMENT LONGER WE'LL DIE WHEN THE PLACE COLLAPSES!
IVAN--WE MUST GO!


WHILE OUTSIDE THE COMPLEX, A FIGURE IS STUNNED INTO IMMOBILITY...
NO--IT CAN'T END THIS WAY! I WAS SO CLOSE--MOMENTS FROM ACHIEVING MY REVENGE!
IT WAS ALL PLANNED PERFECTLY! WHAT COULD HAVE GONE WRONG!?

WHAT?!
WHAAATTT?!


THE MADMAN'S TORMENTED CRY SOON MIXES WITH THE DEAFENING ROAR OF THE ISLAND'S DEATH THROES.
THE AWESOME REVERBERATIONS ROCK THE HELICARRIER, AS STABILIZING GYROS STRUGGLE TO KEEP HER UPRIGHT.


EVENTUALLY, THE AIR CALMS, AND THE MORNING SUN RISES ON THE ASHES OF DAMON DRAN AND HIS DREAM.

A SMALL SKIMMER IS DISPATCHED FOR SURVIVORS...
WELL, LOOKIT THAT. FURY SAID THE WIDOW'D MAKE IT OFF THE ISLAND 'CAUSE SHE'S THE BEST THERE IS.
WHEN A WOMAN LIKE THAT SETS HER SIGHTS ON SURVIVIN' NOTHIN'S GONNA STOP HER!

THAT SHIP... LOOKS FAMILIAR. I-I'VE SEEN IT BEFORE--CAN'T REMEMBER. BUT SO FAMILIAR... I...

HE'S STARTING TO COME OUT OF IT, THANK GOD... EVEN THOUGH IT'S GOING TO TAKE WEEKS OF DEPROGRAMMING TO UNDO ALL OF THE BRAINWASHING. BUT IVAN'S STRONG... HE'LL MAKE IT.
HE'LL MAKE IT WITH HIS LITTLE TSARINA BY HIS SIDE... AND NOT EVEN THE BLACK WIDOW IS GOING TO STAND IN THE WAY OF THAT.
END.

Daredevil #206 (May 1984) addressed a coloring mistake in issue #202 with an expensive solution. Get out your scissors, True Believer!

DEVIL'S ADVOCATE

% MARVEL COMICS GROUP
387 Park Avenue South
New York, New York 10016

BOB BUDIANSKY
EDITOR
MICHAEL HIGGINS
ASSISTANT EDITOR

Here's what you said (gasp!) about Assistant Editors' Month . . .

Dear Marvel:

I had no doubt that DAREDEVIL #202 would feature a battle between Daredevil and this new adversary of his, the savage Chief Micah. Of course, the cover gave that away, but I also knew DD would eventually win the fight. Even though I was right, I enjoyed how this was accomplished. For once Daredevil was, how should I put it, "lucky" because he could have very easily lost that brawl. DD was probably right when he said the Chief "may be the most dangerous man I've ever met", but we must not forget that Hornhead has been up against some pretty tough dudes in the past . . . like Bullseye and the Incredible Hulk.

However, I really wanted to comment about your second feature, "A Life in the Day." It was one of the better Assistant Editors' Month features that have come out so far! I especially enjoyed Luke McDonnell's renditions of Dirk McGirk's "artwork."

Keep up the good (and exciting) work.

Conrad P. Felber
Sudbury, Ontario

Thanks for the kind words, Conrad, but allow us to set the record straight on one point.

The "artwork" found in Dirk McGirk's notebook was actually provided by the scripter of our unusual back-up feature, Michael Carlin.

Dear Marvel:

"A Life in the Day" in #202 was very good to say the least. My favorite part of the entire issue, however, was the return of the "Pop Art Productions" logo, which I'm sure will remain on the cover henceforth.

Gerry Walter North
Columbia Station, OH 44028

Don't count on it, Gerry. Then again, Mike just might find a way to sneak it on when nobody's looking!

Dear Marvel:

I can't describe DAREDEVIL #202 in one word because it was everything I buy comics for: action-packed, wonderful, funny, heroic, daring, suspenseful, savage, electrifying, and outstanding!

Thanks, Denny and William, for great stories.

Keith Kokoska
50 Nanalapan Rd.
Spotwood, NJ 08884

Dear Bob:

Re: DAREDEVIL #202

This has to be one of the worst books put out during Assistant Editors' Month. The story was bad and the artwork poor. If I had not seen the word "end" I would not have known that the first story was over. Nothing was resolved and, we, the readers, were left hanging with no conclusion in sight.

Oh, about the second story — the less said, the better.

Steven Rea Thomas
Warrensburg, MO 64093

That bad, huh, Steven? Well, fortunately for Mike, not all our readers agree with you!

Dear Bob:

Michael Higgins, Assistant Editor, did a great job this month. "Savages" was outta sight and I found "A Life in the Day" hysterically humorous! (You did a spectacular job, Mike!)

Paul Everett Spurgeon
Phoenix, AZ 85032

Dear Marvel:

"Savages" in DAREDEVIL #202 was a good story. I have always liked those "wild savage comes to the big city" stories. The art by Johnson and Bulanadi was also very good. I do have one complaint — the story ended rather abruptly.

As for that fine piece of comic literature called "A Life in the Day," all I can say is "Hurry Back Bob!"

David Brannon
Riverdale, GA 30274

Dear Marvel:

Issue #202 of DAREDEVIL was different and interesting. The first story was great. The portrayal of brutality in an alien but similar form (English tribesmen?) worked well with the city's bridled violence: an interesting reflection on our culture.

The second story, although aimed at a younger reader, was, I believe, uniquely complex, especially the syntax. Good effort.

Peter Hauber
Philadelpha, PA 19111

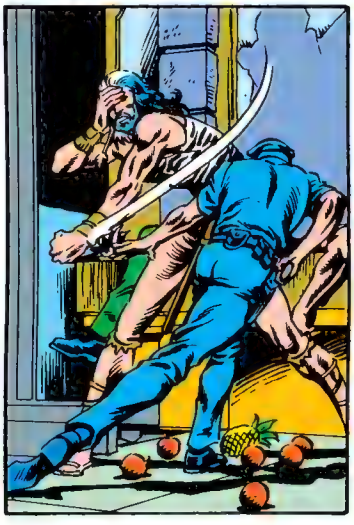
Dear Marvel:

I would like to commend William and Danny for the excellent artwork on DAREDEVIL #202. The art is very realistic, and I especially liked the battle scene on pages 18-20. Oh, and as for "A Life in the Day"—it was great! Have another Assistant Editors' Month.

Dan Southard
San Diego, CA 92123

AND NOW, A WORD FROM YOUR CRIMSON-FACED ASSISTANT EDITOR:

On page 10, panel 6, of DD #202 a white officer named Mulcahay apologizes to Chief Micah and identifies himself as the same cop who had clubbed him over the head earlier. However, the scene on page 9, panels 1-3, actually shows a black officer hitting Chief Micah. Some of you wrote letters trying to explain away this blunder seeking much coveted No-Prizes for your creative solutions. But, NO!! This time I must *GULP* confess . . . and make amends. So, grab a pair of scissors and carefully cut out the three panels on the bottom of this page. Then, simply tape or paste these replacement panels OVER the panels that were originally printed on page 9 of ish 202. Conscientious collectors should feel free to purchase an extra copy of this issue for this purpose. There, how's that? — Michael Higgins



Daredevil #192, page 6 original art
by Klaus Janson

DAREDEVIL #192 RED PAGE 6
100% RED SURPRINT
WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE IF I'D LOCKED THE WINDOW?
I GIVE UP. WHAT WOULD I HAVE DONE?
FORGET IT.
MAXINE LAVENDER DISTRICT ATTORNEY
THE MEN NAMED IN THESE LETTERS WERE MAKING PAY-OFFS TO ONE JIMMY HUGHES.
THE FORMER EDITOR FOR THE STAR-LEDGER? INTERESTING.
I NEED TO LOOK AT WHATEVER FILES YOU HAVE ON THEM.
OH. OF COURSE.
WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, WOULD YOU LIKE TO RIFLE THROUGH OUR CONFIDENTIAL SECURITY FILES, JUST FOR LAUGHS?
RIGHT. SOME OTHER TIME, MAYBE.
AND FOR PETE'S SAKE CLOSE THE WINDOW WHEN YOU LEAVE THIS TIME, WOULD YOU?
100% R OVERLAY

Courtesy Klaus Janson

Daredevil #192, page 9 original art
by Klaus Janson

DARE DEVIL #192
WHAT DO THEY SAY IN SHOW-BIZ?
NEVER WORK--
--WITH CHILDREN OR ANIMALS!
UP...
AND OVER!
NOT BAD FOR SOME QUICKLY-IMPROVISED ACROBATICS, THOUGH.
TOO BAD ED SULLIVAN IS DEAD.
MY RADAR SENSE INDICATES A THIN ELECTRICAL CABLE INSIDE AN ALUMINUM TUBE, LINING THE WINDOW.
HM. STANDARD PERIMETER ALARMS--WINDOW TUBES, REED SWITCHES, PRESSURE MATS...
MY SUPER-SENSITIVE TOUCH SHOULD ALERT ME TO THE PRESSURE POINTS AT WHICH THE CABLE WILL BREAK AND SET OFF THE ALARM...
...ALLOWING ME TO DO THIS.
OWWW.
THIS ROOM'S BLANKETED IN ULTRASONICS. AUDIBLE ONLY TO THE BOWSER OUTSIDE AND US BLIND SUPERHEROES.
MUST BE SOMETHING IMPORTANT INSIDE TO MERIT SUCH SOPHISTICATED SECURITY.

Courtesy Klaus Janson

Daredevil #193 cover original art
by Klaus Janson

Courtesy CoolLinesArt.com

Daredevil #193, page 22 original art
by Klaus Janson

DARE DEVIL #193
27
OLD SARGE NEVER HURT ANOTHER HUMAN BEING IN HIS WHOLE LIFE, WILLOW. HE WAS A SUPPLY CLERK. A REAR-ECHELON COMMANDO...
...UNTIL ONE DAY WHEN THE REAR GOT OVERRUN. HE WAS EYE-BALL TO EYEBALL WITH A V.C. MAKING LIKE JOHNNY UNITAS WITH A HAND GRENADE...
EVEN THOUGH IT WAS A CLEAR CHOICE, HE COULDN'T BRING HIMSELF TO PULL THE TRIGGER.
THE GRENADE WENT OFF PREMATURELY.
WHEN HE OPENED HIS EYES, THERE WAS A HUNK OF SHRAPNEL JAMMED IN THE BARREL. THAT SHRAPNEL SHOULD'VE SLICED HIS HEAD OFF, BUT BITSY STOPPED IT. SARGE THOUGHT IT WAS A SIGN...
HE SAWED OFF THE PROTRUDING END, STUCK THAT .45 BACK IN ITS HOLSTER AND THAT'S WHERE IT STAYED...
...UNTIL YOU CAME ALONG.
100% BLUE SUPERPRINT
100% BOVERLAY

Courtesy CoolLinesArt.com

Marvel Age #5 (August 1983) interview with *Daredevil* icon Klaus Janson.

An Interview with Klaus Janson

by Mark Lerer and Steve Ringgenberg

Klaus Janson was born in 1952 in Coburg, near Frankfurt, Germany. He moved with his family to Bridgeport, Connecticut in 1957. Klaus's first experience with comics came when he was about six years old. He remembers learning to read and write English from the Mort Weisinger-edited Superman books. At first making pictures from cutting out and pasting up, Klaus started to draw when he was about eight or nine years old. He became interested in fandom as a teenager,and following a year working for Dick Giordano inking backgrounds and secondary figures, began his professional career with Marvel in 1973, inking Rich Buckler's pencils for the Black Panther series in JUNGLE ACTION. Since then, Klaus Janson has inked a number of pencilers, most recently Frank Miller for DAREDEVIL. He debuted as a penciler recently when he inherited DAREDEVIL from Miller.

MARVEL AGE: How do you enjoy penciling, which is new for you, as opposed to inking?

JANSON: It's a big jump from inking to penciling, and, in fact, I don't feel I've landed yet, you know, on the other side. But although my transition from inker more than I thought I ever would. I'm learning that I don't have to be afraid of penciling, which I had been all my life.

I am also learning anew that I love to draw, and this is a feeling that I haven't been in touch with since I was a little kid. Drawing is a very personal experience. It's hard to draw and then show your drawing to an audience without letting yourself in for the insecurity that may come from criticism or rejection.

MARVEL AGE: How do you work as a penciler?

JANSON: I prefer to work from a full script. After I get a script from Denny O'Neil, I'll lay the story out on 8½ by 11 typewriter paper to see how it works, how it looks. Frequently I'll make two layouts, and combine the best of the two into the layout that I'll use. I'll blow that layout up on my artograph, transferring it to the 11 by 17 comic book page size. Once the layout is down, I begin to tighten up the drawings with my pencil. I try to leave my pencil drawings as loose as possi-

ble, but occasionally I'll pencil something very tightly for the sake of the office – just to let them know I can really pencil. I can pencil a page in about four or five hours, which is surprisingly fast to me.

If I have any problems drawing a particular shot, I'll take a photograph and make a drawing from that, or I'll have a friend model for me. I'm pleased to say that I'm using photographs less now, and I very rarely duplicate a photo exactly in a drawing, but a photograph can be very helpful to refer to when I can't quite "get" a particular pose. And since DAREDEVIL takes place in New York, I have shelves and shelves of photographs of New York city at home which I refer to constantly.

I like to pencil the entire story completely before I begin inking it, but I can't always. After I pencil pages, I send them to Joe Rosen for lettering. If he hasn't returned them by the time the deadline gets close, I may sit down and start to ink a page that I've just finished penciling.

MARVEL AGE: How did your inking style develop?

JANSON: The inkers who have influenced my style the most are Dick Giordano and Tom Palmer. It goes without saying that they are among the best inkers in the field. I also admire Terry Austin's work.

I began my inking career using a brush exclusively, because Dick used a brush, and when I discovered that Neal Adams inked with a pen, I figured that it *must* be okay to use a pen. Now I've come to use a Hunt's 103 Mapping Point Pen for much of my work, expecially on the figures, laying in the black areas, for example the wrinkles in clothing, with a brush. I couldn't ink an entire story with pen alone.

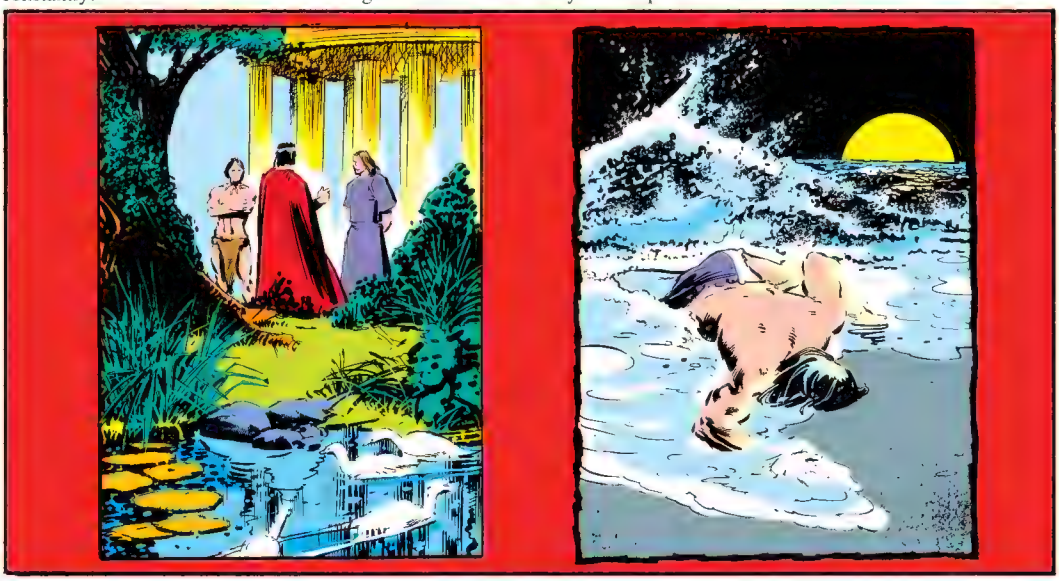
MARVEL AGE: Tell us about your working relationships with the pencilers you've enjoyed the most.

JANSON: My relationship with Frank Miller on DAREDEVIL was excellent. Frank gave me complete creative freedom, and because we were each working toward the same goal, and we meshed, what we did was interesting to look at. I'm fascinated by the ways our stuff changed over the two or three years we were on the book.

I also found inking John Buscema to be rewarding. I inked a Man-Thing Annual that he drew, and also a black-and-white Conan story which stood for a year or two as the best thing I had ever done.

MARVEL AGE: In conclusion, what are your favorite Marvel comics?

JANSON: Consistently I've loved the Hulk. Bill Mantlo, Sal Buscema, and Joe Sinnott are doing a great job with that book. I think John Romita Jr.'s Spider-Man is wonderful. Also, Neal Adams said recently that Walt Simonson was on the verge of something big, and although saying that may be a curse more than anything else, I think it's true. Kevin Nowlan's MOON KNIGHT is good, and I've enjoyed his work from the time he was doing illoes for fanzines.



Marvel Age #5 (August 1983) feature on the new creative team for *Daredevil*.

The Future of DAREDEVIL

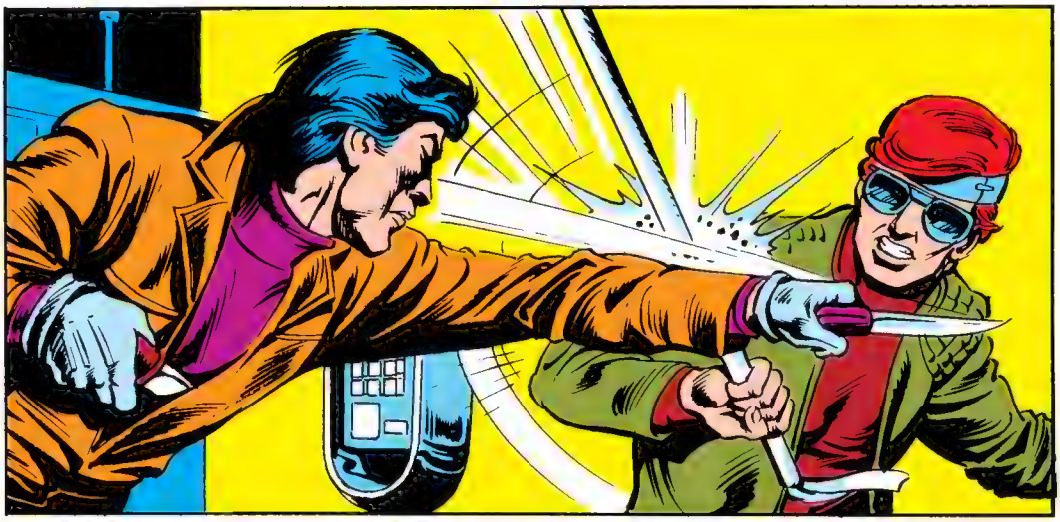
by Mark Lerer and Pat O'Neill

Issue #197 will introduce a new creative team to DAREDEVIL, and a new direction to this established Marvel character.

Penciler William Johnson, a native of New York City, attended New York's High School of Art and Design, and has an interest in Japanese culture that grew out of his interest in the martial arts. "I enjoyed drawing MASTER OF KUNG FU for Marvel. In fact, I got into kung fu and karate well before the Bruce Lee craze. Eventually I became interested in all aspects of Japanese culture, and I'm looking forward to our upcoming storyline which takes Daredevil to Japan."

DAREDEVIL's editor, veteran Denny O'Neil, will write the series. "I'd like to explore those avenues that Frank Miller opened up to make Daredevil more than just another swashbuckling superhero. For example," Denny explains, "Frank introduced us to Daredevil's underworld contacts. Future stories will examine the hero's relationships to both the underworld and the legal system. Matt Murdock is a lawyer who understands justice as due process of law. His alter ego Daredevil, however, takes the law into his own hands. This is a personal conflict which we'll have Matt/Daredevil resolve through the development of his personal morality.

"If Daredevil can be called a vigilante," continues O'Neil, "he is very different from Marvel's vigilante character The

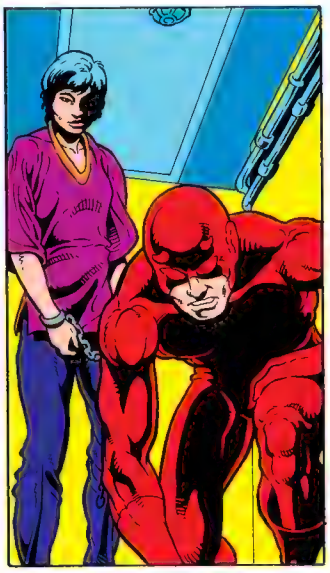


HER HEARTBEAT IS STEADY. SHE'S TELLING THE TRUTH.
I BELIEVE YOU. THIS IS A RESTAURANT, RIGHT?
A RICE SHOP.
LET'S DUCK IN HERE BEFORE WE FREEZE TO DEATH.

Punisher. Daredevil is less interested in punishing the criminal than in helping the victim. Unlike The Punisher, he does not hate the criminal as much as feel outrage at the injustice of crime. To say that Daredevil hates the sin and not the sinner reveals that I have strong ideas about Matt's religious background. Matt is a very moral man, but he is not perfect; he does not always turn the other cheek. He is not a pacifist, and his fighting crime as Daredevil shows that he feels the courts can be flawed or the police ineffective in dispensing justice or preventing crime. But he also understands that our society cannot turn law enforcement over to private hands without taking great risks."

Bill and Denny's stories will have a sophisticated, downbeat flavor that DAREDEVIL readers have come to enjoy. The setting, New York City, will be an important part of the series. Violence will be a central metaphor in many of the stories. Also look for Matt Murdock's blindness used as a symbol representing the blindness of justice.

"Bill, my assistant editor Linda Grant, and I have discussed the character of Matt Murdock thoroughly," tells Denny. "He is an interesting man, full of contradictions. Many aspects of his character that have never been touched on will come out in the issues ahead. We see Matt and Daredevil as two facets of a modern man, obsessed with the need for justice."

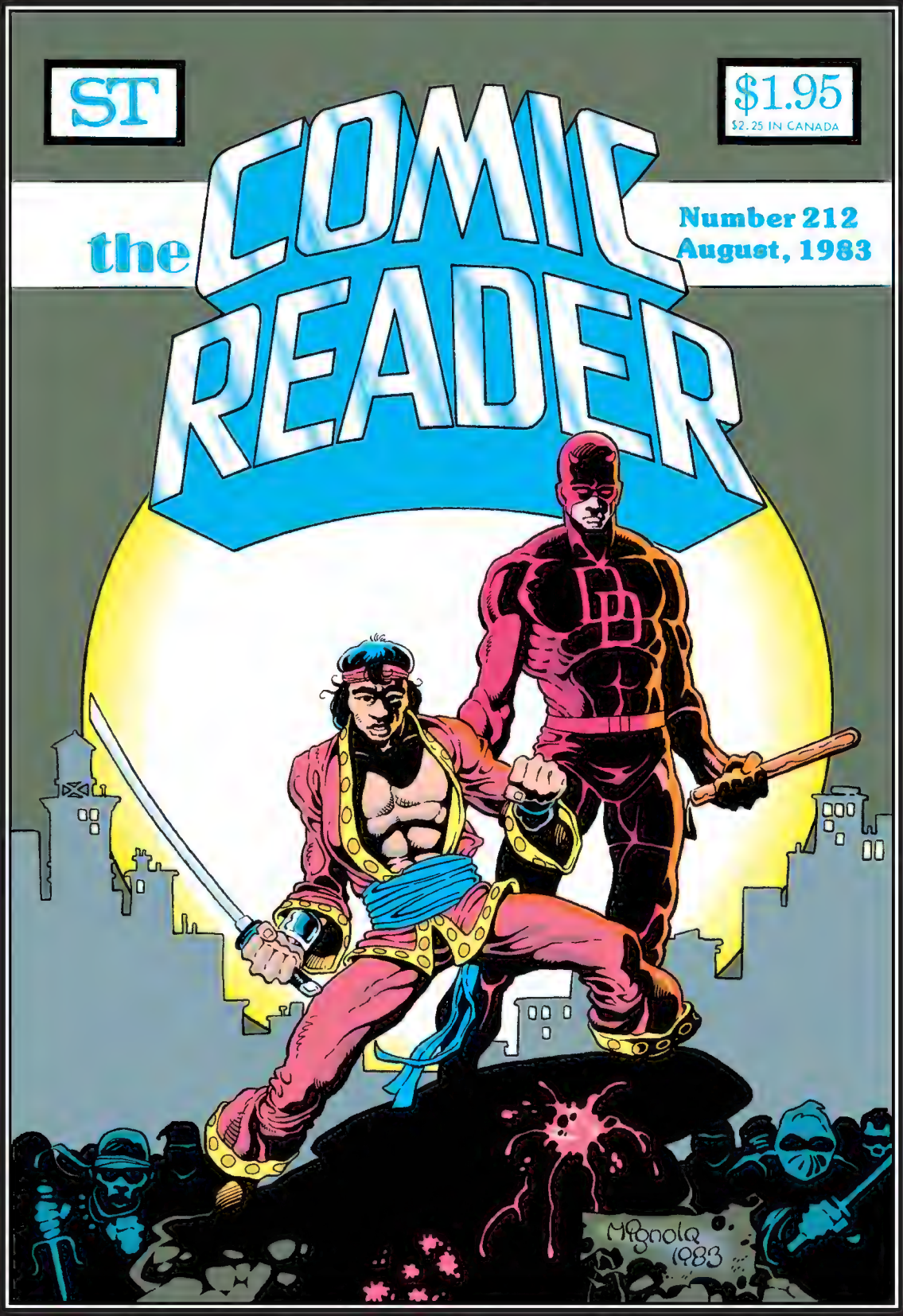


Marvel Age #5 (August 1983) cover
by William Johnson

Marvel Age #7 (October 1983) featured this house ad promoting *Daredevil* #200.

LOOK WHO'LL BE HELPING
DAREDEVIL®
CELEBRATE HIS 200TH ISSUE!
ON SALE NOW!
BY DENNY O'NEIL, WILLIAM JOHNSON AND DANNY BULANADI. WITH A SPECIAL COVER BY JOHN BYRNE AND TERRY AUSTIN!
DON'T MISS IT! WE'RE SURE YOU'LL GET A KICK OUT OF IT!

The Comic Reader #212 (August 1983) cover
by Mike Mignola



Black Widow: Web of Intrigue (1999) cover
by Yancey Labat, Mark Morales & Steve Buccellato

Reprinting *Marvel Fanfare* #10-13

INTRODUCTION

BY RALPH MACCHIO

FROM BLACK WIDOW: WEB OF INTRIGUE (1999)

Mmmm boy, do I love Natasha! Ever since her first appearance way back in *Tales of Suspense* #52 as a Russian secret agent intent on stealing industrial secrets from Tony Stark, I knew she was a special lady. Here was a mystery woman and quite the seductress—a real dragon-lady type—in her mink coat and high heels, getting what she came for without throwing a single side kick or karate chop. Even among Iron Man's colorful cast of enemies, Natasha Romanoff stood out. She was the femme fatale ready to undermine the capitalist pigs in the glorious service of Mother Russia. And yet, despite her villain status, Stan wrote her in such a manner as to give this young reader the unmistakable feeling that there was much more to the auburn-haired beauty than appeared on the surface. Later, when she joined with the hero/villain Hawkeye, the Widow used him, took terrible advantage of his feelings of affection for her to achieve her ends. What a woman! Hardly admirable behavior—but most effective. And very sophisticated for comics audiences back in 1963. In her subsequent appearances, we began to delve behind this vamp-like façade of hers. Natasha fell for the troubled Clint Barton (Hawkeye) and turned her back on her homeland. Now we were beginning to lift the layers and see the real woman beneath. And so it went—even as far as Natasha finally donning a sexy costume befitting her predatory namesake, temporarily working for the communists again, until finally abandoning them for good.

And that bring us to this little quartet of tales you're about to peruse. Some time during the early 1980s, George Pérez and I had talked about working on a project together. But we were looking for something special, something we could really sink our artistic teeth into. Then we realized we both had a thing for our naughty Natasha. So it was settled: a four-part series starring the spy we loved—the Black Widow—with the emphasis on espionage action. I just couldn't have been happier! At last, I was collaborating with one of the primo super hero artists in the business on one of my favorite characters. And adding the final touch was affable editor Al Milgrom, who picked up the project to present in his prestige-format *Marvel Fanfare* title. Wow! Considering the high quality of the glossy paper and upscale price of the package, having a story in *Fanfare* was really something to bust your buttons about. And we intended to make the most of the opportunity.

George Pérez and I envisioned a story that would be a white-knuckle, cloak-and-dagger, first-class thriller, showcasing the many facets of Ms. Romanoff's fascinating personality. We wanted the Widow's stake in her assignment to be personal, so we hit upon the idea of her being asked to track down Ivan Petrovich—the man who was both chauffeur and father figure to her. And he was a man who may have defected back to the Soviet Union. We wondered how the Widow would handle a life-and-death confrontation with the gentle man who had been her longtime guardian. Would she be able to "terminate with extreme prejudice" if need be, or would her softer side prevent it? That compelling conflict formed the heart of our tale. It's often the dichotomy, the seeming contradictions within a given character that draw us to them. And the Black Widow was no exception. It was an incredible kick to script a woman whose physical prowess was overwhelming, and yet who knew the benefit of discreet feminine wiles in achieving her ends.

Two sequences that stand out in my mind involve just such opposing ends of her complex character. In the first issue, early on, is a sequence wherein Natasha is surrounded by enemy agents as she finishes a shower. It looks as if they have her, and then—boom—a jaw-dropping, full-page illustration of the Black Widow, ready to kick butt and take names. Casually, she holds the limp form of one enemy agent who got too close and quietly threatens the rest. That is one very lethal lady you mess with at your own peril. Case in point: It's obvious from George's stunning visual that this unfortunate gentleman literally had his face blasted away by Ms. Romanoff in the attack. And that supports the point that, unlike the traditional super hero, the Black Widow will kill an adversary if the need arises, or she is ordered to by superiors. She was trained in the Soviet state and is the very best at her craft. However, her great complexity of character prevents her from being simply a killing machine à la the Punisher. The other sequence that I recall fondly concerns the Widow in disguise, infiltrating Russia to seduce an American scientist who had himself defected, and may have had knowledge as to Ivan's whereabouts. In the space of a few pages—largely due to George's brilliant pacing—I believe we were able to run the full course of a doomed relationship from first blush to tragic finale. I probably rewrote that sequence many times more than any other in the series.

Now, what would a good spy yarn be without offbeat villains? In addition to his unmatched storytelling and illustrative talents, artist extraordinaire George Pérez also designs some of the niftiest nasties this side of Ian Fleming. And as you'll soon experience, the pace-setting Mr. Pérez wasn't letting anybody down here. Our big behind-the-scenes baddy dispatched six awesome assassins to extinguish the life of the Black Widow. And each of them tests Natasha's abilities to the absolute limit. And thanks to the magic pencil of Pérez, they're all visually quite distinctive. Of course, even that sextet merely sets the stage for Natasha's ultimate challenge against the one foe who may be her equal—the stunning Snapdragon! She was so named because I loved the idea of christening a deadly villainess after something so beautiful as that flower.

This was really a charmed project from start to finish, and it's so gratifying to see it reprinted. It's hard to believe this story first saw print over sixteen years ago. But who's counting? Natasha Romanoff was first introduced to the comics audience well over thirty-five years ago. Thirty-five years. As time passed, more details about her checkered past were revealed until the richly layered portrait of a fully realized woman emerged. And such a character becomes both so challenging and so rewarding to write. Where else would you run across a figure part Emma Peel, part Modesty Blaise; and even a touch of Xena the Warrior Princess? Not surprisingly, she's as fascinating to a new generation of readers as she was to mine. Age cannot wither nor custom stale, as the Bard said.

I sincerely hope you enjoy our little espionage thriller. George Pérez and I considered our work on the Widow a true labor of love. So keep those cloaks buttoned and daggers ready as we descend into the dark and dangerous world of secrets and spies where no one is who he claims to be, and nothing is as it seems…and the Secretary will disavow any knowledge of your actions. Have fun!

Ralph Macchio

February 1999

The Black Widow: Strikes Omnibus (September 2020) cover
by John Tyler Christopher

Reprinting the Black Widow's early solo exploits, including *Marvel Fanfare* #10-13

BIOGRAPHIES

DENNIS O'NEIL

Dennis O'Neil debuted on the comics scene in the mid-'60s and by the end of the decade forced the mainstream comics world to recognize that comics weren't just for kids anymore. By connecting comic-book adventure to social issues and current events, O'Neil worked to bring super-hero comics in conversation with the culture around them, unlike anyone before.

After taking Stan Lee's Marvel writing test at the behest of fellow Missourian Roy Thomas, Denny's first assignments were scripts on *Modelling With Millie*, *Patsy and Hedy*, *Daredevil* #18 and a stint on *Strange Tales*, including the last Doctor Strange stories drawn by Steve Ditko.

Clearly a talented young man on the move, after a few years honing his craft at Marvel, he took the reins of DC's flagging *Green Lantern* title. Reviving the title by pitting a worldweary, activist Green Arrow and a naïve, aloof Green Lantern against real-world problems like racism and pollution, O'Neil and artist Neal Adams stripped away the typical super-villain threat for a menace that was something more profound. Though the new dramatic thrust of the title wasn't able to stave off cancellation, it is considered a watershed moment today.

While writing Batman stories through much of the 1970s, O'Neil established his reputation as one of this era's elite writers by restoring the character to his roots as the mysterious and sophisticated Dark Knight, an aspect that years of campy treatment had all but destroyed. As his career evolved, he held editorial reins at DC and Marvel, becoming one of the industry's most-respected editors and educators, developing talents like Frank Miller and teaching at New York's School of Visual Arts while continuing to write comics like *The Question*, *Daredevil* and *Azrael* into the late '90s. O'Neil retired from his editorial role in 2001, but remained busy with writing, serving on the Hero Initiative's board and other pursuits until his death in 2020.

RALPH MACCHIO

Comics seemed to surround Ralph Macchio's life: His uncle was DC art legend Wayne Boring; his Cresskill, New Jersey, hometown doubled as the fictional comic book home of Ant-Man and the Wasp; and one of his youthful pastimes was writing letters to his favorite comic books. However, after graduating with a degree in English Literature, Macchio seemed poised to work for Macray, his family's moving company. An encounter with writer Don McGregor at a comic book convention pulled Macchio into Marvel's orbit. Regular visits to the Marvel office ensued, which in turn led to writing assignments for Marvel's in-house fanzine *F.O.O.M.*, and, by 1976, a position as an assistant editor.

Macchio wrote several titles early in his career, most notably *Thor* and *Marvel Two-In-One*, which he co-scripted with Mark Gruenwald, the latter title including the classic "Project Pegasus" storyline. He also wrote a six-issue *Solomon Kane* limited series and teamed with artist George Pérez for the Black Widow "Web of Intrigue" arc in *Marvel Fanfare*. But unlike many writers who jumped from editorial to freelance writing careers, Macchio decided he preferred the camaraderie of the Bullpen and the creative possibilities of involvement in every aspect of a book's production.

Major highlights of his distinguished editorial career include *Daredevil* particularly Frank Miller's "Born Again," *The Man Without Fear*, and *Elektra Lives Again* Walter Simonson's *Thor*, Doug Moench and Bill Sienkiewicz's *Moon Knight*, righting the Spider-Man franchise from the destabilizing "Clone Saga," the launch of the Ultimate Universe, and adaptations of Stephen King's *The Dark Tower* and *The Stand*. Macchio is just as well known for fostering new editors and countless interns, including future editor-in-chief Bob Harras and fan favorite artist Joe Madureira. He also kept a spirit of fun alive and well in the Marvel Bullpen through years of practical jokes. Macchio retired from Marvel in 2011 with an editorial tenure second only to Stan Lee.

KLAUS JANSON

In a comics career now over 40 years strong, Klaus Janson's talent as an elite inker and artist have given him the kind of respect and name recognition normally restricted to superstar pencilers. German-born but Connecticut-raised, Janson jumped into comics in the early '70s while still a teenager. After a short tenure as art assistant to Dick Giordano, he began a long and illustrious career inking a variety of titles, including Black Panther in *Jungle Action*, *Captain Marvel* and *Vampire Tales*. As his reputation for stellar art grew, he would often provide finishes to pencil breakdowns by Sal Buscema on *Incredible Hulk*, *Battlestar Galactica* and more.

He is perhaps most famous for his collaborations on *Daredevil*, deftly finishing, inking and coloring Frank Miller's pencils, but his association with DD went back to the latter years of Gene Colan's tenure, making Janson's style the artistic link between the title's most legendary pencilers. Janson and Miller's styles so perfectly meshed that after Miller left *Daredevil*, Janson stayed on for several issues, single-handedly keeping the visual flavor of the series intact. Soon after, Janson rejoined Miller—this time at DC on the groundbreaking *Batman: The Dark Knight Returns*. After their *Dark Knight* triumph, Janson penciled and inked several Batman stories in the pages of *Detective Comics*, *Legends of the Dark Knight* and later Greg Rucka's *Batman: Death and the Maidens* and Chuck Dixon's *Batman: Gordon's Law* miniseries. During this period, he also penciled and inked the first five issues of the inaugural *Punisher* ongoing series.

Today Janson remains an industry force, most notably inking the pencils of John Romita Jr. in *Thor*, *Amazing Spider-Man*, *Avengers* and *Black Panther*. Janson brings the same consummate

skill to teaching the next generation of comics artists at both New York City's School of Visual Arts and seminars at the Museum of Comic and Cartoon Art.

WILLIAM JOHNSON

William Johnson illustrated *Daredevil* in 1983–84, bridging the Frank Miller and David Mazzucchelli runs on the series. Other credits for Johnson included the final issues of *Shang-Chi, Master of Kung Fu*, the 1984 *ROM Annual* and stories in *The Savage Sword of Conan* and *The Transformers*.

GEORGE PÉREZ

George Pérez's intricately detailed style and incomparable ability at drawing team books has made him one of comics' most popular artists. Like many of his early-'70s peers, Pérez broke in at Marvel drawing for their burgeoning line of black-and-white magazines, most notably the "Sons of the Dragon" feature in *Deadly Hands of Kung Fu*. It was there he and Bill Mantlo introduced the Puerto Rican hero White Tiger. His first major work came during the latter half of the decade, where he became regular artist of both *Fantastic Four* and *Avengers* before a move to DC. There he took over *Justice League of America* from the late, long-running artist Dick Dillin, but it was a Marv Wolfman-scribed revival of DC's team of teen super heroes, *New Teen Titans*, that was a huge hit, owing especially to Pérez's evocative character designs and masterful line. He would work with Wolfman on the book for over six years. During this time the duo also helmed the epic miniseries *Crisis on Infinite Earths*, featuring the deaths of classic heroes like the Flash and Supergirl.

In 1987, he broadened his creative credentials with his first regular writing gig on *Wonder Woman*, a title he would also draw for the better part of five years. A return to Marvel in 1998 produced a chart-topping revival of *Avengers* with writer Kurt Busiek. This led the creative tandem to the popular DC/Marvel cross-company miniseries *JLA/Avengers*. Pérez was a key creative force during DC's New 52 relaunch of Superman, writing and providing layouts for the re-envisioning of comics' first super hero. After being diagnosed with terminal pancreatic cancer in late 2021, Pérez faced his final days with an openness and love that was as touching and heroic as any super hero's adventures. He leaves behind a legacy as one of the medium's greatest talents and one fandom's most beloved individuals.

ALAN BRENNERT

Despite less than a dozen writing credits to his name during his brief time in comics, Alan Brennert is still hailed as one of the finest writers to script Batman. He wrote a handful of stories in *Brave and the Bold*, teaming Batman with Creeper, Hawk and Dove, Earth-Two's Robin and Catwoman and including the classic tale "The Autobiography of Bruce Wayne." He also wrote the 1991 Elseworlds *Batman: Holy Terror*. The December 2000 issue of *Batman: Gotham Knights* would be Brennert's last work in comics. Brennert did log a pair of credits with Marvel, including the plot to an issue of *Star Trek* and the first issue following Frank Miller's departure from *Daredevil* in 1982. Brennert's writing outside of comics has brought him much acclaim. His screenwriting for the TV show *L.A. Law* earned him an Emmy Award in 1991, as well as nominations for Golden Globe and Writers Guild awards. He won the Nebula Award for his short story "Ma Qui" and has written several novels, including some set in his beloved state of Hawai'i, *Moloka'i*, *Honolulu* and *Daughter of Moloka'i*.

MIKE CARLIN

Born in 1958, Mike Carlin graduated from New York City's High School of Art and Design in 1976. Seemingly destined for a career in comics, Carlin pursued an undergraduate degree in cartooning from the School of Visual Arts, which he completed in 1980. All the while, he'd worked as an intern at DC, and after graduating from college, he signed on with Marvel. His early efforts were writing and drawing humor stories in *Crazy Magazine* and *Bizarre Adventures*, but in 1983 Carlin put his drawing pencil down and focused on editing and writing. He followed Bruce Jones as the writer on *Ka-Zar the Savage*, John Byrne on *The Thing* and had brief stints writing *Dazzler* and *Captain America*. He served as editor on many of these titles as well, and also presided over *Fantastic Four* and *ROM*. After writing the first eight issues of *Masters of the Universe* for Marvel's Star imprint, Carlin left for DC, becoming group editor of the Superman titles, shepherding the line through the blockbuster "Death of Superman" event. He also scripted several issues of *Star Trek* and *Star Trek: The Next Generation*. By the late '90s, Carlin rose to DC Executive Editor and then Creative Director of Animation in 2011. Along the way, he scripted several episodes of the *Superboy* TV series.

STEVEN GRANT

A self-described "accidental" comic book writer, Steven Grant dabbled in comics writing in the early '70s for indie imprints before getting work as a music and film critic for newspapers in his hometown of Madison, Wisconsin. He kept in touch with his comics-loving associates in the CPL Gang, who urged him to go further in the comics industry. A 1976 meeting with Marvel editor Marv Wolfman didn't yield any opportunities, but while visiting CPL pal Roger Stern in 1979 opportunity struck. Stern, an editor newly ensconced at Marvel, offered Grant a gig writing an issue of *Marvel Two-In-One* that was running late. After turning in his script for the Thing/Moon Knight team-up, more work came his way as he helped Stern get his titles back on schedule. His first regular gigs were Spider-Man's adventures in *Marvel Team-Up* and the young readers book *Spidey Super Stories*. Grant also wrote issues of *Spider-Woman*, *Incredible Hulk*, *Battlestar Galactica*, and he co-wrote the *Marvel Super Hero Contest of Champions* limited series. One of his biggest projects was scribing the *Life of Pope John Paul II* one-shot in 1983. That same year he launched his own character, Whisper, for Capital Comics and then First Comics, and was handed the reins to *American Flagg!* by its creator Howard Chaykin. In 1986, Grant made a huge splash with artist Mike Zeck on their *Punisher* miniseries. The fan-favorite series ignited the Punisher's popularity, raising him to the ranks of one of

Marvel's most popular characters. Grant followed up with the acclaimed *Punisher: Return to Big Nothing* graphic novel and turns on *Punisher War Journal*, *Punisher War Zone* and the ongoing *Punisher* series. He branched out to DC in the '90s, rebooting *Challengers of the Unknown* and *Manhunter*. Grant's series *2 Guns*, published by BOOM! Studios, was adapted into a 2013 film starring Denzel Washington and Mark Wahlberg.

LARRY HAMA

Larry Hama has had a long and diverse career in the entertainment industry, not just as a writer/artist in comics but also as an actor in television and Broadway. The Japanese-American Hama enrolled at Manhattan's High School of Art and Design and, after having some luck selling his stories to sci-fi magazines, had his appetite whetted for a career in art. But a stint in the Army Corps of Engineers interceded. It was during this three-year period from 1969 to 1971 that Hama's experiences in the Vietnam War would inform his later success on the most successful military-themed comic books in a generation.

After returning to America, Hama worked in advertising and networked his way to a role in Wallace Wood's art studio, followed by a tenure at Neal Adams' Continuity Studios. His first big job in comics was drawing Iron Fist in the pages of *Marvel Premiere*. Work for Atlas/Seaboard, various underground comix and DC ensued. During this period, Larry moonlighted as an actor, appearing in television shows like *M*A*S*H* and *Saturday Night Live*, as well as the Stephen Sondheim musical *Pacific Overtures*, where he originated the role of Williams. In 1981, Larry returned to Marvel, where in 1982 he launched the phenomenon *G.I. Joe*, building the universe that sold millions of comics and toys during the '80s.

Complementing the larger-than-life action of *G.I. Joe*, Hama also poured his real life experiences into *The 'Nam*, drawn by his old Continuity associate Michael Golden. The series drew raves for its hard-hitting, realistic portrayal of life in the service during Vietnam. Hama would also write *Avengers*, *Generation X* and *Wolverine*, a title Hama captained for eight straight years. His most recent comic book credits include work for IDW on a revival of *G.I. Joe*.

GEOF ISHERWOOD

Geof Isherwood broke into Marvel in the early '80s, penciling issues of *Daredevil*, *Dazzler* and *Power Man and Iron Fist* and inking Marc Silvestri's pencils on *Conan the King* and the *Revenge of the Living Monolith* graphic novel. The artist also penciled Robert E. Howard's barbarian king, Kull, in *Savage Sword of Conan*, and in 1986, he launched the New Universe title *Justice* as its ongoing artist and occasional writer. As the '80s progressed, Isherwood became regular inker on *Conan the Barbarian* and *The 'Nam*. Isherwood's work in the '90s included *Doctor Strange: Sorcerer Supreme*, the "Tales of Asgard" backup in *Thor*, and *Namor, the Sub-Mariner* for Marvel as well as pencils on DC's *Suicide Squad*. His last work in comics was a pair of Conan miniseries at the end of the '90s, *Conan: River of Blood* and *Conan: Flame and the Fiend*. Isherwood began a successful career in storyboard and conceptual art in TV and film, with credits on *X-Men: Apocalypse* and *X-Men: Days of Future Past*.

Biographies researched and written by John Rhett Thomas

MARVEL MASTERWORKS

THE MARVEL MASTERWORKS LIBRARY PRESENTS THE WORLD'S GREATEST COMIC BOOKS, PAINSTAKINGLY RESTORED FROM THE HIGHEST-QUALITY SOURCES AND WITH THE MOST DILIGENT ARCHIVAL METHODS.

THE GOLDEN AGE

As the Great Depression wore on and the specter of war hung over America, a new storytelling medium was born: the comic book. Within their four-color pages, larger-than-life super heroes could make short work of America's foes, giving readers of all ages hope for victory against the real-life enemies that faced the United States. At the forefront of this new medium was Timely Comics, a young company staffed by such legendary creators as Carl Burgos, Bill Everett, Joe Simon, Jack Kirby and Stan Lee.

GOLDEN AGE ALL-WINNERS VOLS. 1-4
GOLDEN AGE CAPTAIN AMERICA VOLS. 1-6
GOLDEN AGE DARING MYSTERY VOLS. 1-2
GOLDEN AGE HUMAN TORCH VOLS. 1-3
GOLDEN AGE MARVEL COMICS VOLS. 1-7
GOLDEN AGE MYSTIC COMICS VOL. 1
GOLDEN AGE SUB-MARINER VOLS. 1-3
GOLDEN AGE U.S.A. COMICS VOLS. 1-2
GOLDEN AGE YOUNG ALLIES VOLS. 1-2

THE ATLAS ERA

Seeing super heroes waning, Timely Comics evolved into Atlas Comics and took on a vast new range of genres: science-fiction tales of outer space adventures; realistic war comics; buxom jungle heroines; horror comics that would become the center of a moral panic that rocked the industry; and romance comics for the emerging teen audience. Even the classic costumed heroes of the Golden Age retooled to take on the threat of Communism. From Western gunfighters to crime to horror, the Atlas Era had it all!

ATLAS ERA BATTLEFIELD VOL. 1
ATLAS ERA BLACK KNIGHT/YELLOW CLAW VOL. 1
ATLAS ERA HEROES VOLS. 1-3
ATLAS ERA JOURNEY INTO MYSTERY VOLS. 1-4
ATLAS ERA JUNGLE ADVENTURE VOLS. 1-3
ATLAS ERA MENACE VOL. 1
ATLAS ERA STRANGE TALES VOLS. 1-6
ATLAS ERA TALES TO ASTONISH VOLS. 1-4
ATLAS ERA TALES OF SUSPENSE VOLS. 1-4
ATLAS ERA VENUS VOL. 1

THE MARVEL AGE

In August 1961, change hit newsstands: *The Fantastic Four* #1 did not feature the squeaky-clean heroes of yesteryear. They were real characters placed in extraordinary circumstances. They lived together, they fought among themselves — and sometimes, they even lost to the bad guys. This was more than a change in attitude: It was the beginning of something entirely different — the beginning of the Marvel Age of Comics!

Thanks to the fertile imaginations of Stan Lee, Jack Kirby, Steve Ditko and others, an unending list of heroes followed the FF with ever-increasing acclaim and popularity: the Amazing Spider-Man, the Mighty Thor, the Incredible Hulk, Daredevil, Iron Man and the X-Men, to name but a few. These were the Marvel heroes, born of conflict and a continuous struggle to balance human lives with superhuman responsibilities.

THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN VOLS. 1-25
ANT-MAN/GIANT-MAN VOLS. 1-3
THE AVENGERS VOLS. 1-23
THE BLACK PANTHER VOLS. 1-3
BROTHER VOODOO VOL. 1
CAPTAIN AMERICA VOLS. 1-15
CAPTAIN MARVEL VOLS. 1-6
THE CHAMPIONS VOL. 1
DAREDEVIL VOLS. 1-18
DAZZLER VOLS. 1-4
DEATHLOK VOL. 1
THE DEFENDERS VOLS. 1-8
DOCTOR STRANGE VOLS. 1-10
THE FANTASTIC FOUR VOLS. 1-25
GHOST RIDER VOLS. 1-5
HOWARD THE DUCK VOLS. 1-2
THE HUMAN TORCH VOLS. 1-2
THE INCREDIBLE HULK VOLS. 1-17
THE INHUMANS VOLS. 1-2
THE INVINCIBLE IRON MAN VOLS. 1-16
IRON FIST VOLS. 1-2
KA-ZAR VOLS. 1-3
KILLRAVEN VOL. 1
LUKE CAGE VOLS. 1-3
MARVEL RARITIES VOL. 1
MARVEL TEAM-UP VOLS. 1-7
MARVEL TWO-IN-ONE VOLS. 1-6
THE MIGHTY THOR VOLS. 1-22
MS. MARVEL VOLS. 1-2
NICK FURY, AGENT OF S.H.I.E.L.D. VOLS. 1-3
NOT BRAND ECHH VOL. 1
OMEGA THE UNKNOWN VOL. 1
RAWHIDE KID VOLS. 1-2
THE SAVAGE SHE-HULK VOLS. 1-2
SGT. FURY VOLS. 1-4
THE SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN VOLS. 1-6
SPIDER-WOMAN VOLS. 1-3
THE SILVER SURFER VOLS. 1-2
THE SUB-MARINER VOLS. 1-8
THE TOMB OF DRACULA VOLS. 1-3
WARLOCK VOLS. 1-2
WEREWOLF BY NIGHT VOLS. 1-2
THE X-MEN VOLS. 1-8
THE UNCANNY X-MEN VOLS. 1-15

KAMIC RIDER
MARIKA